



FRANK G. O'BRIEN

LIZZIE E. O'BRIEN

CHIMES OF CHEER

BY

Frank G. O'Brien

Author of

“Minnesota Pioneer Sketches”
and “Minneapolis Semi-Centennial Souvenir”

AND

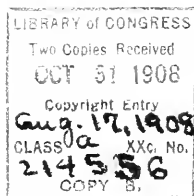
Lizzie E. O'Brien



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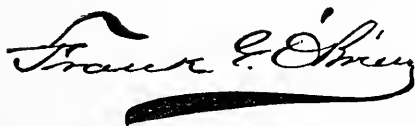


Foreword

This volume was jointly planned by my beloved wife and myself, long before her departure from this life, and only awaited some contemplated revision, by her, of some of her work that it now contains. My thought is that such a book may form the best memorial for the one gone before.

Of my own work, much of that here presented has already appeared in the Minneapolis Tribune, in The Writers' League department of The Progress, of this city, or in various other newspapers and periodical publications, to all of which I hereby acknowledge the courtesy of use at this time. A few of the verses were used in my former book, "Minnesota Pioneer Sketches."

Many of Mrs. O'Brien's poems here produced were written for The Writer's League, of which she was a devoted member. On Feb. 4, 1908, The League held for her a memorial meeting, at which many loving tributes to her memory, in both prose and verse, were presented. The abundant expressions of appreciation and sympathy, on that and other occasions, have been of great comfort to me. I feel that in this joint publication of our work, I am fulfilling the wishes of her whose frequent joy it was to express, "Chimes of Cheer," and hope, love and aspiration, some of which are here given rhythmical form and utterance. The title of this memorial volume is in keeping with the optimism that inspired her daily life, and which is, I believe, the best every-day working sentiment for this world.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Frank E. O'Brien", with a long, sweeping horizontal flourish underneath.

In Memoriam

(Read at the meeting of the Minnesota Territorial Pioneers' Women's Club, of which Mrs. O'Brien was vice president, May 11, 1908.)

It is a difficult task for the hand of friendship to attempt to place upon record its testimony of esteem for a beloved one departed—particularly when that one's life has furnished a theme to which it is impossible to do justice.

Occasionally, there is a life of such sweet loveliness that when it ends on earth those who knew it most intimately feel the freest to speak of the departed without reservation, having no need, in charity to the dead to suppress anything that might have been said in criticism of the living.

To such an one, on Monday, January 13, 1908, came the summons: "Daughter, come up higher! The King's Highway shall be opened to the earth-weary feet, the city of God shall fling wide its golden gates and voices of innumerable angels shall be lifted in songs of welcome." The lot was cast by angel hands, and the choice fell upon our beloved friend, Lizzie E. O'Brien.

She was born in Chicago, March 26, 1845, and, when five years of age, came with her parents, Judge and Mrs. Lardner Bostwick, to St. Anthony.

Luther say: "The utmost blessing that God can confer on a man is the possession of a good and pious wife, with whom he may live in peace and tranquility, to whom he may confide his whole possessions, even his life and welfare." Forty and two years ago, Lizzie

E. Bostwick gave her hand and her heart to Frank G. O'Brien,—an event which, more than any other, contributed to his earthly happiness. In youth, she was the comfort and ornament of his life, and in maturer years, she was the faithful helpmate till death did part.

On earth there is nothing so beautiful as the household on which Christian love forever shines, and where religion walks—a counselor and a friend. Such was the home where dwelt with her loved ones the one whom we mourn today.

For a quarter of a century, Mrs. Lizzie E. O'Brien was a faithful member of the First Unitarian church, of Minneapolis, where, amid a profusion of flowers, on Wednesday, January 15, 1908, those who had known her well and loved her, gathered to pay the final tributes of love and respect.

Back in the earlier years, two little graves were made for the baby girl, Louise, and her brother, Reuben, but this mother heart never forgot its own. In recent years, the voices of the three little grandchildren, Kenneth, Lowell and Garnet Elizabeth, made music in the heart of Mrs. O'Brien, the writer well remembering how fondly and tenderly, and with what joy and pride, this grandmother spoke of these children. They have lost one of the dearest and choicest friends, children have, the unselfish, wise and loving grandparent. The memory of her sweet life will come to them as a benediction, as years go by.

Possessed of a naturally sunny disposition, with a keen sense of the humorous, yet having a modest and dignified bearing which is natural to but few, with a heart full of kindly solicitude for the welfare of

others, Mrs. O'Brien's presence was a very joy to her associates and her faithfulness always a verity.

She has gone out from among us, but as one who performed her whole duty and her memory will ever remain a fragrance indeed.

To the husband, son and loved ones bereft, we tenderly offer whatever there may be in human consolation, springing from the sympathetic hearts of a band of pioneers bound to each other by the memory of the co-mingling of hours of happiness and trials sore, sacred sorrows and precious memories, love and grief. joy and pain.

"Not now, but in the coming years,
It may be in the Better Land,
We'll read the meaning of our tears,
And there some time we'll understand;
We'll know why clouds, instead of sun,
Were over many a cherished plan,
Why song has ceased when scarce begun—
'Tis there, some time, we'll understand."

—Louise P. Johnson.

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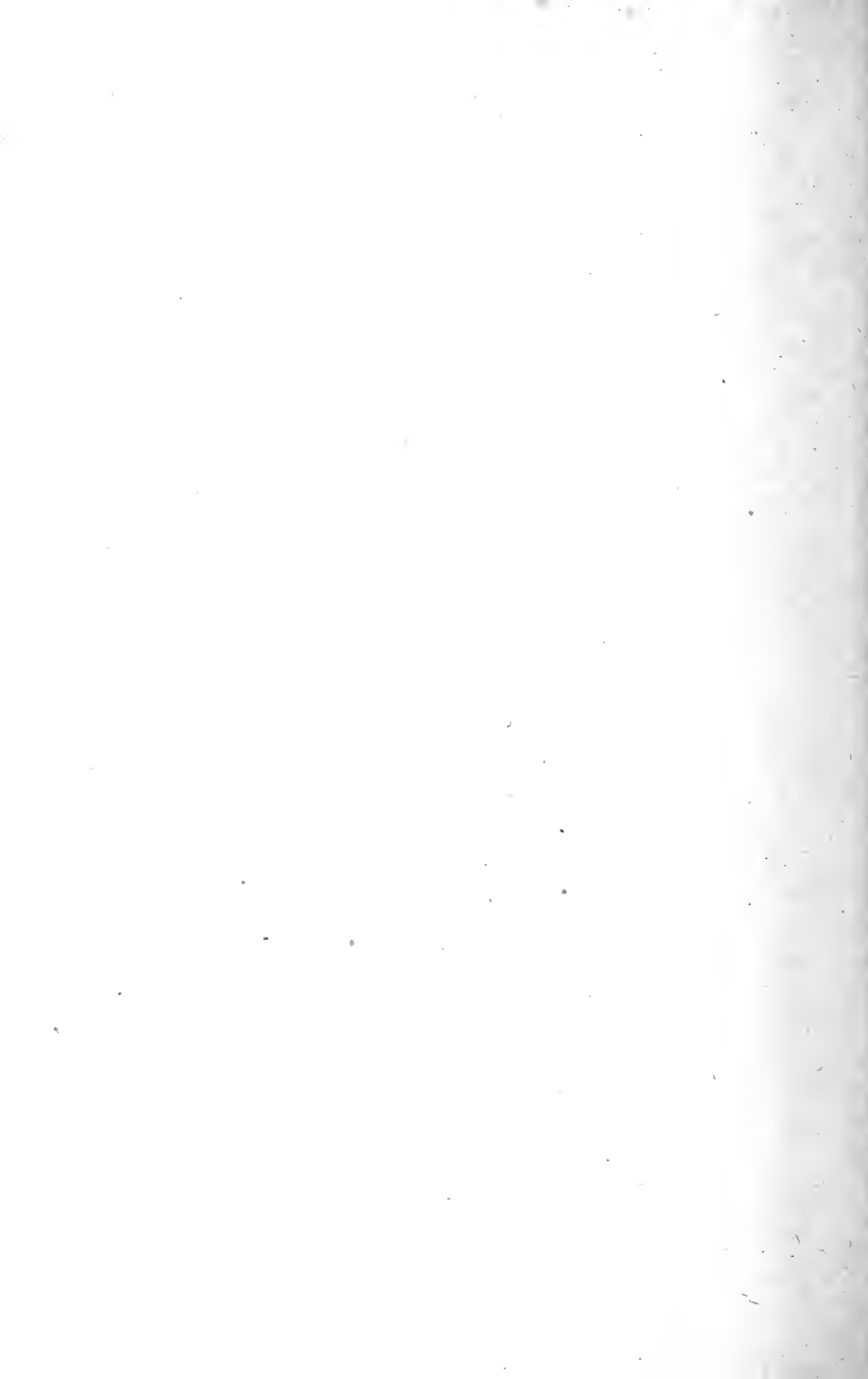
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Lines by Lizzie E. O'Brien



Lines by Lizzie E. O'Brien

WHY?

A beautiful world, if we think it so,
Of trees and birds, and sweetest flowers;
Why mournfully pass, in tears and woe,
The shining hours?

A contented mind, a continual feast,
Seeing all things in a roseate hue;
Why should we sit with folded hands,
With work to do.

Laboring on with a cheerful heart,
Trusting all in the hands of One;
Why should we shrink from the noble part,
Till day is done?

LOVE

Oh, Love, you rule the earth,
A mighty power,
You reign in stately halls,
The poor man's dower.

And may you, friend of mine,
Gain love supreme,
To bless your daily life—
Naught intervene

To mar life's peaceful flow,
But ever find,
In this, your chosen work,
Peace for the mind.

THE TIE THAT BINDS

We tread the selfsame path to reach the goal
That leads to highest point of earthly fame;
To win with earnest effort yet a name,
Joined heart to heart and soul to other soul.

Among the writers of this day and age,
We fain would be the foremost in the race,
Unfaltering keep our footsteps in their place,
All undismayed, though mountain torrents rage.

Then welcome, friends who gather here tonight,
To join with us in interchange of thought,
May moments pass with greatest pleasure fraught,
Nor heed the fleeting hours in their flight.

TIME

Oh, cruel Time that robs,
And heedest not
That we would stay thy hand—
Hast thou forgot

That youth to us is sweet;
Rolls back the years;
Old age comes on apace,
With many tears?

Our loving ones are gone.
We walk alone;
And who will hear our cry—
Our bitter moan?

A whisper, soft and low,—
"Your own are here;
We are not far away,
But ever near."

We soon will reach the land
Where Time is not;
In a re-union sweet,—
Most happy lot.

A GREETING

I greet you all, my friends, this festal night;
Let joy be unconfined, and mirth hold sway;
And may the years bring blessings in their flight,
From every heart all sorrow pass away.

MY FRIEND

Why should we mourn
That youth is past;
For we shall find,
While life shall last,
Peace for the mind.

May coming years
Bring you, my friend,
All good in life,
And may the end
Be free from strife.

And when you reach
The other shore,
And fondly greet
Those gone before—
O, meeting sweet!

A CHRISTMAS WISH

In this, the Merry Christmas time,
When bells ring out a joyous chime,
Keep in your heart a place for me,
In the glad hour of revelry.

THE ABSENT

We are longing for the springtime,
 With its welcome birds and flowers.
 While we wait our coming loved one,
 Slowly pass the wintry hours.

Though long, weary leagues divide us,
 Loving thoughts will bridge them o'er,—
 Comfort bring to her in exile,
 Drawn from Nature's hidden store.

We would hasten on the moments,
 As they pass to bring the day,
 Fondly clasp our hands united,
 In the balmy month of May.

When to us in health returning,
 And her happy face we see,
 Earth will seem to us a heaven,
 From our hearts all sorrow flee.

SYMPATHY

Give to the one in sorrow
 Your fullest sympathy;
 The coming of the morrow
 Brings only peace to thee.

Then share it with the lonely
 Mourning soul, with its grief;
 From out your joy you only
 Can bring a sweet relief.

FOND MEMORIES

The crimson glow has faded from the west,
And dewy twilight falls upon the earth;
The tiny birds have gone to seek their rest,
Hushed into silence, sounds of joy and mirth.

Alone I sit, and dream the hours away,
With memories of friends who were so dear
In by-gone years, whose flight I could not stay;
The scenes of youth, so full of joy and cheer.

A solace this will be when I am old,
Recalling all that made that time so bright,
When wintry blasts are bringing frost and cold,
Unheeded these, for all within is light.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR

Such gentle ones of earth
Your mission sweet
Brings balm to wounded hearts.
What life more meet
To linger here awhile,
Your life to give?
We welcome such as you,
While here we live.

FROST FLOWERS

These dainty flowers that grace the pane,
 And vanish with the sun's warm ray,
 The ferns and trees, but not in vain,
 If they had only come to stay,

Jack Frost a ready pencil wields,
 To trace the fragile flowers and leaves,
 Tall mountain peaks and grassy fields,—
 How fairy-like the scenes he weaves.

The stately castles on the hill.
 Fair cities in the vale below,—
 How wondrous is the artist's skill;
 On none will he the gift bestow.

SHINING SANDS

Alone I tread the shining sands,
 And gaze upon the ocean wide;
 I long to see the angel bands
 That gather on the other side.

A peace which few can understand
 My being fills and all is well;
 I soon shall reach that other strand,
 And ever more with loved ones dwell.

TO OUR CARNIVAL GUESTS, 1896

Have you come to the Queen of the West
To see her in gala array?
If so, you have found in your quest,
Many wonders to view, day by day.

At night, in a blaze all aglow,
In brightness resembling the sun,
And happy to rest you will go,
For you've had your share of the fun.

A right royal welcome we give
To the strangers who enter our gates;
If not far from our city you live,
We are sure you will thank all the fates.

We know you are glad that you came,
For who would this pleasure forego?
And will all sing this happy refrain:
"Minneapolis never is slow!"

Then we greet you, our guests, one and all,
May you find many friends while you stay;
And ever respond to our call,
When our carnival grand leads the way.

A LIFE WELL-SPENT

A life spent for the good of others
Brings, at its close, peace to the soul.

DREAMLAND

Softly falls the evening shadows,
 Lost to sight the golden sun;
 And in dreamland fair we wander,
 Sweet forgetfulness have won,
 Of a world of care and trouble,
 That our waking eyes shall see;
 When reluctantly returning,
 From a land where we would be.

And if from our arms our dearest,
 Best beloved, has slipped away,
 How we dread, e'en in our slumber,
 To behold the light of day,
 Bringing back to us the sorrow,
 We in sleep had lost awhile;
 Shrouded now in gloom all nature,
 Gone from us our sunny smile.

LOWELL

(To my grandson, Lowell W. O'Brien)

The sunset glow has faded in the west,
 Our little one has gone to peaceful rest;
 The rosy feet that pattered all day long,
 Now quiet grown, by mother's even-song.

His laughter ever holds a note of joy,
 In love he binds our hearts, dear baby boy;
 He wins our minds from sordid thoughts of care;
 Was ever blossom on its stem more fair?

ONCE MORE THE DAY

Once more the day comes 'round again
To place the lovely flowers of springtime's May
On graves of those to whom a debt we pay,
Who gave their lives in agony and pain.

They freedom brought to those of humble birth,
Who bowed beneath the lash and Southern sun;
But now erect, for liberty is won—
They are the free and happy ones of earth.

We many years our sorrow tried to quell,
Time, the great healer, came our wounds to heal;
For they have gained in heaven a well-earned weal,
And we can say: "He doeth all things well!"

WILL O' THE WISP

How falsely, oh, Will o' the Wisp,
Do you lead poor mortals astray;
To wander, o'er marshland and bog—
Deserting the safe, beaten way.

A light from a window they see,
'Tis you they behold from afar;
Now gleaming, now fading away,
Like unto a beautiful star.

Thus ever will man wander on,
The paths most unsafe for his feet;
Till, reaching the firm, solid earth,
No more with the tempter he'll meet.

THAT OTHER LAND

How real it seems to me—
That other land;
Where those I fondly love
Walk hand in hand.

Freed from the prison house
That held them here;
Forgotten earthly woes,
No ill they fear.

They come and go at will;
They hear my cry;
They comfort and caress,—
Not pass me by.

Most patiently I wait
That happy day;
Then, face to face, we'll meet
In joy alway.

THE WRITERS' LEAGUE

The Writers' League, united, hand in hand,
Is surely climbing up the hill of fame;
Its influence felt, extending o'er the land,
Will carve, in glowing letters, yet a name,
Which will live on, when mortal lips are dust.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW

Only a little while ago, how free from sorrow;
The hours were full of joy, my heart was light;
No cause to dread the coming of the morrow,
Or drink from shadows of the gloomy night.

Now all is changed, my dear one has departed;
No sunshine fills my heart, but all is drear;
Oh, what can raise from earth the brokenhearted,
And bring the sense of loved ones to me near.

Come back and whisper to my eager spirit
Sweet words of comfort I so long to hear;
To help me, striving here, thy heaven to merit,
And banish from my soul each thought of fear.

FALLING LEAVES

Gently the leaves are falling, falling,
Down to the earth, so bare and cold;
List to the wild birds, calling calling;
Far to the south we must haste away.
Gladly we'll watch when the winter is over,
For tender green leaves on yonder bough;
And search in the grass for four-leaf clover,
All through the livelong summer day.

MY LOVED ONE

In the radiant glow of the morning,
Shall I see on the loveliest face
A welcoming smile when I reach you
Who stand in the sweetest place.

Will you clasp me close to your bosom,
All the longing gone from my heart?
My darling, the way has been dreary,
But now we shall nevermore part.

We will wander in beautiful gardens,
Their loveliness long you have known;
While I trod the earth-paths in sorrow,
My life but a sad monotone.

The bliss of our meeting will banish
The grief and the pain evermore;
Then hasten the day of reunion,
'Till I greet you, my own, on that shore.

COMPENSATION

How sweet to know the lines we traced
Have to the mourner brought relief;
And sorrow from the heart effaced,
So long oppressed with woe and grief.

'Tis bread upon the waters cast,
Returning, fills our souls with peace;
Enduring while our lives shall last—
Then why from earnest labor cease?

BORDERLAND

Thou from my sight hath passed away—
Come back to me, come back to me!
I miss thee, O my love, each day!
Come back to me, come back to me!

In anguish pass the lonely hours,
Come back to me, come back to me!
Alone I walk amidst the flowers,
Come back to me, come back to me!

Your presence only can relieve,
Come back to me, come back to me!
For you I never cease to grieve,
Come back to me, come back to me!

To clasp you to my heart once more,
At last with thee, at last with thee!
My feet upon that happier shore,
At last with thee, at last with thee!

OUR FRIENDS

(Mr. and Mrs. C. A. J. Marsh)

We meet to celebrate the flight of time,
Which brings another birthday to these friends of ours;
To give our greeting in the form of rhyme,—
A wreath of verses in the place of flowers.

We wish them many, many years on earth,
With blessings freely showered to cheer and lighten
The path whereon they tread; may joy and mirth
Be theirs that to the end, their lives may brighten.

CHANGE

How changed to me is all the world tonight,
Since you, my own, have vanished from my sight,
And, though I feel your presence ever near,
I long your tender, loving voice to hear.

Again to press within my own your hand,
No more alone to wander o'er the land,
To gaze into your eyes, so fond and true,—
My friend, my friend, I hunger so for you.

O be my guide, in devious paths I stray;
I need your counsel, while on earth alway;
And lead me up to heights whereon you stand,
Serene and calm, surrounded by a band

Of loving ones so near, and I afar.
Grief clouds my sky, no glimmer of a star
To cheer and comfort me. Be near, my friend,
I would that you were with me to the end.

If you but hear me when to you I call,
I know I shall be strong to suffer all;
Then once more, face to face, no more to part,
Passed, like a dream, all sorrow from my heart.

BEYOND THE HILLS

Oh, the hills that with beautiful
Verdure are dressed,
We would know of that country beyond,
We with sorrow oppressed.
Does a city all shining and bright
Lie in splendor below?
Could we but climb to your heights,
Ah, then we would know.

They who pierce through the vale,
That is ever between,
What joy and rapture are theirs,
They only have seen,
That to our eyes are withheld,
Till our vision is cleared,
And dear ones, most fondly beloved,
To our sight have appeared.

That time we'll most patiently wait,
Though weary the way,
And stormy the path that we tread,
Oh, happy the day,
When, sorrow and strife laid aside,
Forever at rest,
In that city, just over the hills,
The home of the blest.

A SONG OF LOVE

I gaze into your eyes, dear one,
 And wonder what your life may be;
 Shall you find purest, sweetest joy?
 The future, ah, we cannot see.
 Your maiden heart is yet your own,
 In blissful dreams, the days glide by,
 I long to know if love divine
 Will crown your life, and not a sigh

For vanished days, when you were free,
 As bird that sings on yonder bough.
 Oh, may you find that other soul,
 And you be happy then, as now;
 A life complete, and rounded out,
 Full to the brim of love's content;
 All this I wish for you, my own,
 These blessings that from heaven are sent.

NATURE'S AWAKENING

The spring has come with promise in the air,
 Of warm south winds to call the flowers to life;
 But, ah, it brings not back our loved and fair
 Who dwells in that far home where love is rife.

Does she return to comfort and caress
 Her loved ones waiting on this earthly shore?
 We feel her coming would our sore hearts bless,
 Could she but whisper: "I am here once more!"

UNWRITTEN MUSIC

There's music in the waterfall,
In the sighing of the breeze;
And in the wild bird's joyous call
To his mate, among the trees.

We hear sweet music in the tones
Of mothers, hushing babes to sleep,
In words that check the captive's moans,
In wildest storms of ocean deep;

In bells that, at the eventide,
Ring out a peal in merry chime,
Their clear notes echoing far and wide,
Reminders of the flight of time.

And in the golden summer days
The hum of insects fills the air,
The cricket sings his cheering lays—
Unwritten music everywhere.

TWILIGHT MEMORIES.

Alone, I sit in the twilight,
And muse on the time gone by.
When my heart was filled with sorrow,
Those days I recall with a sigh.

For there passed from my life my darling,
My own little baby girl;
To me are left but a memory,
And a soft, bright, golden curl.

She filled all my life with sunshine,
With her happy, winsome way;
She was so pure and lovely,
Her going I could not stay.

Around me I think I hear them,
The pattering of little feet;
That sound nevermore will greet me,
'Tis only a fancy sweet.

I know she awaits my coming,
In that glorious summer land;
Again in my arms I will fold her,
Again press my darling's hand.

LOST

Why do we ever call our loved ones lost,
Who only vanished from our earthly sight?
No more upon the stormy billows tossed,
Safe sheltered in a haven of delight,
We cannot even faintly understand
What joy is theirs, now free from earthly care;
And yet we wander, mourning, o'er the land,
Uncomforted, and seeking everywhere

For sign or token that they linger near,
We long, with anxious hearts, to pierce the veil
That hides the faces of the ones most dear;
To feel they comfort us and never fail
To answer to our call, why should we fear?
Not lost, but only just a step away,
They come to cheer us in the hours most dear;
Our own, dear loved ones are with us alway.

THE BABY

Tiny bird of promise
On the tree of life;
You have crossed the portal
Of this world of strife.

May the winds of Heaven
Tempered be to you;
What awaits you, darling,
If we only knew

That from pain and sorrow
We a shield might be;
But, alas, we know not
What your destiny!

THE BEATEN WAY

Why should we always tread the beaten way,
And never wander in the meadows sweet?
Stern duty points the path for us to go,
But pleasure ever lures our willing feet.

Nor do we look for thorns and brambles there,
Delighted are our eyes with lovely flowers;
The sordid cares of life are laid away,
The wind blows soft, and joyous are the hours.

And how we shrink and dread the icy blast,
That blows adown the rugged mountain side;
Could we but know that, further on the road,
The gates of Heaven for us would open wide,

Then we would strive to keep the beaten way,
And our reward be in the duty done,
The victor's crown when we have reached the end,
And we that heritage have won.

AMONG THE PINES

Tall and stately, whispering low,
Reaching up to meet the glow
Of the sun. It gilds your leaves;
Through your many-branching weaves,
You have healing to impart;
Balm for many a heavy heart;
Strength to battle yet a space,
In the world to have a place.

If some soul you snatch from death,
With your fragrant, strength'ning breath,
Then a mission you fulfill,
If with health the pulses thrill,
And a pillow soft you spread
For the troubled, weary head.
Slumber sweet comes back again,
Banished every thought of pain.

ALONE

Alone are we? What of the ones so near
Who tread, with noiseless feet, close by our side?
The loved, not lost, but ever to us dear,
And only gone before, they have not died.

But, full of life and vigor, no more bent
With weight of years and sorrow here below;
Returned the grace and beauty early lent,
Could we but all their happy being know,

Then would we burst into a blithesome song,
And never, never feel we are alone;
But go our way rejoicing and made strong,—
No longer life a "dreary monotone."

TARDY JUSTICE

Behind the prison bars there live
 Poor human souls, who, innocent,
Must sadly wait the coming hour,
 When, free at last, their steps are bent,
To seek the home that once was theirs,
 Blind Justice, can you give again
Untarnished names, give recompense
 For weary years, long years of pain?

How deep must be their sense of wrong,
 When suffering for another's crime;
No light to cheer them day by day,
 How slowly moves the hands of Time;
Then, tardy Justice, open wide
 The doors and set the captive free,
With kindest words assistance give,
 That they once more may happy be.

IT WERE BETTER

It were better that we ever
 Fill our lives with sweet content,
Not in murmuring but with courage,
 Every hour in joy be spent.

Give to all a smile of welcome,
 For, to some, the heavy load
Is their portion; through life's journey,
 Let us cheer them on the road.

Turn to Nature, and find comfort,
 In her birds and rippling brooks,
Sweetest flowers and greenest verdure,
 And her cool and shady nooks,

.

THOUGHT VIBRATIONS

Ah, who can say we cannot send,
Across the vibrant air,
Fond messages to those we love,
To find a lodgment there;
We suddenly may feel a peace,
Come stealing o'er the heart,
Not knowing who the messenger
Had in the thought a part?

If in the world no evil thoughts
Were sent to work an ill;
How soon would vanish hate and strife,
And love their place would fill.
Then let us hasten on the day,
When all will heed the spell
Of gentleness and sweet accord,—
Its coming we foretell.

TO BE MYSELF

I'll ever try to bear in mind
That I myself must be;
And with a cheerful, happy heart,
Work out my destiny.

Nor should I ever strive to ape
What others do or say;
But seek the best that life can give,
And find the better way.

A way that leads to heights above—
I would not stay below;
For I must tread the stony path,
If truth I here would know.

BLOSSOMS

Wandering through the woodland,
With my little boy,
In the glowing sunlight,
Hearts so full of joy.

Sweet his silvery laughter,
Sweet his happy talk;
Soon he spied a floweret,
In his restless walk.

Then he cried, in rapture,
"Mama, come and see,
There's the sweetest flower
Looking up at me!

"And right there's the baby,
Cuddled up so near;
It is sweetly sleeping—
Precious little dear!"

Close I looked to find it,
In its clustering leaves;
Dainty bud, so tiny,
Such as Nature weaves.

SACRIFICE

The mother in her daily life
Ne'er thinks of self, but strives
For happiness for those she loves,
Brings sweetness to their lives.

When first the little, downy head
Is pressed unto her breast,
She plans and hopes for this sweet one,
Thinks not of ease or rest.

Perchance this child she cherished so
Now treads a foreign shore;
No staff is he to lean upon,
His face she sees no more.

What recompense is there for her?
A duty nobly done;
Peace comes to her at close of life,
A crown of victory won.

Upon her raptured vision breaks
The sparkling jewels rare,
That gleam in brightest radiance
To deck her brow so fair.

IN VAIN

Is it in vain that we have lived,
Or have we made the way,
Of those who need our timely aid,
Seem brighter every day?

If to the ones who thirst for love
The cup be freely given,
Then have we tasted, while on earth,
Some of the joys of heaven.

Contented ever with our lot,
Bring sunshine ever near;
Not gloomy, downcast, fearing much,
But breathing hope and cheer.

Ah, then we have not lived in vain,
But chosen the better part;
Brought comfort to the sorrowing one.
Raised up the heavy heart.

WHEN LOVE WAS NOT

When love was not? How can I tell?
I only know that in my home doth dwell
Love all divine.

It lightens every fleeting hour,
And, like a lovely, dew-gemmed flower,
Breathes incense sweet.

How sad and lonely is the lot
Of those to whom love cometh not—
But flees away.

The door then ever open wide,
So love may always there abide—
And sweeten life.

THE GREATEST MYSTERY

Ourselves the greatest mystery of all;
And do we understand ourselves? Ah, no!
The wise Creator of us all has willed it so.

We knowledge of our being gladly seek,
Catch glimpses, ever and anon, of what we are;
They fade in mists of morn like yon bright star.

Ofttimes, our actions are to us so strange—
Why we do thus and so we do not know;
When we would mount the heights, we stay below.

A beckoning hand will lead us on and on,
To that bright realm, where mystery is not,
And we will here no more bewail our lot.

COURAGE

When loved ones from our sight have passed away,
We must have courage then to meet the loss;
Nor would we call them back with us to stay,
But bear in patience this our daily cross.

As poet sweetly said, not long ago;
"We must take up the strain where they left off the song."
For them no more we'll let the tear-drops flow,
And by our courage thus our lives prolong.

Then we can help some other mourner here
Lift up her heavy eyes to meet the sun;
Lead her to feel life still is full of cheer
That from the world of light her own will come

To let her know they are not far away,
But ever near to comfort and sustain;
That she must cease to weep and sigh, and say;
"I will the rest of life from gloom refrain."

HOPE

Thou "star of hope" that leads us on,
When joy has fled;
That lightens up the stony path,
Whereon we tread.

For hard would be this life of ours
But for thine aid;
Courage to bear whate'er betide,
And not afraid

To face the ills that surely come
To one and all;
Thy pure light shines through storm and cloud,
We will not fall,

But ever hold our heads erect,
And falter not;
For thou, sweet hope, hath come to us,
All care forgot.

THE HOURS THAT SHINE

The hours that shine in our memory
Are those that have brought us joy;
The hours when sorrow has left us
Are those that, without alloy,
Shine clear as the sun at mid-day,
When never a cloud is seen,
And our hearts are as glad as the bluebird's,
With nothing to come between

To mar our perfect enjoyment
Of sky, and of flowers and trees,
When our thoughts are lifted heavenward,
Our brows gently fanned by the breeze.
Can these hours be full of contentment,
If a place in our souls we have given
To the dark, gloomy thoughts that assail us,
That to banish we never have striven?

Let us then put away in the background
All the cares that our souls beset;
We will banish these foes to enjoyment,
So why should we worry and fret?
Then will the days pass gladly,
Every hour a blessing be,
Till our feet cross the shining river,
And our loved ones again we'll see.

PHOEBE CARY

She no more sings the songs
Of hope and love;
But dwells in realms of light,
So far above
All sorrow that in life
So tried her here,
She joined the ones she loved,
No more to fear.

Sad partings here in life,
Our loss, her gain;
We would not call her back
To suffer pain.
How deep into our souls
Her sweet words sink;
We're better that she lived,
And can but think

If we her faith possessed,
Her merry heart,
This life would be to us
A happier part.
We, too, will gain that home,
And be no more
Tossed on the stormy waves,
But safe on shore.

AT ANCHOR

Upon the billows, gallantly,
Our little boat sailed light and free,
No storms beset to lead astray—
Our hearts were lightsome as the day.

Our songs and laughter echoed far,
No grief could then our pleasures mar,
And life was merry as a bell
That rings a message: "All is well!"

Nor dreamed we that the storm was near,
From every breast was banished fear,
When lo, the clouds o'erspread the sky,
And rushed the foaming waters by.

Our frail bark tossed on ocean wide;
Oh, could it but the gale outride!
We gained the harbor, home at last,
Anchored and safe—all danger past.

UNSTABLE SOULS

The world is full of shallow souls;
They drift about from shore to shore;
They have no destined port to make,
And trust to luck to guide them o'er.

The bright and sunny ways of life,
But storms will toss their crafts about,
And leave them stranded on the shore
To wait the tide to float them out.

They are unstable as the winds,
Their word we hold of no account;
A broken promise is to them
A thing they think of small amount.

A contrast we will find in those
Who, anchored in some safe retreat,
Boldly resist the angry waves,
With courage born of lives so sweet.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

So often to my mind comes back again
Those happy days, when every heart was gay;
The cares that come to all of us in life
Seemed then so very, very far away.

The hours sped on, with golden wings of light,
No time had we for thoughts of sorrow when
The earth was clothed with flowers of brightest hue;
Nor cared we for the snows of winter then.

Where are those merry ones of long ago?
Our ways have parted, oh, so far and wide,
Alas! They now have passed beyond my ken.
No more we'll tread the pathway, side by side.

POWER OF LOVE

O Love! Thy mighty power
Rules over all;
And, in the darkest hour,
We cannot fall;
But face, whate'er betide,
With courage bold;
Thy arms will open wide
To us enfold.

When first we saw the light,
We found Thee near,
To guard us day and night,—
Why should we fear?
For thou wilt be our guide
Through all the land,—
An ever-flowing tide,
A circling band.

MAN'S MISTAKES

It's among the mistakes,
A man often makes,
When he thinks he's the head of creation,
The new woman is there,
And she'll have a share,
In all the affairs of the nation.

There once was a time
When she was a vine,
And clung to the oak for protection;
She now stands erect,
And you'll never expect.
She is going to him for perfection.

She is not a child,
Though they say she is wild,
When she tries a reform in her dress.
She will give him no peace,
And never will cease
Her claims for her freedom to press.

I'd advise the poor man,
As soon as he can,
To give her the place that she asks,
For, if he don't yield,
He'll soon lose the field,
And find it the hardest of tasks

To keep her away
From the polls, 'lection day,
For she is determined to stand.
Don't make a mistake,
Some day you'll awake,
And find she is ruling the land.

LIBERTY

O! Liberty, the sweetest boon
To erring mortals given
To those who pine in dungeons drear,
Thou art to them a heaven.

They long to break their prison bars,
To breathe the glad, free air;
Why was their lot in life so sad,
And others free from care?

Can we whom bonds have never chained
Know of the captives' woes?
For we respect the laws of man;
They are, alas, its foes.

Will ever, on the planet earth,
All prisons empty be?
Man with his brother man, in love,
Dwell ever peacefully?

CRADLE SONG

Go to sleep, baby, my darling,
Why are you stirring just now?
Mother will sing to you, sweetest,
Banish the frown from your brow.
Sleep-baby-sleep!

All in the house are so quiet,
No one save mother and you;
Guarding her treasure from danger,
Keeping a watch, fond and true.
Sleep-baby-sleep!

Here in my arms I enfold you,
Tenderly hush you to sleep;
Close those dear eyes, baby darling,
Oh! Do not awaken to weep!
Sleep! Oh! Sleep!

AN UNEXPECTED GUEST

He sat before his cheerless hearth,
Alone, bereft;
What in this cold, wide world,
To him, was left?

Upon his weary head had beat
The storms of life;
Called to the realms of light
His loving wife.

He longed to join her on that shore
Where all are blest;
No more to struggle with the waves,
But be at rest,

When suddenly to him appeared.
A radiant form.
A tender hand on his was laid.
So soft and warm.

Into his ear a whisper low,
O! Love, be brave!
The home of joy awaits you, there,
Beyond the grave.

She was the Unexpected Guest,
This angel one;
No sorrow to his aching heart
Again will come.

THE MOUNTAINS

Lifting their heads, in grandeur high above us,
Catching the last rays of the sinking sun,
The snow that caps their peaks at midday glimmers—
Like stars, appearing brightly, one by one.

Down in the valley, darkness slowly gathers,
And perfume of the flowers fill the air,
And tired heads have sought their downy pillows,
All nature sleeps and man is freed from care.

The mountains, like grim sentinels, are standing,
Guarding the treasures of the world below,
Had they but tongues to speak, what tales they'd tell us
Of the past times we have so longed to know.

The centuries have passed, and still are passing,
Unmoved they stand, nor heed the march of Time,
And lessons grand of patience ever teaching,
Could we but make our lives like them sublime.

WHERE THE PATH LED US

Where the path led us, right into the sunshine,
All the bright day were our souls full of glee;
For long had we lingered in sorrow and darkness;
That hour we were happy and free.

We laughed and we sung like gay, happy children;
Our hearts were as light as the day;
We steadfastly banished the clouds that hung o'er us.
And gathered the flowers of May.

Could we walk in this path all our lifetime,
So cheery and hopeful, bid care from us flee;
Like the flowers with their faces turned upward,
And fail the dark shadows to see?

May the path lead us where the gates open,
Into that land where all will be blest,
And from our shoulders will fall all our burdens,
The footsore and weary there will find rest.

OUR CITY

Long years ago, when I, a tiny child,

First saw the spot where now the city stands;

I little dreamed where all was free and wild,

She, fairest would arise of many lands.

No hand of man had bridged the waters o'er,

The sparkling river rushing to the sea;

A ferry ran to reach the further shore—

How clearly now the scene comes back to me!

Then few in number they who gathered here,

Who in the wilderness would rear a home;

Their tender wives and little children dear

Shared all their joys, nor further longed to roam.

Now like a gem, surrounded by the hills,

Lies this our city, by a mighty stream;

A sense of pride our throbbing bosom fills,—

This outcome of our fondest hope and dream.

OUR BABY

Dear little baby, within your soft nest,
Sheltered and warm, not a care can you know,
We by your coming were all made so blest,—
A foretaste of Heaven it seemed here below.

We long for your waking, to see those bright eyes,
Overflowing with mischief and merry with glee,—
And times there are many you look up so wise,
We wonder what visions in sleep you can see.

We are sure there is nothing to us half so sweet
As our own darling baby, with bright, winsome ways,
No sound like the patter of swift-running feet,
A blessing to cheer us throughout all our days.

O may you not leave us for realms far above,
And soar thus away, for we all need you so;
We'll ever surround you with unfailing love,
And sing to you lullabies, softly and low.

HAPPY DREAMS

In dreams our loved ones come,
Our sleeping hours to bless;
In silence of the night,
To comfort and caress.

And to our weary souls,
Bring once again sweet peace;
To find, in blessed sleep,
From sorrow a release.

Then welcome, happy dreams,
A solace to bestow;
To bring to us our own,
No parting then, we know.

They gaze into our eyes,
And fondly clasp our hand;
They tell, in accents sweet,
Of that fair summer land.

And when the morning light
Awakens us again,
How changed seems all the world,
And banished every pain.

SHADOW LAND

Not far away, but here,
The shadow land;
Night brings a haunting fear,
While hand in hand
We walk; the way is dark,
We seek the light,
But soon a fairy barque
Gleams in the night.

It bears us far away,
To farther shore,
Where footsteps mark the way,
That stray no more
Out from the shadowed way,
At last at home,
The sun shall shine eternally—
Peace to us come.

BABY

The summer days were drawing near,
When to our home came baby dear—
 Our little darling, winsome boy,—
 O'erflowing was our cup of joy—
He filled the days with sunshine bright,
Whose beams dispelled the gloom of night,
 With music of his voice so sweet,
 And patter of his little feet.

He treads the paths of light above,
Encircled by the arms of love,
 That hold our treasure, ere we go,
 And all the bliss of Heaven know.
Soon we will join those gone before,
Which wait to greet us on the shore;
 And glad will be that coming day,
 When earthly mists have cleared away.

BEREAVEMENT

I deeply feel the loss of one beloved,
Whose tender care through many changing years
Made all the way so pleasant for my feet;
I strive in vain to check the falling tears.

Though well I know 'tis better for him there,
Where sorrow never more will cloud his brow,
I long to hear those kindly tones again,
To know what scenes of bliss enchant him now.

He may not wander very far away,
Be ever ready still to counsel give,
But oh, to know that he will linger near,
While I upon this earthly plane shall live.

The gladsome spring with singing birds has come,
Their notes of joy find echo in my heart,
To help me bear this sorrow yet a while,
For in the world to come we will not part.

OUR LOVED ONES

We gather a garland of roses,
All covered with sparkling dew;
And into a wreath deftly twine them
Of delicate perfume and hue.

And then to the City of Silence,
We hasten to lay them upon
The breasts of those who have left us,
When we mourn, and say they are gone.

Should we think of them there in the darkness?
Nay, up in the light we behold
The forms that we loved, oh, so fondly
Which we long in our arms to enfold.

They walk by our side, ever faithful,
Our faltering footsteps assist;
And guide us a'right in our wanderings;
Their presence we scarcely have missed.

May the glittering stars of the midnight
A rest to our hearts ever bring;
May our faith in the infinite lead us
To lift up our voices and sing

Of the goodness and love of our Father,
Who comes to us strong in His might;
For He is the One who will help us
To walk in the pathway of light.

Will we stand hand in hand on the summit,
Freed from all that would hold us below;
And the ones that we love fondly greet us,
With faces and forms all aglow?

With the wonderful light that surrounds them,
 Their voices sound clear as a bell,
 As they say: "We rejoice you have joined us
 In our heavenly home." All is well.

TO MY HUSBAND

Forty years we have journeyed together,
 Treading with joy the pathway of life;
 Through the bright sunshine and stormy weather,
 Happy am I as your cherished wife.

In you I find all my soul desires,
 Perfect the trust in the heart that is mine;
 Steadily burns our altar fires,
 Ascending above in a light divine.

IN MEMORIAM

A singer sweet no more on earth is heard,
 But not forgotten are the lines she wrote;
 They linger in our hearts, each tender word
 Soft as a tiny birdling's thrilling note.

We do not feel that she is far away,
 For still she lingers near to whisper low;
 "Far from the ones I love I cannot stray,
 Let not for me the bitter tear-drops flow."

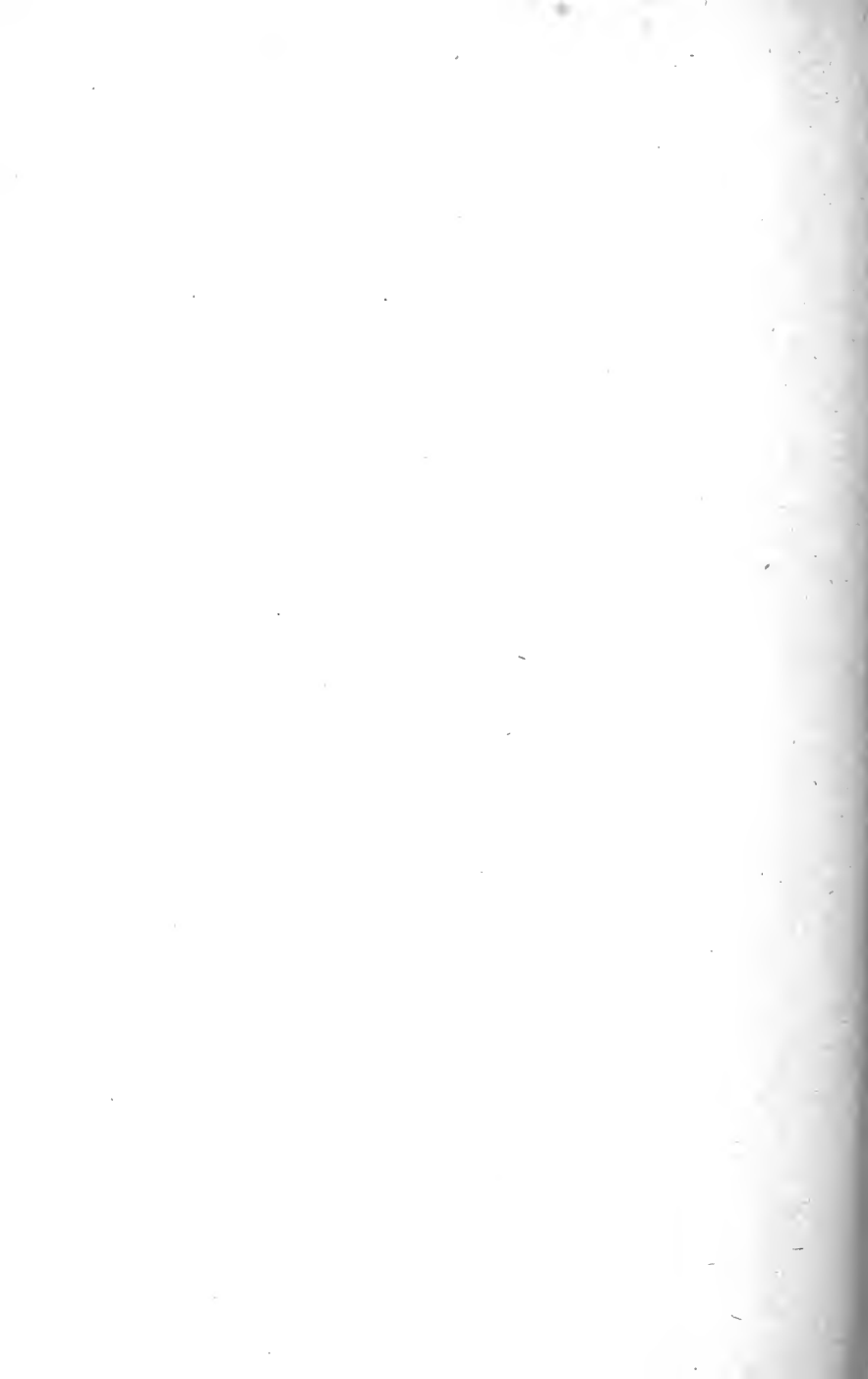
POETRY

(Written for The Writers' League, by Mrs. Lizzie E. O'Brien, showing her idea of the place and purpose of poetry.)

Poetry is like unto a strain of music, vibrating through the strings of an aeolian harp. It lingers in the memory, making tender the heart. In time of sorrow, what consolation it brings to the broken-hearted. This the true mission of sweet verses, written by many who have tasted the bitter cup. Often, those to whom bereavement is unknown feel, in their inmost being, the woes of others, being by nature endowed with a broad sympathy. Should we write only to please, or should our object be to bring help to those who need a word of cheer, when the burdens of life are too heavy for the weary ones to carry?

Mayhap, our lines are faulty, but if only one bright thought be therein expressed, has it not fulfilled its mission? Should not our verse have a lofty purpose? If we strive for gain, and that only, we will lose sight of the higher, nobler motive. When necessity drives us, then for the product of the brain we must perforce ask recompense, not otherwise. Let our words ring true, that they may sink deeply into some soul that sorely needs our ministrations. We are banded together for mutual improvement. Linked by a golden chain of a common purpose, we are an inspiration to each other, an incentive to greater effort. Our mistakes are our helpers. The steady improvement that has been apparent in our writings can but bring encouragement. Then let us, with undaunted courage, press ever onward, feeling that we are doing our best to rise higher and higher on the upward path.

Lines by Frank G. O'Brien



Lines by Frank G. O'Brien

I Chimes of Cheer

GREETING

Friends, one and all, a warm greeting to-night,
As swift-winged summer is fleeting from sight;
 Soon will the heat of the season be past,
 And autumn-tint amber our sky overcast.

Golden grain harvest will gladden us all,
Though shadows of war overhang like a pall;
 Time will dispel all this turbulent gloom,
 And leave in its wake nought but brightness and bloom.

Be cheerful through all, whatever betide,
And over life's billows courageously ride;
 Take heart, friends and authors, the goal we'll attain
 Though rough be the passage, oft mingled with pain.

THE BRIGHT SIDE

Take that frown from your face,
That the smile we may see;
That cloud hovering o'er you,
Remove it with glee.

The frowns make the furrows,
Both many and deep;
Smooth them over with brightness,
And fair you will keep.

Keep out of the shadows,
Keep cheerful—do right,
If you seek naught but darkness,
You cannot get light.

Keep your lamps trimmed and burning
Shining ever so bright,
You will need all their radiance
To guide you aright.

GOLD OF WEALTH IS GOLD OF HEALTH

"All that glitters is not gold;"
This we know to be a fact;
Having been so often "sold,"
We're inclined to use more tact.

Gold of wealth is found in health;
'Tis on this we place much stress;
Health cannot be gained by stealth—
But right living—nothing less.

COURAGE

Dare always to do what you know to be right,
Though the onlooking world bears down with its might,
Decrying your works which they eagerly scan,
With a seeming distrust of your motive and plan.

You know what is right, then be not a slave,
When 'tis courage to act the part of the brave;
For 'tis better to climb, with a firm and sweet will,
Than to sigh and to sob at the foot of the hill.

Each road that leads out from the path of your life
Has its thorns and its briars to add to the strife;
It's then you need courage, with fortitude bright,
To rough it through thickets, by gleam of its light.

The future brings pleasure—it also brings pain;
There is sunshine in life, also shadows and rain;
You should pluck all the flowers, sweet-scented and gay,
That bloom in the garden of Hope's brightest May.

INVOCATION

While we're knocking at the gate
For the soul-entrancing power,
With its richly-laden dower,
Keep our minds in channels bright.
Ever tending to the right.
Then we'll not have long to wait:
For an entrance through the gate.

ANOTHER YEAR

For us is meant what comes along,
Then let us meet it with a song;
If what we crave comes not our way,
It may appear some other day.

A New Year brings a brighter dawn,
With hopes renewed, no sign of wan,
A few months nearer verdant spring,
When pent-up streams their songs will sing.

The past is gone—is past indeed;
Its pages oft-times we will read;
Perhaps some lines will run quite sad,
While others cheer and make us glad.

Keep well! Be brave, and do your best!
And give your fears a needed rest!
A smile is better than a tear
To usher in the new-born year.

JOY IN OLD AGE

When weight of years bears down with heavy load,
And we are nearing end of earthly road;
We trust our minds may be as free as air!
Our tempers sweet, without a cloud of care,
That we to all may be a source of joy,
And not a useless burden to annoy.

TO-DAY; NOT TO-MORROW

We wait not for the rising sun
To greet us on the morrow;
But grasp its ray without delay
To dissipate our sorrow.

Before to-morrow's sun appears,
We'll witness darkest night;
Then why not seek what good we can
To-day—while all is bright.

Let smiles supplant those clouds of frowns
That hover in our sky;
And make the best of the to-day—
To-morrow—by and by.

If we've a word of hope and cheer,
Don't wait until to-morrow
To fill the cup of darkened glass—
Burnt low from night of sorrow.

To-day—to-day—we loud proclaim!
And not the distant morrow;
To live, to love, to act our part,
And trouble cease to borrow.

MUSIC EVERYWHERE

There's music all about, where'er we go,
By ocean, streamlet, or by rippling rill;
In springtime's birth, with life's awakening thrill,
That give to mortals taste of heaven below.

SUNSHINE'S PATH OF LIFE

We love to gaze on childhood's ways,
So free from care and strife;
Now bubbling o'er with joy and mirth,
Through sunshine's path of life.

We love to listen to their songs
Of melody so sweet,
That float through open windows wide,
A-down the noisy street.

We linger long to watch their sports,
So innocent with glee;
With boisterous shouts their voices ring
Sweet anthems of the free.

The rose-tint's blush is on their cheeks
Their eyes are sparkling bright,
And glisten, while at merry sport,
Like twinkling stars of night.

Too soon will come the griefs and care,
And burdens of the years;
Too soon the luster leaves the eye
That fills with scalding tears.

Life's burdens soon are taken up,
The smile may change to frown;
The cross each one will surely bear,
While few will wear the crown.

Oh, brush away those gloomy thoughts,
O'er-shadowing with fear,
While youthful sunbeams ever shine,
To gladden with their cheer.

A GLOOMY DAY

Do you ask what's gloom and sadness,
When 'tis sunshine, all the way
'Long my pathway, since my childhood,
What know I of "gloomy day"?

Friends so loving always with me,
With their smiles and helping hand;
Ever raised in benedictions,
To respond at my demand.

Clouds of springtime hover o'er me,
With their lurid lightning's flash—
Thunder's peal that rocks the planet
With its deaf'ning, fearful crash.

Should I all these agitations
Of old Nature, in her way,
Stirring up the whole creation,
Label it "a gloomy day"?

When the snows and drifts of Winter
Swirl about in mystic flight,
O'er the prairies and the woodland—
With its fleecy robe so white—

Think I then 'tis time for mourning,
And in solitude to stay?
Flakes are what I call the jewels
Glistening white on flowers of May.

Gladness in the Winter's snow storm,
Springtime's showers and Summer's ray,
Autumn's harvest with its bounty,
Leaves no time for "gloomy day."

WHEN WE AWAKE

When we awake from slumber to the light,
And ope our eyes to beauty of the morn,
As daylight filters through the curtained night,
To dawn in brightness on the hours new-born;
We rise refreshed in body and in brain,
That needed much the hours of sweet repose,
To lull and soothe, as gentle summer's rain,
The thirsty rootlets of the opening rose.

When we awake, and hear the birds' sweet lay
Of thrilling notes that vibrate in the breeze,
And view the sunbeams on the mist and spray,
Now fading fast above the distant trees;
We feel at once the deep and magic thrill
Of life renewed from restful night of sleep,
And gird our armor for the daily drill
Of gathering in the harvest that we reap.

When we awake, as herds stroll to'rd the lea,
O'er winding pathway, moist from midnight dew,
And watch the river flowing to the sea,
The sky of inky darkness turn to blue,
We wonder, and we oft with joy behold
The many glories Nature makes so plain;
Our youth restored, we never more grow old;
Our song of life assumes a loftier strain.

KINDNESS

Deeds of kindness sparkle,
In the world of care,
Like the stars of heaven,
Seen through midnight air.

Kindness blooms like roses,
In their fragrance sweet,
'Mong the weak and erring,
Wheresoe'er they meet.

Tender words for mourners,
While in vale of tears;
Help for downcast brother,
Sorrowing for years.

Right hand to the stranger,
Plodding on life's road;
Seeking aid and succor,
Weary with his load.

Help to lofty motives,
Those who seek to climb
Up the mounts of wisdom,
To its heights sublime.

Words of praise when needed;
Aid to weak and blind;
Loving words for aged,
Feeble in their mind.

If we'd find a heaven,
Seek it here below;
Sowing seeds of kindness
Ever as we go.

WORDS

Words there are, in plenty, without new ones to coin
If we can only use them as we ought;
We shape them to our feelings, no matter what they be,
If those we use attain the object sought.

Words there are like arrows, that have their poisoned points,
They pierce through feelings swiftly in their flight;
And oftentimes wounds they leave—a ragged edge behind,
That we, poor mortals, strive to hide from sight.

Books there are, we read from, and ponder o'er and o'er,
To see if they in morals tip the scale;
We wonder if their words will elevate the race,
Or sink, perhaps, from an unrighteous sale.

Words there are, oft uttered, abroad and in our homes,
That, left unsaid, would to our praise redound;
Still, we must effort make to shape our every thought,
That wields, in words, such power the world around.

BE HAPPY

Swiftly glide the years along,
Mingling with them joy and song;
Often-times there comes some grief,
Yet their season is but brief.

Mingle sunshine for a shower;
Use the rainbow for a bower.
With its bright and varied hues,
Drive away oncoming blues.

Let your thoughts be pure and sweet,
Happy smiles for those you meet;
Leave the gossip far behind,
Banish it from out your mind.

Catch the early sunlight's ray,
As it ushers in the day.
And the placid moonlight's beam
Keeps sweet vigil while you dream.

PERFECTION

The high degree to which we would attain
Is all perfection which we strive to gain,
By climbing, step by step, the ladder Fame,
That leads to where we fain would carve our name.

Perfection is the star that gleams so bright
In all its lustre in the darkest night;
It also is the early morning sun
Of lovely June, when summer is begun.

It is the dainty bud, and leaf and flower;
The trailing vine of grape in shady bower;
The music sweet from songbirds of the air,
Whose rich tones are imbued with sweetness rare.

It is the breath of Nature, soft and mild,
When fanning cheeks of mother's sleeping child;
And vibrant notes their melodies entwine,
That touch the tenderest heart-strings all divine.

The dawn of day, before the sun wakes up,
To life, from sleep, of night, the buttercup,
And other flowers that hold, in keeping bright,
The gathered jewels of a summer's night.

The soaring of the bird in bright, blue sky,
Whose graceful poise, while thus it swirls so high,
Is often hidden by a fleeting cloud,
That wraps its form as if 'twere angel shroud.

The heaven we've pictured in our fancy's flight,
"In realms poetic," with its mystic light,
Is all perfection—radiant with the bliss
Of Mother Nature's smile and loving kiss.

We see and hear perfection all about,
In merry laughter, and in schoolboy's shout;
In rippling stream, in ebb and flow of tide,
In happy homes, with loved ones by our side.

THE NEW YEAR

May its skies be clear and blue,
With the morning's dawning glows—
While the mid-day brightness flows
Into evening's crimson hue.

May it bring its sunny cheer,—
Free from sorrow's withering blight
Of the starless, cheerless night,
With its dark, foreboding fear.

May our friends be at our side,
When we need their guiding hand,—
Help to safely reach the land,
When we're tossed on restless tide.

Welcome then, the hope it brings,
Let its wealth of scroll unfold
Knowledge, which surpasses gold.
Or the gems of queens and kings.

BROKEN PROMISES

Why should we thus our faults array
Of "broken promises," I pray;
While sharp-tongued Gossip stands near by,
To give it wings, that it may fly?

Why tack our banner on the wall,
That he who runs may read our fall?
More modest be—we'll keep it still—
A duty to ourselves fulfill.

"To err is human," so 'tis said,
Among the high and lowly bred;
As we are human, hence we err,
Sound logic of philosopher.

The broken promises we'll mend
With kindly deeds. Our time we'll spend
Repairing breaks quite sure to last,
Forgetting errors of the past.

MY DEAR CANARY BIRD

My dear, sweet-voiced canary bird,
Trills soulful songs of praise.
At early morn is often heard
Those mellow, warbling lays;
Sweet, cheerful lays;
Sweet notes of praise—
I love my dear bird's winning ways.

Behind those wires of polished brass,
Imprisoned in a cell
He flits and sings to lad and lass—
No thought but what 'tis well.
And it is well
Its throat to swell,
And charm with its melodious spell.

We who are free to come and go—
Not under such restraint,
Should steer quite clear of gloom and woe,
Nor utter a complaint.
Let's have good cheer!
Let's bury Fear!
And start aright the coming year!

A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW

A hundred years from now what then
Will be the status of the men
Just entering this earthly sphere
Of summers calm or winters drear
So soon to open wide their eyes,
And view the present with surprise,
Like unto those a century past,
When on this planet they were cast?

A hundred years! How long it seems
To those who see them as in dreams.
Time is as naught in endless space—
A drop in oceans vast we trace.
What wondrous changes will be then
Among the women and the men;
Their customs and their modes of life
Compared with present worldly strife!

Will wants be few or many, pray,
Or will the sciences portray
In letters bold, by sunset red:
"The air supplies our daily bread"?
Will greed for gold cease to prevail,
Will hearts be softened to the wail
From those who need "Sweet Charity,"
'Mong God's distressed humanity?

Or is that day beyond our scope
Of fancy's vision, blissful hope,
Pushed further off among the years
That fail to see their bitter tears?
We think we view the coming race
Advancing with a rapid pace
Toward the goal where Right is Might,
With "Love to all" on banners bright.

A hundred years of world's expanse
We fain would gleam with Fancy's glance,
That we might feast our hungry mind
With what's in future for our kind.
We trust and pray for what is right,
With thought-waves ever gleaming bright
To lave the shores of godly men
In words of love from tongue and pen.

A BOW IN THE CLOUD

The bow we see in yonder sky
Gives promise of what is to be;
Our vision clear that we may see
The hues that so enchant the eye.

Though very far away from earth,
In realms of vastness out in space;
Our Maker's works we there may trace,
Discern where stars were given birth.

The rains descend and thunders crash,
Yet fear we not, for well we know
The meaning of that heavenly bow,
Its sequel follows storm and flash.

In fancy let this symbol bend
Forever, wheresoe'er we roam;
In shop, on farm, or in the home,
Its influence sweet on us descend.

BRIGHTER DAYS

You may talk of the days that are brighter, my friend
The days for which often you sigh,
For the possible joys that a future may send,
To strengthen and cheer you when nearing the end
They'll come, but, alas, when you die.

You may talk of those days without giving a thought
To the brightness that's with us today;
It comes to us freely, unsung and unsought,
Without our concern for the pleasure it brought
In driving our dull care away.

You may think all your life has been shadowed by doubt,
Not a ray of the sunshine let in;
Yet there's been much of "something" that's hovered about,
For which you've good reason to raise a glad shout—
A something to Love much akin.

If we wait for the days that are coming—"sometime,"
Regardless of those which are now,
We surely will rue it, and own it a crime,—
Then out from the gloom of despondency climb,
And make to the present our bow.

REJOICE!

Rejoice, we say! Rejoice today!
Give all a Christmas greeting!
This day of days in all the year,
To give the world a greeting.

On Christmas morn, our Christ was born
In Bethlehem's lowly manger;
Rare gifts of jewels to adorn,
The shepherds brought the stranger.

Rejoice, we say! Rejoice, today!
Give all a Christmas greeting!
This day of days in all the year,
To give the world a greeting.

Fair Bethlehem's star still sheds its light!
Let all the bells keep ringing!
This Christmas morn seems extra bright—
Rejoice, with all your singing!

Rejoice, we say! Rejoice, today!
Extend to all our greetings!
This festal day, which we hold dear,
Should overflow with greetings!

ECHOES

While we're listening to the murmur
That comes o'er the ocean wide,
In the seething and the rushing
Of the ebb and flow of tide,
There is something that we long for
From the far-off distant shore—
'Tis an echo from a loved one
That we knew in days of yore.

We have patiently been waiting
For the promise to come true,
That was made when last we parted,
Which we ever keep in view,
But we fear she's passed the portal
That is just beyond our sight,
Just beyond our touch and hearing,
Where the echoes fade in night.

But we know there'll be a dawning,
When the night has passed away,
When the moon and stars are hidden
In the mists of morning spray;
When the sun in all its splendor
Will be flashing o'er the rills,
And the echoes, sweet and tender,
Will be heard among the hills.

When the eyes with clearest vision
Scan the worlds in boundless space,
With our ears attuned to keenness,
We can subtle echoes trace,
By their vibrant, wave-like circuit
'Mong the swift revolving spheres,
Where the future is not reckoned
By the calendar of years.

INNER LIGHT.

We know there is a hidden light
That shines in darkest night,
Obscured in rifts of floating clouds,
Beyond the pale of sight.

A light not seen from far-off shore
By sailors in distress,
On breakers wild, near rock-bound coast,
That sweep with mad caress.

Not seen in timber's burning bush,
Or flaming prairies wide,
In molten mass from furnace mouth
When viewed at eventide.

From tallow dip to lamplight bright,
We've sought this unseen light,
And gazed by noonday's blazing sun,
So dazzling to our sight.

We grasp the searchlight, "common sense,"
Go boldly forth to scan
The inner light for which we seek,
And find in soul of man.

This spark of light God planted there,
Like diamond hid away;
Its beauty bursts the bands that bind
And dazzles with its ray.

Reflected shines this "inner light",
O'er worlds of boundless space,
In mothers' smiles, in deeds of love,
In progress of the race.

LIFE'S CONTRASTS

Life's pathway is not always strewn
With roses sweet and rare;
It is not all of cheer and smiles,
And scenes most wondrous fair.

Its sky is decked with many a cloud,
Swift scudding with the wind;
Its dome of blue and sunlight bright
Ofttimes eclipse the mind.

We pluck the flowers along the way
That charm with fond delight;
And, while we clasp them to our breast,
Their beauty fades from sight.

The rose, though sweet, has many thorns
That prod us on our way;
We find through life that pangs and fears
Are often holding sway.

With man's bright hopes come sorrow's years,
That burden with their weight.
He runs with speed to reach the goal,
Ofttimes to find he's late.

The ocean is not always calm
As glassy-mirrored lake;
But, boist'rous with its rage and roar,
With wreckage in its wake.

The seasons come as if on wings,
But soon they take their flight;
From Spring, with budding bloom and bliss,
To Winter's shroud of white.

We hear the ripples in the night,
Where moonbeams dance and play;
We also hear the sighs and sobs
That come from o'er the way.

Let's drink the joys that sparkle bright,
From founts with heavenly spray;
And glean the sunbeams for a path
To reach that perfect day.

TO BE MYSELF

This is the theme that all should know,
That we in selfhood wisely grow
To stature grand and knowledge great,
While there's yet time—ere 'tis too late.

Faults in another—pass them by,
Look to ourselves, that we decry
Errors of ours that others see,
From which we are not wholly free.

While doing thus, our light will shine
In many ways—'twill be a sign
To radiate in luster bright
With power for good and righteous might.

"To be myself"—'tis grand, sublime.
A ladder firm, on which to climb
To heights serene of cultured grace,
That time and tide cannot efface.

IF I WERE YOU

How often have we heard the statement made
By many—not among the few—
Composed of those to whom we'd look for sense:
"If I were you!"

They do not weigh the import thus adduced,
In thoughtless flittings of the mind,
That come to all in every changeful mood
Of human kind.

We feel at times as if the censure given
Were harsh, uncalled for, and unkind,
Produced in soil not tempered with that love
We'd like to find.

But were we changed, in twinkling of an eye,
To you, our brother—if you please,
Would we not, in our every act, reveal
The same disease?

We think, if we were placed at head of state,
We'd guide it safely through the night
Now brooding o'er us with a lurid glare
Of seeming blight.

Could we but see conditions as they are—
Environed by cyclonic winds,
And tempest-tossed upon the surging waves
By many troubled minds,

Would we not blunder, stationed at the helm,
With beams of sunlight shut from out our view,
And moon and stars obscured by passing clouds,
In sky of blue?

We ponder well and weigh it in our minds
This adage that we now would fain renew
"Do well your part in life," and let alone—
"If I were you!"

JUSTICE

Justice, in beauteous symbol of the scales,
Deals out her precious gifts;
Some things there be, now hidden from her gaze,
Are cleared with morning's mists.

Our courts declare that justice there shall be
For all who seek her shrine,
To bear their burdens, be they cross or crown,
Sad life, or one sublime.

Sweet Charity has many gifts in store,
So lavishly to give
To those who seek for pure and righteous laws,
And, finding, strive to live.

Justice goes forth with ever-helping hand,
To do the right for man;
And holds aloft the emblem of the truth
For all the world to scan.

WORK

Work is right and it is good,
Writing verses, sawing wood;
Making hay in autumn time,
With the hod the ladder climb.

Making powders, pills and squills,
For the doctor's use in ills.
Making bread for folks to eat,
From the farmer's crop of wheat.

Selling stocks for worldly gain,
Deals in option, handling grain.
Making wheels on which to ride,
Boats to stem the storm and tide.

Cars to swiftly speed through space,
So with Time we keep apace.
It is work to run a bank,
Also work to turn a crank.

Work, to operate the mills—
Make out deeds, and probate wills,
Work to plan the buildings grand,
Seen throughout our glorious land.

It is work to plow and sow,
Pile up wood and shovel snow;
Bring in coal to feed the flames,
Work to meet accruing claims.

It is work, we know, alas!
To cut short the growing grass;
And, in many thousand ways,
Millions work—because it pays.

CHRISTMAS

Ring, ring again the joyous bells
This gladsome Christmas morn;
Let shouts peal forth to Lord of Hosts—
“A Christ to us is born!”

These tidings grand make glad the heart;
It sets the world ablaze
With “light” from His own altar fire,
While angels sing His praise.

Old age looks down dim vistas past,
When youth was full of glee;—
When hopes for future weal were bright,—
A well filled Christmas tree.

But now, since years are multiplied,
And locks are thin and gray;
When vision is becoming dim,
And pleasures pass away;

We’ve thought ’twere time to say “good bye,”
To all things here below,
When up springs “hope” to cheer our heart,
And melt the winter’s snow.

Now, Love joins all our hearts and hands,
And bids us happy be;
While sing we anthems to His name,
This Yule-time jubilee.

UNWRITTEN MUSIC

We can hear the heavenly music,
Not set to mortal key,
That art has striven to copy
From the murmur of the sea;
The lulling, foaming wavelets,
As they lave the pebbly shore,
Or twinkling tread of star-gleams,
As they dance on ocean's floor.

We hear "unwritten music"
In the rustling summer leaves;
In gentle showers of springtime,
On the shingles—down the eaves;
We hear it from the songbirds,
At the early dawn of day—
In the open book of Nature,
When she sings her sweetest lay.

We hear it in the streamlet,
As it flows down mountain side,
And through the grassy meadow,
Till it joins the ocean tide;
In children's ringing laughter,
When they bubble o'er with fun;
In the hum of autumn insects,
When the summer's work is done.

We hear "unwritten music"
In the dirge of winter wind;
In the singing of the kettle,
So familiar to our mind;
In the jingle of the sleigh-bells—
When they chime with joy and mirth;
In the popping of the corn,
When we're gathered 'round the hearth.

We hear "unwritten music"
All around and far above,
Where the "music of the spheres"
Is proclaiming words of love;
And where the sweet enchantress,
As she sails blue, vaulted sky,
Sings the anthems not yet written,
Of a coming "by-and-by."

The music of the future
Will be echoes from the past;
Vibrations of the fancy
That have had the power to last,
And remain "unwritten music,"
With a melody sublime,
That forms its breves and quavers
On the golden page of time.

A LADDER UP TO HEAVEN

I'm seeking for some easy way
To reach that heaven above;
I've thought of wings and soul of things
And secret power of Love.

I've thought of kindly acts and deeds
To sow along the way,
That might perhaps help raise me up
A round or two each day,

On Time's tall ladder, which is Life,
With rungs in groups of seven;
Which, by these steps, if taken well,
Will surely reach to Heaven.

THE HOURS THAT SHINE.

You ask about the hours that shine;
An answer I can freely give;
They are the hours that are sublime,
In happy homes where love doth live,
Where beams the mother's sweetest smile,
That's mirrored in the sleeping child,
So closely to her breast, the while,
She rocks, and sings her cooings mild.

In sweetest songs, the angels sung,
When hovering o'er the peaceful home,
Where heart-strings ever tuneful bring
Vibrations from the heavenly throne.
No clouds can gather o'er this sky,
To cause a phantom or a fear;
No shadow of a doubt is nigh
To waken from its fount a tear.

THIS IS VIRTUE

A manly act, and strength to brave
The tides of life; where many a snare
Lies ambushed, seeking unaware
Your honor, which you try to save,
Is virtue true.

Not slothful; energetic, bright,
To force the gates that ope the way
O'er mounts, illumined by the ray
Of sunbeams, with their purest light,
Is virtue true.

REWARD

It is a satisfaction
To notice tone and action,
And have one's friends extend the hand we prize;
Without a touch of friction,
Nor word of idle diction,
But subtle power whose aid will help us rise.

It's not reward we're craving,
Nor road to fame we're paving;
But simply doing duty, day by day;
To rid life of its errors,
To subjugate its terrors,
Not thinking, for one moment, "does it pay?"

If known to be a worker,
Not he, the would-be shirker;
Just cheer him with kind words and sunny smile;
Not sentimental pity,
With talk, not even witty,
But something that has character and style.

And those who would inherit
Such wealth, that is, of merit,
Should keep on ever battling for the right;
One's days will be much longer,
One's zeal will be the stronger,
As ray on ray is added to his light.

THE COMING CENTURY

We faintly see, in eastern sky,
The coming Century's regal beams,
That will illumine, as time goes by,
The world, beyond our wildest dreams.

TRIFLES

They have no real value,
Not e'en a grain of gold;
Hence, should be passed unnoticed,
As wind-swept, shifting mould.

They oftentimes make us worry,
When there is naught to gain;
We fret and stew o'er losses,
Well knowing 'tis in vain.

The weather is contrary;
The sun don't shine enough;
The slush and mud are ankle-deep;
The springtime's very rough.

The butter is not extra,—
In fact, it's almost white;
The bread is dark and heavy,—
It should be sweet and light.

Complaints we hear of values
The trusts would have us pay;
If we rebel, most likely,
They'll make us rue the day.

We can't write verse, we've tried it,
And worried o'er it some;
We've written prose quite freely,
Yet credit fails to come.

We squirm, because the critic
Knows verses when they're sweet,—
In fact, has independence
To say it's "chaff", or "wheat."

We dwell too much on trifles,
Life is too short, we know,
To miss one ray of sunshine
That kindles with its glow.

"GO FORWARD!"

If you would win success in life,
Then—"Go Forward!"
Do not think by standing still,
You will ever fill your till,
This will never pay a bill,
So—"Go Forward!"

If you would great wealth attain,
Then "Go Forward!"
Though the road be drear and rough,
Ofttimes must you scale the bluff;
Proving you the real "stuff,"
To—"Go Forward!"

If you would improve your mind,
Then—"Go Forward!"
Give your extra time to books,
Take less thought as to your looks,
More for knowledge, less for cooks;
And—"Go Forward!"

This advice we freely give—
To—"Go Forward!"
It will pay, if fairly tried;—
Float you well upon the tide;
Feel we sure you've earned your ride—
While pressing forward.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

The "Merry Christmas" tide is come again,
When joyous greetings reach the waiting ear;
To gladden with their timely, sweet refrain,
The hearts of all, this oft recurring year.

The yule-tide log is ever burning bright,
To add its warmth and shed its lustrous glow
On those whose souls have suffered from a blight,
Or "buried hope" beneath December's snow.

Cold Winter's breath, with zero's frigid sting,
Will seem as naught when gathered 'round the hearth
Where Love's sweet angel, with her tireless wing,
Fans sorrowing hearts to life,—life's new re-birth.

A "Merry Christmas," then, to all, we say,
No matter who it be, both great and small;
Let their enjoyment be whate'er it may,
And keep the good cheer rolling like a ball.

BOW OF PROMISE

Symmetrical arch o'er a boundless sky,
A bow of promise is, the storm now past;
A jewelled circlet of heavenly rays;
A kiss on the cheek of the parting blast.

THE POET'S NOONTIDE

When we have reached the pinnacle of fame,
And far-off peoples speak in praise our name,
Then will we know the heavenly thrill of bliss,
That noontide brings in perfect happiness.

The mid-day sun will glow with beauty bright
And dissipate all shadowy clouds of night;
The goddess of our joys, with power supreme,
Will sit enthroned on summit of our dream.

Perhaps the noontide we shall never view,
While peering through the mortal's dome of blue;
But "over there,"—the "coming by-and-by"—
Meridian hopes will brighten in its sky.

THE HEREAFTER

In the hereafter, we will strive to be
To all, more loving, tender, kind and true;
And, from such efforts, we will surely see
Resultant good, from whatso'er we do.

MEMORIES OF YOUTH

When we were young,
What visions bright
Passed panoramic in our view;
Entrancing bliss!
We could not miss
The scenes unfolding, ever new.

We had no doubts,
No thought of age,
For life had only just begun;
Our sky was clear,
No cloud of fear,
From rising to the setting sun.

Those early years—
Years bright and gay,
Full to the brim, and running o'er,
Have passed away;
What once was May,
Finds cold December at our door.

Sweet memories come
To bless us now,
As sinks life's sun to peaceful rest,
'Twill soon be dark,
Yet there's a spark
Beyond the portals of the West:—

A spark to glow
Into a flame,
Resplendent with celestial light;
What once was dear
Will reappear,
Effulgent, from the shadowed night.

"CHEER UP"

(A voice from the "Other Side.")

Don't be so sorrowful darling, I pray,
Life is too short to be living in gloom;
Sunshine should ever be coming your way—
Banish the thoughts of the tenantless tomb.

Think of me not in the grave, cold and drear
Think of me basking in heavenly bliss;
These are the thoughts you should cherish, my dear,
Earthly allurements compare naught with this.

Heartaches and care are forever unknown,
Joy reigns supernal, we never hear sighs;
Sickness we know not, its seeds are not sown,
Mortals will perish, the soul never dies.

With this assurance, cheer up, and be brave
Break 'way from the clouds which darken your sky;
Solace you'll find not in tears at the grave—
It's found in the thought that we'll meet "bye and bye."

A HEALTHY MIND

"Keep busy," is the best advice
To offer those in sordid stress;
'Twill serve a purpose truly grand,
To make them better understand,
That sin is bred from idleness.

II Rhymes of Reminiscence

A DREAM

I had a dream of boyhood's joyful days,
When tramping o'er the meadows, wild and free;
With not a care or furrow on my brow
To change a heart-beat in the least degree.

I scaled the hillside in my younger years
And drank from hidden spring a quenching draught,
That sparkled bright with sunlight's cheerful rays,
When of its cooling flow I fondly quaffed.

I listened to the bleating of the lambs,
While skipping 'round their mothers in their glee;
And watched the gopher while he sought his hole,
As "bossie" chewed her cud beneath the tree.

The rustling leaves played sweetest dreamy tunes
As in the many lovely Junes gone by;
The crickets chirped in marshy meadows wide,
At night-time, gleamed the phosphorescent fly.

I dreamed that clouds were feathery beds of ease,
On which to lay my weary body down,
As in the fancy of my childhood days,
I'd ride the swiftest cloud and wear a crown.

The water in the brook, so calm and clear,
Along the pebbles lulling whispers spake,
That told the secret of its mountain path,
While on its quiet journey to the lake.

I laid me down on green and mossy banks,
And watched the sportive minnows at their play;
While nibbling crumbs I scattered for a feast,—
A sure return to come some other day.

While dreaming thus, the spell was sure to break,
Too soon was marred this rapturous youthful bliss,
By sound of bells that tolled the hour of seven,
And with their tones I gave a good night kiss.

FOUR-SCORE YEARS

(Written on the occasion of the eightieth birthday anniversary of Wetmore O'Brien, July 12, 1901.)

"Life is a dream," we oft have heard it said,
Yet ne'er before could comprehend it quite;
But when we note how swiftly time has sped,
Its meaning full presents itself tonight.

Yet Father, rounded out with four-score years,
Holds bravely on, and will not yield to age;
Though oft his eyes have dropped the bitter tears,—
Nor yet is grief effaced from Memory's page.

His sky is bright, no shadow clouds his day,
To darken where his footsteps else would fall;
Forget the travels o'er life's thorny way,
Forget the draught of wormwood and of gall.

For what was once so bitter to his taste,
Has sweeter grown, as years have passed him by;
The time was never his that he could waste—
His motto was and is—"to do or die."

What joy he feels, this Twentieth-century eve,
 With great-grandchildren clinging on his knee;
 Affections strong they 'round-about him weave—
 Fresh vines upon this grand ancestral tree.

We all rejoice that we are here to-night
 To give him cheer in kinship words and smiles;
 To fill his soul with rapture of delight,
 Since he has traveled, lo, these many miles.

YESTERDAYS

The yesterdays are many that are gone,
 Yet with us now, this retrospective hour;
 Not in their former freshness, bloom and flower,
 But as dear friends we love to look upon.

The saddest moments of the yesterdays,
 We gladly let them fade away from sight;
 And give fleet wings to aid receding flight,
 While in their wake burst forth new joys ablaze.

We fain would welcome these of youth again,
 With all their cheerful, glowing, happy past;
 And would renew and hold them to the last,
 If 'twere not that we know 'tis all in vain.

Yet not in vain to hold the memories dear,
 To gladden what is termed "declining years;"
 Omitting those which vent our fount of tears,
 Excluding those which fail to bring good cheer.

THE PIONEERS

(Written for Territorial Pioneers' banquet, at Hotel Nicollet,
Feb. 22, 1902.)

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"
We often-times have heard it said;
No, no! We harbor no such thought,
For we to olden times are wed.

Nor would we break the nuptial bands
That have grown stronger, year by year;
When first we sought these western lands,
They held for us no dread nor fear.

What was our lot as pioneers?
Of what could we, in justice, boast?
Of dollars—few, a yoke of steers,
And little else,—to say the most.

Good health we had—no end of grit,
And prospects fair for future weal;
The fathers ploughed, while mothers knit,
Or planned our daily frugal meal.

We had no street car fares to pay,
Nor yet a gas or 'lectric bill;
The 'phone was for some future day,
As was the modern "Roller Mill."

With these left out, we "hoed our row,"
And found, quite often, time to spare
To trip the light, fantastic toe
To Orphean strains or Lydian air.

As days and months and years go by,
We note our numbers growing less;
And though in quiet graves they lie,
It need not cause unhappiness.

They labored well, and did their part,
 To make of this a glorious state;
 Their noble deeds of hand and heart,
 We all must strive to emulate.

Then let not grief o'ercloud our sky,
 For what is past is past indeed;
 To those departed, say "Good bye,"
 To those remaining, bid "God speed!"

"Let joy be unconfined" tonight,
 While firm we grip the friendly hand,
 We'll talk of times not lost from sight,—
 Of by-gone years, in "Gopher" land.

OUR CHILDHOOD DAYS

Our childhood days, our childhood days,
 With all their pangs in memory cling;
 The loss of mother, dearest friend,
 That left her brood no sheltering wing.
 Six little waifs to toss about
 O'er life's tempestuous ocean wide;
 Six little minds to guide aright
 While sailing o'er its boisterous tide.

The ups and downs of childhood days
 Are now still fresh on memory's page;
 The sunshine of maturer years
 Has helped us on our pilgrimage.
 "Oh! Give us back our childhood days!"
 Was sung by those whose life was bliss;
 But not by those, wild-tempest-tossed,
 Who missed the mother's care and kiss.

THE OLD LOG CABIN

Our memory takes us back, tonight, to the good old golden days,

When childhood's bow of promise shone so bright;
All nature smiling sweetly, then, in many changing ways,
While youth basked freely in her rosy light.

We saw the old "log cabin" then, a glimpse for which we sigh,
That leaves a lasting picture on our mind;
Its mossy logs and mortar white, and quaint old chimney high,
That poured its smoke in volumes to the wind.

We saw it by the hillside green, where streams went flowing by,
With melody of sweetness through the glen;
Where vines in great profusion grew, and kissed by sunset sky—
A picture grand, for abler poet's pen.

We gazed within those hallowed walls, so rustic to our sight,
And caught a glimpse of simple, happy life.
There mother rocked her baby sweet, who cooed in fond delight,
Apart from cares of outer world of strife.

In shady spot we sat that day, beneath the maple tree,
Secure from summer sun of noontide glare,
And quaffed the water, pure and sweet, that bubbled forth so free,
From hidden depths, beyond our mortal stare.

Oh, memory dear, to thee we turn; make clear our vision bright,
That we may view the scenes of bygone days,
To keep us youthful, joyous, free, dispelling shades of night.
That light may shine along our devious ways.

OLD-TIME THANKSGIVING

Fond memory of that old-time day,
That brightly shines as we grow old;
Uniting present with the past,
As page on page the leaves unfold.

'Tis like a dream, that festal time,
"Thanksgiving Day," when we were young;
The joy and mirth that knew no bounds,
Its wealth of song remains unsung.

The old, their burdens laid aside,
To court the sunshine of the day;
To frolic, and from shackles free,
They joined the children at their play.

We see the firelight's fitful gleam,
That added warmth and homelike cheer;
And listen to the sleigh bell's chime,
That vibrates sweetly on our ear.

The tables groaned beneath their load
Of turkey roast and chicken pie;
With mince and pumpkin for dessert,
And bags of pudding. My, oh, my!

We don't forget the "apple jack,"
Nor beaded cider, "on the turn";
That caused the sluggish brain to whirl,
And latent wit to brightly burn.

"Thanksgiving Day," of all the days,
O'erflows the soul with peace and joy;
No festal day is half so sweet,
As this, for healthy, growing boy.

THE OLD FARM

The days that are gone, I recall them tonight,
As my mind wanders back in memory's swift flight,
To fairy-like scenes, that to me, when a boy,
Were flowing with mirth from the wellsprings of joy.

These autumn-day tints take me back to the farm,
Where I wandered by streamlet, when breezes grew calm,
And gazed on its shimmerings, while sun's dreamy ray
Revealed, in its crystal depths, minnows at play.

The bugs on its surface were having a dance,
As if 'twere the last and the only good chance;
While the woodpecker taps kept them all wide awake,
Till the calm-running stream had merged into the lake.

The caw of the crow, as he sailed through the sky,
'Midst amber-tint glintings that dazzled the eye,
Re-echoed, and set all the stillness ajar
With waves of vibrations, both near and afar.

The gamy wild pigeons were winging through space,
As if, for a time, they were in for a race;
While the dreamy old owl sat perched on a tree,
Demure as a judge, and quite doleful to see.

The chirp of the cricket, metallic in sound,
Was heard in the marshes, for acres around;
While bull frogs were tuning their musical gongs,
To blend with the chorus in "swellest" of songs.

The tinkle-tink bells could be heard through the trees,
That shook with vibrations the half-wakened breeze;
They told us of herds that were feeding the while,
And oft made us dream of the maid at the stile.

The partridge and quail to my memory still cling,
While Time flashes by with his rustling of wing;
Nor do I forget, though I'm near to life's rim,
The cosy-nook depths where I oft went to swim.

Fond glimpses I get of the pond lilies white,
That set me aglow with fair fancy's delight;
The cat-tails and goldenrod often were spied,
And freely I gathered, and ne'er was denied.

This vision of youth pray permit me to keep,
Dispelling the clouds ever ready to weep;
Sometime in the future, there can be no harm
In paying respects to old scenes on the farm.

ONE MORNING RIDE

'Twas Sunday morn, with true love by my side,
We strolled along by many winding roads,
That led o'er hills, through dales and valleys green,
Where toilers traveled with their precious loads.

The morning sun was veiled in fleecy clouds,
That held in check the fierce September glare;
The gentle breath of autumn's hazy morn
Poured forth its gems on Nature's purest air.

The bluejay's calls resounded through the glen,
Their echoes melting in the far-away;
The crickets sang in yonder marshy mead,
And meadow larks poured forth their cheerful lay .

The cows were feeding in the pasture green,
Unconscious of our early morning call;
The herd boy napped, lo, many weary hours,
And dreamed, and dreamed, this dreamy day in fall.

The goldenrod was gleaming everywhere,
And nodding off its pearly gems of dew,
That formed in clusters in the stilly night,
So soon to flit away in ether blue.

The crystal lake we saw through leafy trees ;
The murmuring brook we heard beyond the hill;
On many a farm were stacks of golden grain,
"A horn of plenty," ready for the mill.

The fragrance wafted from the new mown hay,
Now filled our souls with raptures of delight!
We drank our fill of beauties of the morn,
That freely flowed from fountains of the night.

Oh, glorious morn! Resplendent autumn day!
 That came to bless and give us hope and cheer,
 Our thanks we offer in our songs of praise,
 For this and other blessings of the year.

YOUTHFUL ANTICIPATIONS

We builded castles in the air;
 We thought of gorgeous things we'd wear,
 We had great hopes for wealth and fame,
 We doted on an honored name.

We felt quite sure we'd travel far,
 We knew we'd have our "special" car,
 We thought much of a rod and gun,
 We felt the future meant much fun.

Much thought we gave of what to eat,
 Much thought of puddings, pies and meat,
 Much thought of hunting bear and moose,
 Much thought of shooting grouse and goose.

Much thought of fiddle, bow and strings,
 Much thought of mountains, woods and springs,
 Much thought of winter's "glary ice,"
 Much thought of everything that's nice.

We thought we'd have no "lickings" then,
 We thought how grand 'twas to be men,
 We thought we'd choose the "bestest girl,"
 We thought we'd give the world a "whirl."

We now are grown, not yet three-score,
 We have had fun, yes, fun galore,
 We have not had quite all our wish,
 We keep on trolling for big fish.

MINNEAPOLIS

(Respectfully dedicated to Col. John H. Stevens.)

My Minnie, dear Minnie, come listen, I pray!
While mists of the morning are passing away;
I'll tell you a story,—not tragedy wild,—
But of a bright "toddler," a mere baby child.

When Grandpa John Stevens first saw your blue eyes,
He shouted "My gracious!" and looked wondrous wise;
He called all his friends from far and from near,
To list to his sayings that teemed with good cheer.

He fondly caressed you, as dear grandpas should,
And prophesied much that was really good;
The thought came to him of a beautiful name.
That o'er all the world would resound with your fame.

He christened you "Minnie," I'm glad to relate,
While never once doubting your possible fate
Of growing in stature, with angelic face,
Possessed of rare beauty and womanly grace.

I've watched you while Time moved on with a whirl,
And now I'm convinced you're a "mascot," my girl!
E'en rivals admit you're the "Pride of The West,"
Where thousands are willing their cash to invest

In purchase of houses and lots by the score,
While on-coming strangers will scramble for more,
Your buildings are comely, and not just the same
As those of your youth, that were built on the "claim."

They say you have "wheels," and they go 'round and 'round,
To grind up the product of acres of ground,
Not only from this, but the bordering states,
That seek here the market of wide open gates.

I'm frank to admit it, for 'tis not a sin
To buzz with your saws and keep up a din,
By giving the world something wholesome to eat,
And sweetening it up from the saccharine beet.

Your grandpa was right, as I often have said,
If wheels did go 'round in the top of his head;
For time has developed and nurtured the plan
Set forth by your grandsire, this lovely old man.

THE OLD CHURCH BELL

"Ding Dong! Ding Dong! Ding Dong!"
How oft we list, and think we hear
Those tones come wafting o'er the hill,
From belfry tower, beyond the mill,
On that old church we once held dear.

"Ding Dong! Ding Dong! Ding Dong!"
Rings softly sweet adown the years,
On memory's ethered waves of bliss;
It's something that we would not miss—
Those soulful staves that reach our ears.

"Ding Dong! Ding Dong! Ding Dong!"
Good night, sweet sounds! Good night, good night!
Your rhythmic strokes are hushed awhile,
Yet we'll not grieve, nor cease to smile,
For much is left to give delight.

"Ding Dong! Ding Dong! Ding Dong!"
Do other ears catch up the strain—
Those vanished strains of long ago?
We think, we feel, we all but know
That we shall hear those tones again.

THE MUSES AT MINNETONKA

(At The Writers' League picnic, Lake Minnetonka,
July 25, 1908.)

Praise have we for Minnetonka,
With its beauties, which we prize;
One of which is this "Big Island"—
"Big" in name, if not in size.

It's a gem, and all admit it,
Tho not classed with jewels rare;
It is set in emerald wavelets,
Sky o'erhead—untainted air.

Perfect place for Writers' muses,
Near to Nature's pulsing heart;
Far from city's great confusion,
With its trades-perplexing mart.

It is here we hold communion,
And for mirth—we'll claim full sway;
Cares of life are now in hiding,
For the nonce they're put away.

Picnic baskets are well laden,
Not with trifling things and such;
But substantials for the hungry,
Which we're ordered not to touch

'Til the hour and very minute,
Then we'll see the "sandwich" fly—
Not in fairy flights of fancy,
But with others strive to vie.

Pickles sour and 'tater salad,
 Doughnuts fresh from out the fat;
 Cakes and cookies in profusion—
 Hardly know where we are at.

All is free!—except the car fare,
 We will get what that is worth;
 What we claim is one day's outing!
 We don't crave the all of earth.

This we want and we will have it
 As our time to hie away
 From the city's worldly thralldom,
 To enjoy a restful day.

OUR YOUTHFUL DAYS

Our memory flies adown the years,
To scenes entrancing, bright;
To youthful days, so full of glee,
O'erflowing with delight.

Those days of days—those joyous days,
When we were free from care;
When all that glittered in our sphere
Were satellites most fair.

The Jewsharp's twang was music sweet,
With many a tuneful note;
Lo! oft, we've rent the evening air
Through whistling willow's throat.

The pumpkin vine, with rasping tone,
Was music most divine;
The feline wails at midnight hour,
Were heights of the sublime.

The bullfrog's songs were full of cheer
When echoed in the breeze;
The storm-king's breath had wondrous charm,
While passing through the trees.

Old Nature's voice, in thunder's roar,
Ne'er caused a sigh or tear;
The forked lightning's vivid flash
Ne'er caused a twinge of fear.

The whole world smiled—yes, laughed outright
As days and months sped by;
We wished that all the nights were days—
You ask the reason why?

At night-time, you are dreaming fun,
Which proves a "circus fake;"
But, when a "truly circus" comes,
You want to be awake. -

Awake for all the shouts and noise,
The dins, both great and small;
Awake—or else you're surely left—
Not counted in at all.

Our youthful days! We live them o'er,
And revel in their joys;
Forgetting we are grown-up men—
Not boys among the boys.

THE HEARTHSTONE CHEER

The fire burns bright in our home tonight,
Its blaze adds warmth and a flickering light;
The north wind's singing is weird in tune—
In key with the hounds at the waning moon.

Good reason there is, why the north winds blow,
For winter is here with its drifts of snow;
Agone are the years which we love to see,
With mill-pond of ice and the leafless tree.

The snow-capped summit and trackless wild,
Which gave such delight to a growing child.
The reason for this, which we do not deplore,
Is the stubborn fact, we are past three-score.

Our minds are youthful, yet strength we lack
To struggle with life—new problems attack;
Our deeds of daring with rod and with gun,
Were mingled often with boyhood's fun.

The rivers may freeze and the north winds blow,
Yet the time will come when the snow must go;
No matter what comes, we will keep up cheer,
While on with the tide drifts each passing year.

When weather is hot, we avoid the heat's rays;
When weather is cold, we seek the blaze;
The fire burns bright in our home tonight,
And adds good cheer to its ruby light.

SLEIGHBELLS

I fail to hear the jingle
 Of the merry sleighbells' chime,
 That should have been vibrating
 In this bleak, northwestern clime,
 A month ago, perhaps still more,
 When leaves had left the trees—
 When dainty blossoms, pink and white,
 Had yielded to the freeze;

When harvests had been gathered,
 And tucked safe away from harm,
 And garden paths, and meadows,
 And the scenes upon the farm
 Were desolate and barren, and
 With east wind's chilly blow,
 Just waiting, only waiting,
 For the feathery flakes of snow.

'Tis days like these I miss those notes,
 That filled my soul with joy,
 When, in November's old-time days,
 A husky, care-free boy,
 With manhood in my tone of voice,
 And down upon my lip,
 I listened to those sweet-toned bells
 That gladdened many a trip;
 Those cheerful bells,
 Those sweet-toned bells;
 Their merry jingling in my memory dwells.

MINNESOTA IS "IT"

(Read at the celebration of Minnesota Territorial Pioneers' Day, at the Minnesota State Fair, on Thursday, Sept 7, 1905.)

What is all this noise about?
Don't you hear the people shout?
Are they crazy—tell us, pray;
Were they all let out today?

Guess there's something in the air,
Folks appearing free from care;
Some look jolly, many wise,
Just as if they'd drawn a prize,

We will take a look around,
See from whence this boisterous sound;
Bless my soul—'tis wheat! 'tis wheat!
"Bumper crop of 'A-1' wheat!"

'Tis not all of wheat and rye,
Take a peep into the sty!
Hear the million "porkers" grunt
Giving out their old-time stunt.

Cattle on the plains and hills,
Lumber coming from the mills,
Merchants active, day by day,
Farmers storing truck away.

City folks are finely clad,
Not a soul appeareth sad;
Guess they've had a sudden "hunch,"
Business coming in a bunch.

Buildings new, by scores we find,
 Suited to each tenant's mind;
 Many soaring to the sky,
 More to follow bye and bye.

Some have cried "there's too much rain,
 Goin' to rust our crop of grain."
 All this cry was simply "bluff,"
 Talk like this we've had enough.

We, as Pioneers, rejoice,
 That we've lent our hand and voice
 To uphold this glorious state,
 Even if obliged to wait.

'Mong the states we proudly stand—
 Wealth in mines, in herds and land;
 Flour we have to send away,
 Lumber will not with us stay.

Push with shoulder to the wheel,
 While 'tis for the future's weal;
 All stand "pat" from year to year,
 Keep each head and conscience clear.

When 'tis time for us to go,
 Friends we'll leave, and not a foe;
 We will strive to do our best—
 With our God leave all the rest.

THAT DEAR OLD CRADLE

Up in the loft I saw it today,
Dear little cradle of long ago;
Gently I rocked it the same old way—
This way, then that way, then to and fro.

Empty it was, the sweet memory clings,
When three little cherubs nestled there,
Like birds of the air, with full-fledged wings,
They left this nest for some otherwhere.

Years, O, so many, have flitted by;
Where have they flown to, pray tell me, dear?
Sad is your look, and why do you sigh?
Striving to check the fast-flowing tear.

“Know you full well of those years long past;
They have dissolved and are lost to sight;
Solace I’ve found that is sure to last—
This is not sorrow you see tonight.

“Seeing this cradle—‘lullaby nest,’
Touches the strings of the mother heart;
Darlings I cuddled close to my breast—
One to remain, the others depart.

“One is full-grown and with us tonight;
Two in their infancy passed away;
Always they’re near me, yet out of my sight;
Know I full well I’ll see them some day.”

Rock you again, this cradle, my dear;
Fancy the children are sleeping there;
Sing to them sweetly “Nothing to fear”;
While you bestow on them tend’rest care.

THE GOVERNMENT MILLS AT THE FALLS

In the dim, distant past, we see the old mills,
That stood at the brink of the Falls;
The saws and the burrs and the workmen are gone,
Naught left but the moss-covered walls.

The rush of the cataract flowed through the flume,
Which was showing sad signs of decay;
The bats and the owls were sole occupants then,
With none to affright them away.

Yes, both of these mills of the pioneer days
Did service for our "Uncle Sam,"
One ground for the soldiers, the wheat and the corn—
The primitive mill by the dam.

The other old mill sawed the lumber to build
The ferries and homes on the claim;
It sawed the pine timber for building the Fort—
"Fort Snelling"—how famous the name!

In the river we bathed at the foot of these mills,
Where the water was cool and calm;
We have fished from the rocks which had broken away,
A cause for much future alarm.

The mills, those old mills, long since faded from sight;
The scenes of the past have been changed;
Is this fancy, dear friends, or is it a dream—
Or are we just slightly deranged?

MODERN PROGRESS

We live in an age of progress,
Of which all are aware;
The wheels of Time roll swiftly on,
None with them can compare.
The simple ways of long ago
Were all that men desired;
They longed not for Dame Fashion then,
Whom future needs required.

Their wants were few and far-between,
In those old-fashioned days;
They smoked their pipes and brewed their beer,
And reveled in their ways.
Their songs were simple—out of key
With what we'd call correct;
Their tune and meter were quite slow,
And manners circumspect.

What would those men whose lot was cast
In times about to dawn,
When sun was peeping o'er the hills
To tell them it was morn,
Think now of buzzing trolley cars
Awhirling through their town,
Without a horse or jack to pull,
And causing them to frown

And wonder what on earth's the craze
'Mong mortals here below,
That wheels go 'round with wondrous ease,
Whose power they'd like to know?
Would they not wonder at the glare
Of bright electric light?
Compared with that of tallow-dip,
It's mid-day to the night.

They'd listen to the telephone,
 As words come thick and fast,
 From whence and where they'd know not of,
 Unless from regions vast,
 Beyond this vale of mortal tears,
 'Way out in realms of space,
 Some other world among the spheres,
 Not known to human race.

Would they not stare at roller mills,
 That grind our flour so fine?
 That make our bread so pure and white,
 On which proud kings and queens might dine?
 The telegraph with lightning-dash,
 And message on its wing,
 Would frighten them out of their wits,
 And sad forebodings bring.

Would we not shock them with our style,
 Our unbecoming dress?
 Divided skirts and bloomer suits
 Might cause them sore distress.
 So here we go! Let progress fly
 Just whizzing by the trees,
 At sixty miles or more an hour,
 Right onward with the breeze.

THE FIRESIDE OF MY YOUTH

My memory takes me back tonight,
To scenes of years ago;
When burdens of this life were light,
And trifling was its woe.

We gathered 'round the open grate,
And sang our songs of glee,
Until the hour was getting late,—
To kneel at mother's knee.

The roaring flames up chimney flew,
Into the ethered dome;
Where inky sky, once dainty blue,
O'er-arched our "home, sweet home."

Dear mother taught me there to pray
My "lay me down to sleep,"
"I pray"—and then she'd sweetly say—
"The Lord my soul to keep."

"My soul to keep, and if I die
Before I wake," I lisped—
And then I heard her faintly sigh
The other line I missed.

"I pray the Lord my soul to take."
These words I dreamed asleep;
While mother dreamed her dream awake,
And prayed "Lord bless and keep!"

The thought of youth and fireside blaze
Add solace as I age;
It brings back mother and her ways—
This turning back the page.

CHRISTMAS OF LONG AGO

Oh! give us the Christmas of long, long ago,
When stockings so nicely were hung in a row,
By the glare of the firelight all sparkling and bright,
As they're pictured so clear in our memory tonight.

In vision's bright fancy, the canvas portrays
The many-sized stockings all hung o'er the blaze;
Ill-shaped, distorted with all that was nice,
Such as candies and cookies and ginger-bread mice.

In dreamland we roam over prairies so wide,
To find where "Old Santa" can possibly hide;
Catching onto his sleigh, as he glides with the breeze,
Over mountains, through valleys, o'er housetops and trees.

A snowball we shy at his jolly old pate,
For fear in his ramblings he'll find it too late
To fill all the stockings ere the sun shows its face
O'er the hills of the east as it climbs into space.

"Hie there! Master Blixen! Get there! Nellie Bly!"
The sun's rosy fingers now gleam in the sky;
We fly as on wings with a fairy-like grace;
From house-top to house-top his deeds you can trace.

Awakened from slumber at four in the morn,
By rollicking sprites that in childhood were born,
The dreams of the night had most surely come true;
In the sky of our mind shone the sun in the blue.

TAKE MY HAND!

(Read at a picnic, at Lake Minnetonka, of the Hennepin
County Territorial Pioneers' Association.)

Take my hand, old pioneer!
With your shake, you give me cheer;
Make me think of bygone days,
And ye ancient fashion ways,
When there were no "flims and flams,"—
Days of soulful hymns and psalms,
None of ragtime "fol-de-rols,"
Minus all the "do-me-sols,"
Which we sang so long ago,
When our cheeks were all aglow,
And our voices clear and strong,
Be the meter short or long—
Alto, treble, tenor, bass,
Each one in his proper place.
Those were days of song and dance,
When we never missed a chance
To appear upon the floor,
Shake the foot in old "French Four,"
Or, perhaps, in plain quadrille,
Executed with a will;
Not a bar or step left out,
Ending with a laugh and shout.

Here we are—not many though,
 Of the very long ago.
 We are left to croon our song,
 While we're journeying along,
 Living o'er our many joys—
 When in youth as girls and boys;
 When we coasted down the hill,
 Swiftly passing bridge and mill,
 In the summer, played "high-spy,"
 Climbed the housetop, wet or dry;
 Hunted hen's nests in the hay,
 All went well when it was play.
 Later on, with added years,
 Joys were moistened with our tears;
 War alarm brought with it woes,
 Dealing oft its cruel blows;
 Yet with all those years of blight,
 While we battled for the right,
 Much of pleasure came along,
 Interspersed with gladsome song.

We are here, dear friends, today,
 Driving all our cares away;
 Joining in the symphonies
 Of the wavelets, birds and trees.

SIXTY-THREE

(Married, William Walker Smith to Ann Towers Wadsworth,
Jan. 1, 1845—Jan. 1, 1908.)

Is it a dream, this Sixty-three,
And can this dream be true?
Is it, my dear—say, can it be?
It sounds so strange and new.

Perhaps we've added to our years,
Or time has quickly flown;
We've had our joys and sorrows' tears,
And we have older grown.

Let's sit us down and think the while,
And see if we are right,
We've surely traveled many a mile,
Our locks weren't always white.

Think you it may be Thirty-six,
And we have reckoned wrong?
Or, is this simply just a trick
This "Post" has fetched along?*

It was in Eighteen-forty-five!
Don't you remember, dear?
Why, just as sure as I'm alive,
It comes to me quite clear!

We're wedded years just Sixty-three!
And would not have it less;
Just three-score years, with plus of three—
Love-links of happiness.

We know not now how many more
We'll share together here;
We feel we know, when we pass o'er,
We'll have each other near.

*Rawlins Post, G. A. R.

1894—THE WRITERS' LEAGUE—1903—NINE YEARS WE.

Nine years old are we today,
 Who would think it? Friends, would you?
 Here are we in bright array,
 Yet not making much ado.
 Three times three,
 Nine years we.

We were known as "Authors' Club,"
 But this name was not for us;
 What to do, that was the rub!
 Make a change without a fuss,
 Three times three,
 Nine years we.

Name we found, while searching 'round,
 "Writers' League" one did suggest;
 Other members thought they'd found
 Something better than the "best."
 Three times three,
 Nine years we.

Yet their "best" proved not the name,
 Simply for a lack of votes;
 Since we've earned some breadth of fame,
 As a League, we feel our oats.
 Three times three,
 Nine years we.

We have worked these nine long years,
 Conning thoughts and "Progress" rhymes;
 While its editor shed tears,
 Not for once, but many times.
 Three times three,
 Nine years we.

FARM LIFE IN THE FIFTIES

The days of my youth I recall,
As the time of my life nears its close;
When out on the farm at sixteen,
I worked for my board and my clothes.

I do not forget autumn days,
Of many long years ago;
Toiling hard at the tail of a thresher,
With its chaff-combination of woes.

Making hay in the far-away meadow,
In ice-water, up to my knees—
Eating lunch by the side of the haycock,
When leaves were seceding from trees.

Digging 'tatoes with icy-cold fingers,
Benumbed by October's cold breeze;
Taking care of the herd after lamplight,
My little form ready to freeze.

You may think it is fun in the cornfield,
Husking yellow bright corn from the stalk,
With servants e'er ready at bidding
With your great coat in place of a frock.

The home was surely not modern,—
Nor furnished in elegant style—
The mercury lounging 'round zero,
Gave us no occasion of smile.

The floors were not covered with Brussels,
But something betwixt and between—
For high-toned, extravagant notions
Were not thought of, when I was sixteen.

Braided rugs of discarded old garments
 Nearly covered the smooth, yellow floor;
 Arm-chairs neatly made out of barrels,
 And shotgun and pouch o'er the door.

Two rooms was the size of the mansion
 That graced this early-time farm,
 With my little nest tucked in the attic,
 Secure from all bodily harm.

Yea, the days of my youth I recall,
 Half dreaming at night in repose—
 When out on the farm, at sixteen,
 I worked for my board and my clothes.

ROADS

In early days, the roads were rough;
In fact, I've seen them pretty tough,
When springtime rains made mud knee deep,
From overflow of ditch and creek.

The roads were made of corduroy,
When I, a stripling of a boy,
Was on the farm, not far from town—
A suburb now of some renown.

As I look back to those old times,
I find enough to couch in rhymes,
What was endured by pioneers
Was cause for sighs, if not for tears.

The sturdy manhood that we see
Unlocked the future with a key,
That those who followed might behold
The roads well paved, but not with gold.

We dreamed not then of cycle path;
This was to come as aftermath;
Because the progress of the age
Was grasped by neither seer nor sage.

We scarce could scan beyond the day,
From growing crops and making hay;
Or chopping cordwood for the fire,—
The climax of our heart's desire.

Yet still, with all this rough of life,
And some vexations that were rife,
Time worked his roadbeds on a plan
Best suited to the times and man.

REUNION

Dear, loving kindred, united again;

Home from the east and the "Hills" of the west;
Years very many since gathered we here—

One there is missing, he's gone to his rest.

Time has wrought changes in various ways;

Furrowed our brows and has silvered our hair;
Feel we not old, if the years have sped by,
Hearts that are cheerful will frown at despair.

Where are the boys and sweet girls of our youth?

They who oft wandered through woods and by stream;
Where are they, tell us, we're anxious to know;—
'Waken us, please, from this "Van Winkle" dream.

Hattie and Aggie, and Helen and Kate,

Sophie and Annie and Lizzie and Em,
Thomas and Freddie and Albert and Sam—

Where are they gone, and what's happened to them?

Fathers and mothers and grandparents, too.

Have they become since the long, long ago;
Some have passed on to that mystical land,
Knowledge to gain which they longed here to know.

Soon we'll be parting and bidding farewells;

Smiles have we all of us—'way with the tears!
Trust we the future for health and good cheer—
Laden with blessings to crown all our years.

MINNESOTA PIONEERS

Pioneers of this great state,
Find a welcome here today;
Open wide they found the gate,—
Each well fortified to pay

The result of honest toil,
In the office, shop and mill;
Others from the virgin soil,
By their muscle and their will.

No regret about their lot,
Which was cast in this far west;
Farming land is what they sought,
With but little to invest.

Hardships every day were found,
Making clearing for a start;
Yet, when each glad year rolled 'round,
They found much to give them heart.

Many, yes, were called away,
And by rebel bullets fell;
Needless, friends, that we should say—
Those at home had wars to quell.

Locusts and the savage foe
Were enough to raise their ire;
All this mountain weight of woe
Did not lessen their desire

To press forward to the goal
Which they knew was not afar;
Though it tried the very soul,
Could not, did not, pleasure mar.

Here they are, some that are left,
 Greeting friends from far and near;
 Many of them sore bereft
 Of the ties which were so dear.

MEMORIES OF YOUTH

There are memories of joys in the years gone by,
 That shine, brightly shine, from the past,
 Like gems in the crown of the canopied night,
 That twinkle o'er towering mast.

A fairy-like dream is the dream of our youth,
 'Mong the scenes when fancy was free,
 When meadows were waving their oceans of green,
 Fanned gently by breeze from the sea.

The brooklet that wended its way through the glen,
 And sang through the day and the night,
 Continues to sing, in the sweetest of strains,
 As time wings with swiftness its flight.

Our heart, with fond memories, o'erflows from its brim,
 To drown all of sorrow and strife,
 And leave not a shadow of woe with its sting,
 As sign of our struggle with life.

The bright, golden kiss at the dawn of our day
 Has made all the scenes fair to view,—
 Dispelled every cloud that o'ershadowed the years,
 And linked olden times with the new.

THE OLD SHOES

True love we bear for these old friends,
These friends so tried and so true;—
They that have trod in our footsteps,
Through sunshine, as well as through dew.

Ever so faithful, none like them,
They have stood by in calm and in storm;
Though smirched by the dust of ages,
Their forms all battered and torn;

The strings of their lives somewhat knotted,
Now rough their once placid brows;
Their eyes once brilliant, now sightless,
Their tongues never silent till now.

They've walked by the lake and the brooklet,
And scaled the mountain paths high;
They have slipped, and others have done so,
But the slips were no cause for a sigh.

These friends have waltzed in the ballroom,
Have joined in the merry, gay throng,
You may sneer at their looks and dimensions,
Their best days are all past and gone.

Years ago they were both blessed with beauty,
Admired by the young and gay;
All polished and shining with radiance,—
Alas! they have seen their best day.

They were tanned by many a summer,
They were treed and hammered so true;
They were tapped—that did not avail much;
They lasted their long journey through.

So over the fence we will cast them,
 Their soles I know upward will fly,
 Their mission on earth is now ended,
 Pegged out and ready to die.

THE STOREKEEPER

Eighty years old today, so they say
 Wrinkled and bent, with locks long and gray;
 Humming a tune about "Rory O'Moore,"
 As he watches old mother attending the store.

This tucked-up shop, on the six by nine plan,
 Is the ideal place of this very old man.
 Peanuts and candy, and many things more,
 Are sold while old mother is tending the store.

It's many a year, and many a day,
 They've plodded along in this homely way,
 The years seem long, now they've reached four-score,
 While mother, so patient, is tending the store.

Father so aged and mother so smart,
 Ages the same on life's journey they start;
 Father so helpless as he sits by the door,
 Takes comfort while mother is tending the store.

Once sprightly and bright, to dicker and trade,
 To steady the plough or to dig with the spade;
 Now burdened with years piled on by the score,
 He rocks, and he sings, while mother tends store.

HENNEPIN COUNTY TERRITORIAL PIONEERS' OUTING

(Big Island, Lake Minnetonka, June 1, 1908.) ,

Another year has passed us by,
And with each month has come a sigh
For some dear soul who's gone before,
And who on earth we'll see no more.

Why should we mourn at their release,
Well knowing that they rest in peace;
Freed from the sadness of earth-life,
With all its surge of worldly strife.

Yet we as mortals, feel the smart,
Which Death has wrought with well-aimed dart,
In taking those who were our pride—
Whose presence we are now denied.

Time only, will this grief efface,
Yet we may modify the space,
If we but look on things aright,
From view-point of our inner-sight.

Shadows will ever come and go,
We'll have the rain, and have the snow;
And also sunshine, and the breeze
To urge the waves and sway the trees.

Come then what may, let us rejoice
In loud acclaim, and, as one voice,
Thank God that in the place of grief,
"Good cheer" will come to our relief.

Hence, now's the time, and this the place
For Pioneers to embrace;
Where once there roamed a savage band,
Now vanished from this fairy land.

Not "Crusoe" isle—a lonely spot,
 But truly a delightful dot
 On Minnetonka's charming map,
 Where we may rest, and lunch and nap,

And drink in Nature, rich and rare,
 The like of which none can compare,
 Tho we may search the vast world round,
 No lovelier scene can e'er be found.

Let's take each other by the hand,
 And weave another friendship strand
 To that choice fabric of the past,
 Which surely will our time outlast.

A GOLDEN WEDDING

Clasp the golden band about us,
Fifty strands of wedded years
Since we started on this journey
With its smiles and with its tears.

Happy months and years together,
Not all sunshine, but some showers;
Without rainstorm and some shadows,
Beauty's arch would not be ours.

All the colors of the rainbow,
With their bright and lustrous hues,
Blending with our years so many,
Glintings are of heavenly dews.

Vast the distance from the present;
O'er Time's ocean scan the past;
Not as smooth as once we pictured,
When from quiet moorings cast.

We have sailed the craft together,—
Ebb and flow of many tides;
Still on deck, defy the weather,
As the billows lash our sides.

If, with aid of inward vision,
We could view the harbor near,
See our friends on shore to greet us,
Breakers then we would not fear.

Clasp the golden band together,
Firmly weld our marriage plight;
O'er our loved ones, true and tender,
Golden kisses shower tonight.

CHILDHOOD

Childhood, with its simple ways,
Innocence itself portrays;
Linked to Nature, near her heart,
With a chain that cannot part.
Bubbling o'er with childish glee,
Minds so active, hearts so free,
All the jewels fairies make
Sparkle in sweet childhood's wake.

Blest surcease from care and strife
Is the lot of children's life.
Though they suffer childish pain,
Though tears sometimes flow like rain,
Yet the rainbow's glint from tears
Shines serene in later years,
Like the daylight ever bright,
Or the moonbeams in the night.

Hear their laughter, as they play
In the fragrant, new-mown hay;
After passing through the glade,
Deep in pond and creek they wade.
Trees they climb, with grace and ease,
Catch the morning's gentle breeze,
Floating through the branches high,
Midway 'twixt the earth and sky.

Christmas morn brings childhood cheer;—
Would it might throughout the year;
Sleds and skates will not suffice,
Stockings filled with all that's nice.
Let old age, join childhood's glee,
Mingle with its life so free;
And, when Sorrow's cloud o'ercasts,
Youth's bright sunshine clears at last.

MINNESOTA TERRITORIAL PIONEERS' LOG CABIN DEDICATION

(May 11, 1900.)

We gather here, dear friends, today,
To weld the chain whose links are years;
Although our locks are thin and gray,
Our eyes are bright, but not with tears.

As we look back, o'er times gone by,
To other scenes, when we were young;
The recollections cause a sigh,
As we climb higher, rung by rung.

Fond Nature has been very kind,
Has led us safely through the past;
And helped us much with strength of mind.
To hold up boldly while we last.

We are not old, we're young today,
While living o'er those times still dear;
Whose memory will not fade away,
But brighter grow each passing year.

And while we think of Now and Then,
It seems to us as but a dream;
A pleasant ramble through the glen,
Or floating down some peaceful stream,

Not till aroused by sights and sounds,
And signs of progress everywhere,
Can we believe that here abounds
Such wealth and health in earth and air.

Our state's great growth is a surprise
 To all the nations of the earth;
 She's lauded to the very skies—
 Proclaimed the "North Star," since her birth.

Her age we know is forty-two,
 And dates from May, in '58;
 A comely maid, and handsome, too—
 For prestige had not long to wait.

We've watched with pride to see her grow,
 From youth to statehood, strong and grand;
 From virgin soil of long ago,
 To Flour-y Queen of all the land.

This Cabin, built of Norway pine,
 To house the old-time pioneers,
 Will serve for Memory's tender vine,
 To climb and twine a hundred years.

THE OLD VIOLIN

I climbed the attic tower to-night,
Among the curios of the years,
Discarded long, and put away,
That caused my eyes to fill with tears,

Upon the wall, to my surprise,
Hung by a cord, now faded grown,
The violin of boyhood days,
I once was proud to call my own.

Fond memories gather thick and fast,
Long since forgotten in the flight,
By this event—this circumstance
Of climbing up the tower to-night.

Neglected form, once highly prized,
And valued by its weight in gold,
That ofttimes blended sweetest strains,
In key with David's harp of old.

What were the tunes I used to play,
That filled my soul with rapturous joy?
The "Devil's Dream," "Virginia Reel,"
The "Money Musk," and "Pat Malloy."

I now recall "Sweet Lily Dale,"
And "Rock of Ages Cleft for Me,"
"Ye Banks and Braes of Bonny Doon,"
"My Shamrock Home Beyond the Sea."

Up there it hangs, without a bridge,
No strings stretch o'er its pulseless side;
Its sounding-post off duty now,
The hairless bow is cast aside.

A relic of "ye olden times,"
 When I was young and full of mirth,
 When life was dear and hopes were bright,
 And everything seemed good on earth.

CONTENTMENT IN A COTTAGE

Ah, yes! We well remember, that cold and bleak November,
 Nearly faded in the years of long ago;
 When the kitchen fires shone bright, serving us with heat and
 light,
 And our voices, mellow-toned, were sweet and low.

Oh, the songs we used to sing had a richness and a ring,
 And the angels oft came listening at the door,
 To catch the sweet refrains, in their lambent, heavenly
 strains,
 While we sang to them of "Darling Nettie Moore."

When this tune had died away, "yet another" they would say,
 "Let us list to Scotland's dear old 'Bonny Doon,'
 And before we go away, sing to us of 'Nellie Gray,'
 Then we'll shower upon you Heaven's own richest boon."

When the minute hand would creep to the hour when we
 would sleep,
 We could hear the rampant north wind wail and sigh;
 But within was joy and peace, and from care a sweet sur-
 cease,
 While the rage of winter's storm was sweeping by.

THE SLEIGHRIDE

As we listen to the ringing,
And the chime of tinkling bells;
Merry laughter of the children,
And of beaux, as well as belles;
We go back to early childhood,
To a dream of long ago,
When we bobbing went, and coasting,
With our hearts as light as snow.

O'er the prairie, through the woodland,
Icy glades and snowy dells,
Caring not for zero weather,
With the jingling of the bells.
With the merry ones about us
Wrapped in comfort—not a want,
“Thank-you-ma’ams”, and plenty of them,
Did not once our spirits daunt.

Voices mingled with the jingling,
While our time was far from slow;
And the melody went wafting,
O'er the glassy ice and snow.
Rabbits skipped across our pathway,
Owls their doleful notes prolong;
Moonbeams bright, with radiant splendor,
Mingled with our joyous song.

Ever fresh the memory cherish,
Pleasures of the long ago;
When we bobbing went, and coasting,
O'er the ice, and o'er the snow.

ECHOES FROM THE PAST

They come quite oft, these echoes from the past
 In dreams, and while awake, we hear their sound;
 We oftentimes wonder if they always last,
 To greet us on our day and nightly round.

We wonder still if some forgotten song
 Will waken into life to live again;
 Or some event lost sight of, O, so long,
 Which we feel sure is crowded from the brain.

These rambling hints present themselves this eve,
 And make us feel, we know not why nor how,
 That there exists a subtle power to weave
 The distant Past with ever-present Now.

If this be so, why wonder we the while,
 Or think 'tis idle fancy in its flight;
 This thought itself provokes in us a smile,
 Because we're sure, whatever is, is right.

We'll seek our cot, while swelling torrents fall,
 And deep-toned thunder rolls along the sky;
 We'll count the flashes mirrored on the wall,
 And then await for echoes, by and by.

WHEN MOTHER STIRRED THE MEAL

'Tis many, many years ago,
Fond memory o'er the past doth steal;
To that glad hour, the evening hour,
When Mother stirred the meal.

We saw the water steaming hot,
And well we knew it meant our meal;
Ah, yes! We knew what to expect,
When Mother stirred the meal.

Our hungry mouths that must be fed
Were not the kind that could conceal
The longings for what was to come,
When Mother stirred the meal.

This stirring time was quickly o'er;
The dancing bubbles ceased their reel;
'Twas gathered up, we gathered 'round
The mush—our evening meal.

Could we but live those hours again,
And witness Mother's great delight,
This life would be well rounded out—
We'd bid the world "good night."

ANN WADSWORTH SMITH

(July 23, 1827—July 23, 1908—81 years.)

Time moves on with tireless wings,
 Month to month, and year to year;
 This I know, and know it well,
 Yet it brings no sense of fear.

Childhood days have passed me by,
 Youth, with hopes have come and gone;
 Middle life, with storm and stress—
 These I now look back upon.

Not that I would live them o'er—
 No! dear friends, I say you nay;
 There exists a pearly gate
 Which will swing for me some day.

Some day, yes, perhaps 'tis near,
 Yet I would not, will not shrink—
 When the summons comes to go—
 At the severing of life's link.

I will bid kind friends adieu,
 They of earth who gave me cheer;
 Then I'll greet those gone before,
 As they, one by one, appear.

Yet withal, I'm young today,
 Tho the cake says "81,"
 I have much outlined to do,
 Life with me has just begun.

SIXTY-THREE YEARS

If the "record" tells the truth,
I am now a full-fledged youth—
In my feelings, if not years—
These of which I have no fears.

Three-score years and three, today,
Are now safely stored away;
Launch I out on Sixty-four,
Not, I trust, to be a bore,

But one who will ever be
All that you might wish to see;
One who knows the worth of work,
Knowing less of how to shirk.

As the weeks and months go by,
And the years are fain to fly,
They ne'er agitate my brain,
Nor provoke a sigh or pain.

For I know what is, is best,
Be it east wind or the west;
Summer heat or winter's cold,
Or a hint of growing old.

MEMORIES OF THE PAST

Our days are getting shorter,
 And life seems like a dream,
 As we float adown its river,
 In the middle of the stream;
 But our mind goes back in memory,
 O'er many a dusty road,
 That was traveled by the Pilgrim
 With life's sad and weary load.

We are taken from the city,
 And we feel the throbbing heart
 Of Nature—pure and simple—
 Without a touch of art;
 Beside her lakes and rivers,
 We scan the mountains high,
 As they're pictured in our memory,
 By the glow of summer sky.

Our appetite is failing,
 And we care not what we eat,
 But we're sure the country cooking
 Would prove to us a treat;
 The thought of what is served us,
 Now makes us almost wild,
 Compared with what was given
 To the growing, healthy child.

The potatoes were so mealy,
 Freshly dug from out the ground,
 Nicely served with new-made butter,
 None better could be found;
 And the milk, with cream so yellow,
 As we skimmed it from the pan,
 The thought of it is heavenly,
 To a half-starved, hungry man.

We taste the golden carrots
That we pulled beside the road,
When we went down through the meadow
And helped the men to load;
We think we smell the cabbage
That was grown in yonder lot,
And count the watermelons
From the seed that father bought.

We knew the hiding places
Where the chickens went to lay,
And loved to watch their little brood
In pleasant month of May;
We counted all the turkeys
That were roosting in the trees,
So lonely in the moonlight,
And rocked by every breeze.

We can hear the squirrels chatter,
As they leap from bough to bough,
While the pigs keep up a squealing,
And ending in a row;
Our eyes now seem to fail us,
But we see old Moll and Kate
Just coming from the pasture,
And they'll soon be at the gate.

In our minds, we see the grindstone—
We've given it many a turn,
When father bore down heavy,
Till the blade would fairly burn
And snap with fire and brimstone.
That made our muscles creak,
And yet he'd say: "Turn faster,
Son, you must be getting weak!"

We can see the sunflowers nodding,
 From out the kitchen door,
 While the morning-glories blossom,
 As they did in days of yore;
 We feel ourselves a-sliding
 From the hay-mow in the loft;
 The robes on which we tumbled
 Were very nice and soft.

Around the well we linger,
 Where we often went to drink,
 And watched the toads that nestled
 Within its mossy chink;
 We gaze down in the water,
 And see a childish face,
 As it shimmers in the ripples
 Of the narrow-circled place.

A place we've often thought of,
 Though 'tis fading, year by year,
 Is the little tucked-up schoolhouse,
 On the prairie, cold and drear;
 We can see the mammoth heater,
 With its door now opened wide,
 Hear its fiery tongue smack juices
 From the tender sapling's side.

To the pier we oft have waded,
 In the middle of the stream,
 Where the water, clear as crystal,
 With a touch of moonlight's beam,
 Would add its charm to swimming
 In the hot and sultry night,
 In the summer of our boyhood,
 With its joys and its delight.

Though we now are growing older,
And nearing to the brink
Of the dark and dismal waters,
Where men shudder, pause and shrink,
We will cling to joyous childhood,
And to memories of its past,
That will be to us a comfort
When they're needed at the last.

•

III Notes of Nature

WE KNOW 'TIS SPRING

The Spring—yes, gentle Spring—has come
From out the haunts of Winter's lair;
To tip each branch with buds of green,
While balmy breezes fill the air.

We know it by its sunny smile,
And by its tears from floating clouds;
By grassy leaves so freshly clad,
And absence of their wintry shrouds.

We know it by the sweetest songs
Of birds at early dawn of day;
By cricket's chirp at eventide,
And rippling brooklet o'er the way.

We know 'tis Spring—so, like a bird,
Let loose from cage of Winter's clasp,
That held in fetters, soft and white,
Those pearly crystals in its grasp.

PANSIES

Sweet little pansy face,
Smiling on me,
Bright are your velvet eyes,
Charming to see.

Beauty in grace and form,—
Loveliest hues,
Glistening with diamonds bright,—
Morn's early dews.

Plucked from your flowery bed,
Dear little gems,
Tokens from fairy queen,
Love's diadems.

CHRYSANTHEMUM

On thee we gaze, most beautiful flower,
In thy rich bloom;
With tints of yellow, white and rose,
Sweet triplet of poetic prose.
One shade of gloom
There is in yellow's artful wile,
That hath for love a slighted smile;
While rose, in sweetest notes, exclaims:
" 'Tis thee I love!"
And purest white in "truth" avers,
"I'm from above!"

WILL SOON BE O'ER

The summer time will soon be o'er,
And autumn's hazy days draw near,
With bounteous blessings of the year,
In golden sheaves, to gather in,
To stock the barn and fill the bin.

The sweltering sun of August days,
That languor brings to feeble frames,
And makes us long for cooler nights—
September's breath, with copious rains,
Its silvery frosts and ripened grains.

The maple leaves on many a tree,
Now grown to fullness so replete,
Have shaded many a cottage bower,
Where lovers found a cool retreat
From heat and turmoil of the street.

The golden days will shorter grow,
The sun will cease to climb so high;
The clarion voice of chanticleer,
And cackle of the noisy hen,
Will not be heard so early then.

We soon shall see the firelight bright
That flickers in the autumn night;
And hear the merry voices clear
Of loved ones dear—now home at last
From seaside wanderings, months now past.

The varied seasons come and go:
The springtime's leaf, the summer's bowers;
The autumn haze, with cooling showers;
And winter's cold, with cheerful hearth—
Replete are they with joy and mirth.

AUTUMN LEAVES

Kissed by the lips of autumn's chilly night,
Whose blight of death is seen on every leaf,
Once touched with unseen brush of Nature's hand,
That gave its daintiest tints in bold relief.

We've watched your tiny form, from bud and flower
To full-grown leaves on tall and stately tree,
That made a shady bower and cool retreat
For those who, from the tiresome street, would flee.

We've listened to your rustling morning song
In rhythmic cadences so calm and clear,
That came from branches over-arching wide,
In sea of sky, with not a breaker near.

We note your hush in quiet summer eve,
When crickets chirp in never-varying key,
And croaking frogs in yonder marshy mead,
Where phosphorescent flies aroused the sleeping bee.

We miss your green of brightest rainbow hue
That glistened in the early sunlight bright,
From jewels nestled on your leafy breast,
For tender care through summer's quiet night.

Your faded forms beside the wayside lie,
Or scattered broadcast o'er the prairies wide;
Perchance you cover up some lovely vine,
To keep its tender life for springtime's pride.

We know you've left us for a little while,
But we will ever hold your memory dear,
And watch your airy forms in fancy's flight,
While seeking life in each succeeding year.

THE TREES

God's blessings are the grand and noble trees,
That wave their branches in the summer breeze,
And shield us from the sun at noontide hour,
When seeking rest beneath their verdant bower.

We hear angelic whispers through their leaves,
And fluttering touch, when rustling 'gainst the eaves,
And watch the silvery moonbeams sifting through
Those close-knit branches, glist'ning with the dew.

They are the homes for many songsters sweet,
To build their nests and find a safe retreat,
When Nature's eyelids close at setting sun,
And circle of another day is run.

Their giant arms are ever towering high,
As if to reach the beauties of the sky;
And gather in the sunshine, always bright,
That permeates the endless space with light.

Deep-rooted are the trees to stand the storm
That shows in wild, alarming form,
As dark clouds hover o'er the fair domain,
And flood-gates open in its tragic train.

The trees all seem to say: "Look up! Look up!"
And flap their leafy wings and drink from cup
Full to the brim from founts beneath the sod,
That flow so freely as a gift from God.

Instead of marble slab or column grand
To mark our dust, we pray that there may stand
A tree, wherein the birds may nest and sing
Sweet requiems, through a never-ending Spring.

THE PRAIRIE

Oh, vast expanse of prairie wide,
Like ocean grand, but lacking tide;
With throbbing pulse and heaving breast,
Or waves with white-caps on their crest,
That dance and scatter into spray,
To form the lustrous rainbow's ray.

We witness barren wastes of land,
So prodigal from Nature's hand;
Beyond the reach of mounds and dells,
And sea-washed shores, with cavernous cells
That echo lulling, murmuring strains,
From rippling rills, with sweet refrains.

It is so lonely out in space,
No sign of vegetation's trace,
Except the sunburned, sickly grass,
That greets our eye, while on we pass,
Lo, many mile-posts on the way,
Sure victims for the fire-fiend's prey.

We miss the shady nooks and bowers,
And variegated mountain flowers,
That flourish in the month of June,
When Nature is in perfect tune,
And miss the song-birds of the air,
Whose trilling notes are wondrous rare.

We watch the fire upon the plains,
Whose lurid sheets, with hissing strains,
Come leaping o'er the boundless space
Like demons in a tragic race,
To rob Dame Nature of her plan,
And not a vestige leave for man!

There's winter's blast from blizzard throat,
That laughs in frenzied, guttural gloat,
While rushing on, with might and main,
To leave sad havoc in its train;
Naught to obstruct, or to suppress
Its maddened rampage of distress!

As time rolls on, these prairies wide
Will ebb and flow like ocean's tide,
With waving grass and countless trees,
To sway and toss in passing breeze.
This transformation scene, we'll find
An Eden, suited to our mind.

RUSTLING LEAVES

Bright tinted leaves of these autumnal days
Now swirl about with merry mirth and glee;
'Neath trees, and by the roadside and the stream,
Like children—happy-hearted, gay and free.

We listen to their crackling, crispy notes,
Now set to key beneath our cruel tread
That crushes them—to mould in death's decay,
A leafy mattress for a snowy spread.

We'll keep their memory sacred in our mind,
And sing their praise, to fill our hearts with cheer;
While howling winds come sweeping o'er the plains,
To clear the way for some glad new-born year.

PLANETS OF OUR SYSTEM

MERCURY

Quicken thou our minds, that we may see
The subtle thoughts that flow from thee
In vibrant waves of silvery light,
Like beacon in the darkest night.

VENUS

Thou goddess fair, who rules our life,
While on this sphere of care and strife,
And folds us in sweet love's embrace,
Like mother dear of human race!

MARS

Bold warrior, with thy spear and shield,
Defiant stand, and will not yield
The fortress placed at thy command,
Thy flashing eye all understand!

JUPITER

Great art thou, king of might and power!
To rule with wealth and shower thy dower;
Thy favored few doth praise and bless,
While many wail in sore distress.

SATURN

We shrink at sight of thy weird face,
All lined with seams, in which we trace
Thy cunning ways and evil deeds,
In blighting hopes with demon screeds.

URANUS

Thy spirit power, so full and free,
Flows sweetly over land and sea
To human souls, with power divine,
That makes us kin with the sublime.

NEPTUNE

Thou sailest proudly o'er the waves,
And makest of the storms thy slaves.
Thy trident gleams with lustre bright
Along the ocean of the night.

FATE

Our fate is sealed 'neath one of these,
Nor from their toils can we release
The tie that binds for weal or woe,
They rule us ever here below.

AUTUMN'S SUNSET

Thou golden orb of Autumn's hazy days,
That sinks to rest beneath the veil of night,
Thy lustrous beauty sets the world aglow,
Ere thou hast vanished with thy ruby light.

The quivering beams are dancing on the stream,
That ripples down the rugged mountain side;
While far-off peaks display thy beacon bright,
Reflecting rays on fast receding tide.

We see thy kiss on distant silvery clouds,
That idly sail like ships on quiet seas,
And rustling leaves display their finest tints,
When touched with parting halos, 'mong the trees.

May sunset cheer be with us at the last,
When life shall set behind those mystic clouds
To rise again more beauteous than before,
Triumphant from the darkness that enshrouds.

FEBRUARY

This time of year, it seems so queer,
Our thoughts go wandering everywhere,
While Spring is mirrored in our sphere—
We feel it coming in the air.

We hear the chipper of the birds,
And watch the mid-day melting snow;
And listen to the lowing herds
Imprisoned—why, they do not know.

The sun is climbing up the hills,
From downy bed of winter's night,
And peeps through blinds with magic thrills,
That cheer our souls with fond delight.

The cooing doves, in cote and loft,
Seem restless, now the days grow long;
And plume their feathers, white and soft,
And list to Nature's opening song.

Sly Cupid stands with quiver light,
And heart-stringed bow, now ready bent
To pierce his victims, in their flight
To lands Elysian—sweet content.

Dear are the months of Summer green,
With purling brooks and clustering vine;
But none like this, to crown as queen,
And claim her as our Valentine.

NATURE'S ALCHEMY

Winter paints his dainty flowers,
While we're off in fields and bowers,
Feasting on the fruit and wine,
Plucked from tree and clustered vine,
Where the dreamland fairies dine.

Dips his brush in silver dyes,
That are dripping from the skies,
In a dreamy, tranquil seep,
While the angels are asleep,
And their treasures fail to keep.

With his noiseless, matchless grace,
Forms the fancies that we trace
On the pane and landscape drear,
With a beauty that doth cheer
Summer's sleeping-time of year.

All the flowers that angels know
Crystallize in frost and snow,
Into gems of pearly white,
Seen at noonday, sparkling bright,
Or when Luna shines at night.

When the breeze, from verdant isle,
Makes all nature sweetly smile,
Frost-flowers, that have passed from view,
Come again from out the blue,
In the evening's cooling dew.

THE MESSAGE OF THE WIND

The wind, when Spring is come to warm and cheer,
With rosy-fingered sunlight, calm and clear,
A message brings o'er hills at Easter morn,
To dissipate with kiss the scene forlorn.

He sweeps away the cold and icy grip
That tarried with us on his season's trip;
Now waking up the frigid, sleeping earth,
To life renewed—a resurrection birth.

A message comes, emphatic and profound,
Whose echoes, wild and fierce, o'er earth resound:
"Be up and doing! Lie not there asleep,
While Nature smiles o'er land and trackless deep!"

In summertime, we, longing, fain would fly,
While Canis rules this torrid month, July,
To some fair clime, far out in yonder space,
Where cooling winds have left a welcome trace.

The bright star Sirius madly weeps and wails,
To hear the sea laugh out with well-filled sails;
While whisperings soft come murmuring through the trees
Proclaiming cooler nights from passing breeze.

When Fall is here, a message sweet he brings
On sombre clouds, with dreamy, sunlit wings;
With autumn zephyrs, steeped in amber haze,
That sets the leafy kingdom all ablaze,

And brightens up the mists of dreamy past
With golden hues which cannot always last,
But leaves an influence keyed to sweetest tone,
While passing onward to a frigid zone.

In Winter time, a message bold he brings,
In songs that Boreas oft madly sings,
And makes us shiver from his chilling breath,
To see all vegetation wrapped in death.

A message grand there is for mortal ear,
That comfort brings from far-off brilliant sphere;
It lifts our hopes above the shades of night,
To wing their way in blissful, airy flight.

APRIL COMES

April comes with balmy breeze,
Waking up the sleeping trees
That have dreamed through ice and snow,
Till their rootlets feel the glow
Of the new awakening life,
And are ready for the strife,
Working wonders, day by day,
With the sunlight's soothing ray,
Painting buds and blossoms bright,
That are charming to our sight.

Spring has taken off the spread
That had covered Winter's bed;
So the restless lives below
Might peep out, to let us know
That they wish to bud and flower
Into beauty, hour by hour.
Crocuses we soon shall see
Full of cheerfulness and glee,
And we know they'll come and stay
Long enough to welcome May!

SEPTEMBER

Welcome, welcome, dear September,
With thy breath like purest wine,
Buoying up our languid spirits,
Drooping leaf on autumn vine.

Cooler nights and amber hazes;
Harvest moon on ripened grain;
Gilded dots o'er fields and valleys
Of this vast and fair domain.

Busy hum of noisy threshers
Soon we'll hear from morn till night;
Scattering chaff away to windward,
While we gather jewels bright.

Jewels that appease the hunger,—
Not from mines, lo, far away;
But the gems of bounteous harvest
We are gathering in to-day.

Hours that once were wont to linger,
And were loth to say "good-by,"
Hie themselves away in darkness,
As the moments onward fly.

Brightly now the lamplights flicker;
Early falls the evening dew;
Soon we'll hear the wit that sparkles—
Stories fancied—sometimes true.

Welcome then to thee, September!
We have naught from thee to fear;
Thou the "cap-sheaf" of the harvest,
With thy smiles hast come to cheer!

JOLLY OLD WINTER

Jolly "Old Winter" is coming again,
Coming again, coming again;
Down from his northern home of snow,
Land where the blizzards grow and blow
Into a furious, frenzied state;
Anxious to come, and cannot wait;
Jolly "Old Winter" is coming again!

Jolly "Old Winter" is coming again,
Coming again, coming again;
Decked in his furs, from head to feet,
Zero to him is a morsel sweet;
Gives to his cheeks a glow of health,—
Better by far than mines of wealth;
Jolly "Old Winter" is coming again!

Jolly "Old Winter" is coming again,
Coming again, coming again;
To smile on lads and lassies fair,
And smooth the lines of grief and care,
And paint a blush on many a cheek,—
While struggling through the tempest bleak;
Jolly "Old Winter" is coming again!

Jolly "Old Winter" is coming again,
Coming again, coming again;
To cheer us 'round the Christmas hearth,
And fill our homes with joy and mirth;
And bid depart all doubts and fear,
To welcome in the glad New Year;
Jolly "Old Winter" is coming again.

MIDSUMMER

To-day we revel in the summer's noon,
And lay our worldly toils and cares aside,
To hie to some charmed spot, in shady nook,
Where Nature, in her quiet haunts abides.

We've turned the key in door of loss and gain,
To breathe the pure and fragrant balm of life,
That seeps, like nectar, 'mong the dales and hills,
For weary mortals, in this vale of strife.

With tankards filled by wood-nymphs, fairy queens;
Our lungs expand with ozone, rich and rare,
It cheers our drooping spirits, while we breathe
New vigor from the pure and fragrant air.

The city's hum and din of whirring wheels,
That rack the brain from early morn till night,
No longer heard, as distance comes between,
Leave us rejoicing, in our rural flight.

The rippling streams go murmuring sweetly by,
To cheer us with their dulcet notes in song.
The breezes fan our cheeks that catch the glow
Fresh-winged from sunshine, as we move along.

The fleecy clouds sail idly through the blue,
On waves of ether, to some distant clime;
While feathered songsters flit from bough to bough,
To cheer our souls, and make life more sublime.

We see the cattle resting on the green.
While many drink from mirrored, shady pool;
The lambkins frolic in the clover dell,
Like merry children on their way from school.

The cricket's chirp, the drone of humming bee,
Proclaim midsummer in their drowsy lays;
And sunset, in its molten glow of red,
Reminds us of approaching Autumn days.

THE MEADOWS

The fresh morning breezes are rousing the meadows,
From long winter's nap, beneath coverlet white;
The soft whispers steal o'er the mountains, through valleys,
And sail on the wings of the Spring's dawning light.

In years that are gone, we have strolled through their grasses,
To the music of birds, with their sweet roundelays;
The lark and the linnet, in rich, piping chorus,
Were joined by the whippoorwill's hymnal of praise.

We ofttimes have gazed on their rhythmical billows,
That surged like the sea, with their fold upon fold,
Until we were wafted to dreamlands elysian,
Where fades not the blossom, nor mortals grow old.

When wakened from sleep, we beheld, in the distance,
The mowers bent forward, and swinging the blade,
That sang the sad requiem at death dealing duty,
And left the land barren as hillside and glade.

The sweet, grassy fragrance continues to linger,
And memory's bright scenes keep forever in view,
While we tramp through the lanes, cross by-ways and hedges,
To romp in the meadows gemmed over with dew.

WINTER

What a grand, artistic sight
Is the landscape, far and near!
See the curling smoke of cheer
From the many hearthstones bright.

Rafters, joists and shingles snap
At the touch of ice-king's lash;
Feel his breath about the sash,
Rousing us from noontime nap.

List'ning with attentive ear,
Catching chimes of tinkling bells,
Ringing, with their glad some swells,
Through the air, so crisp and clear.

See the fleecy, fluffy flakes,
Tossed about like feathers white,
From their downy beds of night,
Mantling prairies, hills and lakes.

Youth's bright cup doth overflow,
With the added joy to play
Down the hillside, to the bay,
In the crystal paths of snow.

Spring will soon glide o'er the way,
Searching for these beauties rare,
Mingling them with balmy air,
In her mystic forms of spray.

Then will all the winter's snow
Slip from icy fingers' grip,
Seeking tropics in its trip,
Where exotics vernal grow.

THE STORM

The night is wild, the tempest rages high,
While thunder rolls, and flashes from the sky
Wing their swift way like thought in quickest flight,
Through inky clouds illumed with flames of light.

The waves dash fiercely on the time-worn beach,
And strive to climb beyond their power to reach;
And madly struggle with the mighty main,
To cleave the rocks, ere strength begins to wane.

The ships, mid-ocean, reef their many sails,
When warned by signs, preceding fearful gales.
"Forewarned, forearmed," they're ready, true and brave,
To battle Fury's host 'gainst watery grave.

O'er land, as well as sea, the tempest hies,
To vent its rage, and conquer, ere it dies.
It holds not sacred any human life,
But acts the demon in its awful strife.

It sweeps the plains while in its frenzied race,
And woeful picture paints on Nature's face;
It leaps the mountains—scourges valley, fair,
And in its train leaves wreckage and despair.

Perhaps the tempest is not rage and wrath,
But is a way of clearing out a path
Through which the world is ever kept in line,
That out of chaos may the brighter shine.

OUR FAVORITE BIRD

We cannot name our favorite bird;
Why do you ask us, pray?
'Twere hard, indeed, to single out,
And simple tribute pay.

Far from it, friend; we love them all,
For songs and plumage rare;
We envy them their woodland wild,
And freedom in the air.

The lark that warbles with the dawn,
In springtime of the year,
Gives sinking hopes an upward lift,
And bids us "keep good cheer."

The linnet, also, trills its notes,
And wafts us where it flies,—
Far from the sordid world of care,
To bliss in yonder skies.

The nightingale's melodious notes
Awake the hush of night,
That it may gather in the strains
For morning's rosy light.

Much praise have we for Jennie Wren,
Her social ways we prize;
She lingers near our cottage home—
Departs when summer dies.

The caged songsters we admire,
But would them freedom give;
Their prison bars repress our joy,—
They live, yet do not live.

What would we do without the birds?
"I do not know," you say;
Their tuneful glees we'd sadly miss.
Each spring's awakening day.

THE WEEPING WILLOW

It is for thy beauty we fondly adore thee,
Transplanted to earth from fair Eden above,
To bud and to grow and to charm with thy graces,
And shelter from heat with thy leafage of love.

We plunged in the stream, 'neath thy shadow, at noonday,
And clung to thy branches, when learning to swim;
We have loosened thy bark for many a whistle,
To blow, while our life was full, up to the brim.

The bee seeks the sweetness contained in thy flowers,
That come ere the leaves can their nakedness hide;
The birds sing their sweetest, to cheer thee in sorrow,
Thou willow that weeps for the fair, would-be bride.

But when we reflect, we recall not with pleasure,
Thy practical use, not for beauty alone;
We have danced to thy music, in rythmical measure,
And wept with thee, willow, our sins to atone.

A SONG TO MARCH

A little sunshine, snow or shower;
A touch of winter in the spring;
'Tis very cold, and then 'tis warm;
The summer birds are on the wing.

Refrain:—

We snuff and sneeze, with every breeze;
We sometimes roast, and then we freeze.

The wind is veering to the north,
The chills play up and down our spine;
We take a sling of red-hot stuff,
And call it "unfermented wine."

Refrain:—

We snuff and sneeze, with every breeze,
We oftentimes roast, and more times freeze.

"How vain are all things here below!"
We thought we scanned the vane aright;
But lo, behold, it's in the south—
Such weather is just out of sight.

Refrain:—

We snuff and sneeze, with every breeze,
We more times roast, and sometimes freeze.

The east wind takes away our breath,
But die we can't, we must not die,
We want this vacillating March
To plume its wings and swiftly fly.

Refrain:—

We snuff and sneeze, with every breeze;
We roast by day, at night we freeze;
Ah-choo! Ah-choo! Ah-choo!

JUNE VACATION

Vacation time has come again,
And such a boon,
In lovely June;—
Those days, alas, too soon will wane!

All Nature greets us with a smile—
So free from woe,
With healthful glow
On maiden's cheeks, at rural stile.

The lulling brooks sing psalms of cheer,
In trilling notes,
From rippling throats,—
This gala month of all the year.

The full-grown leaves clap joyous hands,
In soulful glee,
From every tree,—
Not only here, in distant lands.

The singing birds in wood and dell,
Enjoy these times,
In warbling rhymes,—
Sweet carols, with their magic spell.

The country air is life and health;
It means to self
Not worldly pelf,—
Yet is to man a mine of wealth.

Vacation time has come again,
And such a boon,
In lovely June;—
These days, alas, too soon will wane!

THE ANEMONE

Blossoms purple, pink and white,
Peeping through the glistening snow,
At the sunshine, all aglow,
O'er the land of frozen blight,
To see the light.

Gentle harbingers of spring,
Teardrops glisten in your eye,
As you say: "Good-bye, good-bye,"
To the breeze from winter's wing,
With frigid sting.

Whisperings soft we now can hear,
While to Nature's heart we go;
Feel its beating—ebb and flow;
List'ning with attentive ear—
"Sweet Spring is near."

You have come to let us know
Life is not so very sad,
While your form with snow is clad;
That it is not all of woe—
Beneath the snow.

THE FIREFLY'S GLOW

I'm not alone, if in the dark,
Since orb of day has sunk to rest,
And with its afterglow of red—
Both faded in the distant west,
The firefly's phosphorescent ray
Illumes my path, as if 'twere day.

GOLDENROD

A-wheel we go, this autumn day,
Amid the scent of new-mown hay,
O'er country road, lo, miles away,
 To gather yellow goldenrod.

The air is filled with purple haze,
While all the woods are in a blaze.
The scene that fills us with amaze
 Is wealth of glowing goldenrod.

We rest awhile by cooling stream,
While off in fancy, lightly dream,
We're wafted to the clime supreme—
 The land where grows the goldenrod.

The minutes, many, hasten by,
On pinions, to the fading sky;
While all the lands in richness lie,
 With gleaming, jeweled goldenrod.

We gather bunches from the dell,
That charm us with their magic spell,
To decorate wherein we dwell—
 This charming flower, gay goldenrod.

The sun has traced the blue sky o'er,
On mystic pathway's ethered floor;
To pass from light through shadow's door,
 While we wend home with goldenrod.

NATURE'S AWAKENING

Awake, Old Nature, from your sleep;
 You've slept enough,
 We know it's rough
 To thus alarm and make you weep.

Let loose your grip upon the soil;
 The sun runs high,
 Why need you sigh,
 For those who long to till and toil.

You fold the creeks in your embrace;
 And summer's breeze,
 The vines and trees,
 Let up! You've had your days of grace.

We'll take our double windows down;
 In comes more light
 To cheer our sight,
 And smooth our forehead of a frown.

We'll take the banking from the pump,
 And clear away
 Heaped-up debris,
 And cart it to the city's dump.

Once more we'll breathe sweet breath of spring,
 That you let in,
 Our hearts to win,
 Your gladsome Easter offering.

The time will come, perhaps, some day,
 We'll want a rest,
 From heat opprest,
 Then, for this sleep, we'll humbly pray.

CLOUDLAND

Beautiful clouds, with folds so fair,
That swirl about with beauty rare,
When tipped with glints from setting sun—
Its good-night kiss, when day is done!

Resplendent forms, like mountains high,
In ocean depths of vaulted sky,
That sail on tranquilly, the while,
And fade away o'er countless mile!

We've stood in fancy on their peaks,
And plunged about in playful freaks,
And nestled in their fleecy fold,
All silver-lined, encased with gold.

We love to watch the full-faced moon
Move in and out, at midnight's noon,
Through rifting clouds that scurry past,
Like phantom ships, with full-rigged mast.

We know they have a darker side,
That casts their shadows far and wide,
O'er all the earth and boundless main—
Yet, from these folds, we're blessed with rain.

Our lives, like clouds, are grave and gay,
The gloom of night and cheer of day,
We see the bright side far more clear
When passing shadows disappear.

QUIET SIDE OF NATURE

The quiet snowflakes falling,
Like gentle words of love,
The balmy breezes fanning
Cheeks, as if from heaven above,
The rolling waves of ocean,
As they bathe the pebbly shore,
Proclaim the power of Nature
We love and we adore.

The gentle rain that's falling
From yonder cloudland high,
The trills of feathered songsters
Soaring to the sky,
The opening buds and flowers,
Touched with nature's grace,
Are smiling, sweetly smiling,
O'er the vast expanse of space.

Of we love to linger
To hear the rippling rill,
With dancing, skipping frolics
From mountain and the hill,
Singing as it tumbles
From grand, majestic height,
Through valleys, grassy meadows
In day or darkest night.

The ringing laugh of children
In their happy hours of play,
The skipping of the lambkins
On the hillside o'er the way,
The swaying of the branches,
The leaves so full of mirth,
Mother cuddling baby
Near the cheerful, firelit hearth.

These touches are of Nature,
Kindling, with its blaze,
Love and holy blessings,
Vocal with its praise,
Warming with its sunlight,
Cheering with its showers,
Keeping guard at midnight
In our sleeping hours.

EASTER DAY

(April 10, 1898.)

All hail to thee, sweet Easter Day!

The fragrant breath, on zephyr's wing,
Has fanned to life the sleeping earth,
And dulled the winter's piercing sting.

It is proclaimed by chanticleer,
In farmyards many, through the land;
By robin's chirp, and bluebird's call,
And from the pipes of organs grand.

We saw thy blush, at peep of day,
As sunshine climbed the hills of morn;
Beheld the lilies, pure and white,
That many sacred fanes adorn.

The winged throngs are northward bound,
The buds and blossoms ope their eyes;
We view the landscape, near and far,
And claim thee, Easter, as a prize.

LOVELY JUNE

Beautiful flowers with fragrance rare,
They sift their sweetness through the air,
While Nature is in perfect tune,
And singing praise of lovely June.

The gentle raindrop's pattering feet
Come tripping down from Cloudland street,
To moisten lips of blooming flowers
That fleck the hillsides, fields and bowers.

The sunshine's ray imparts the hue
To rainbow's arch o'er shimmering dew,
On roses, pinks and petals white,
That ravish with their beauty bright

Most charming month of all the twelve,
In which we longing love to delve,
And dream we hear the chants and chime
That come from Eden's fairy clime.

We've plucked the gems of fairest May,
And laid them tenderly away,
To court the smiles of Summer's noon—
This month of blossoms, month of June.

SUNRISE.

Morn's rosy fingers, signals of the dawn,
Point upward to the fleeing shades of night,
And bid the sleeping ones of earth awake,
To welcome in the orb of Life and Light.

JUNE MEMORIES

The memories of this June I'll not forget,
Because there's been so very much of wet;
Lo, many times, I've paddled home through rain,
So muddled up, that I was thought insane.

The sun that shone in month of May so bright,
Has hid his face and seldom comes in sight.
It would be truly, truly something new,
To gaze once more upon a sky of blue.

The robin's chirp, on topmost branch of tree,
Has daily told us of the storms to be;
Predicting rain for every day in June—
Plead all we may, he will not change his tune.

Yet, 'tis oft said, by those who deal in grains,
That this is what we need, these cooling rains;
It gives the roots much strength to stand a drouth,
When July whiffs come scorching from the south.

One thing we know, and that is very clear,
The month has surely been quite out of gear;
The picnics and the games went by default,
We think it now high time to call a halt.

The memories of those olden days of June
Sweet solace bring, and at this time a boon;
We only wish we had the power to plan
To have the Junes go on as they began.

SPRING HAS COME

Spring has come, and with it cheer
To gladden hearts and dry the tear
Warm Nature's breath with Summer's sun,
Now on its journey just begun.

Its steeds now ready, well and sound,
Leap forth from icy fetters bound
From zero's cold to Summer's heat,
To delve through forest's cool retreat,

To scale the lofty mountain peak,
Through cloverdales, by hidden creek,
Past limpid streams, and prairies wide,
And halt, when near the ocean's side.

The baby bud, and leaf and flower,
Will soon make earth a fairy bower;
Their holy influence 'round us dwells,
With fragrance from their tiny cells.

The sturdy oak, with giant limbs,
Bows gently to its tempered winds;
The life blood in its veins doth flow,
Responsive to the springtime's glow.

The birds from other climes have come.
Our ear to earth hears insects hum;
The robins chirp, the bluebirds call,
That left for southern climes in Fall.

The herds let loose from barn and stalls
Go leaping wild through Nature's halls;
The pent-up life, the sluggish blood
Now fairly jumps with springtime's flood.

The ducks and geese on yonder farm
With cries burst forth in wild alarm;
They flap their wings like human hands
Just freed from Winter's icy bands.

The little streamlet laughs and sings,
As down the mountain side it springs;
The lake, with rippling smiles of mirth,
Seems joyous at the Springtime's birth.

We lead into the balmy air
The baby weak, with tenderest care,
To paint its cheeks with Easter glow,
Now faded white with Winter's snow.

We'll touch the harp and tune the lyre,
We'll bring the juleps, quench the fire;
We'll stretch the hammock, call the game,
For "Spring is sweet," we all exclaim.

TO A LOVER OF NATURE

Lover thou wert of Nature and her laws;
In heart-touch with each solar ray of light;
Thou soughtest not imagined flimsy flaws,
But grasped the whole with overpowering might.
Thy path, by "footprints," shows that thou wert right.

WHAT IS HARMONY?

This is harmony this evening,
In our home with child and wife,
While the storm without is raging
In an elemental strife.

While we list, we hear the dripping
With that sweet, harmonious sound
That has lulled us in our childhood
Into arms of sleep profound.

Yonder sways the giant branches,
And they shake their leafy heads,
Wet with moisture from the fountains,
Where the cloudland fairy treads.

Through the raindrops, hear the music
Sifting sweetly through the trees;
Blending with the thunder's chorus
On the flash-lit summer breeze.

Lyra's constellation hovers
In the dome of far-away;
But her influence, true and tender,
Gently leads us, night and day.

THE RAINBOW

The beauty that gleams o'er the towering mast,
And dips its form in the tranquil sea,
Is a symbol of hope to the sailors brave,
A hint of the future that is to be.

MARCH

No need of pointer from the poet's pen,
To let you know that March is here;
He's lately merged from Winter's cheerless den,
Not tamed a whit by sleeping all the year.

He shakes the trees, and acts like one insane,
And makes the puddles ripple with delight;
He thinks it fun to spring a sudden rain,
Or mantle all the earth again in white.

He smiles at maidens as they whirl and frown,
To keep their skirts from tangling out of shape;
And laughs outright to see the sign come down
On heads of those who idly stare and gape.

He shakes our windows in the midnight hour,
And has a tussle with the outer door;
The gate he slams, until we shrink and cower,
And pray that March will march, and soon be o'er.

'Tis "Lent" we know, but they can take it back;
We did not ask for such a month as this,
To give us colds and "grippy" kind of luck,—
A something that we hoped we were to miss.

LONGING FOR AN OUTING

I have a kind of feeling I'd like to go away—
No matter where, if only for a week;
To get in touch with Nature, and with her idly play,
And gain the respite that I fain would seek.

I would that I might tumble in the waving meadow grass,
That is so clean and green, this time of year;
Or angle in the streamlet, for gamy perch and bass,
With basket, full of luncheon, always near.

I would enjoy the chickens, the pigs, the lambs and geese,
And also goslings, swimming in the pool;
While list'ning to the windmill, whose creak would never
cease,
I'd dream, awake, for days, when out of school.

The plagued flies and beetles, mosquitoes, bugs and gnats,
Have not yet reached this far-off northern clime;
Nor is the baby field-mouse a mouthful for the bats,
Yet will be, in a week or so of time.

I'd watch the grain a-growing, in acres 'round about,
And hear what all the farmers had to say;
I would not, for one moment, attempt to raise a doubt
As to the yield of wheat, or oats or hay.

These days, if I could take them, and to the country go,
I'm sure I'd be the better from the start;
Then all these springtime feeling—ambition running low,
Would soon take wings, and leave a happy heart.

NATURE'S MUSIC

Music, music everywhere,
Trembles on the summer air!
Hear it, as the clouds on high
Sweep the keyboard of the sky.

Hear it in the early morn,
Heralding the day new-born;
When the birds, on joyful wing,
Make the leafy woodlands ring.

Hear it in the swish of waves,
As they scale the liquid staves;
Dashing, splashing on the beach,
Far as human ears can reach.

Hear it in the pink-cheeked shell,
As it imitates the swell
Of the ocean's great unrest—
Heavings of its mighty breast.

Hear it in the crackling dire
Of the spreading prairie fire;
On its gamut weird and sere—
Tragic in its mad career.

Thus, through every land and clime,
Nature's music teems with rhyme;
Perfect meter, tune and key—
Matchless in its mystery.

THE FARMER'S LIFE

When Nature drops the curtain
Dividing day from night;
When birds change songs for twitters
At early candlelight;

When chickens group at evening,
And crane their necks so high,
To spy the highest roosting place,
That they may upward fly;

What a cackling little family,
Getting settled for the night;
Each so jealous of the other,
Struggling for his selfish right!

In the distance, see the "bossie,"
Through the marshy meadow wade,
Coming home with well-filled udder,
And in waiting find the maid.

When the stock is nicely cared for
And we bid them all good-bye,
When the work of day is over,
Tired out, we breathe a sigh.

To the house we go for supper,
Fragrant with its welcome smell,
Fried potatoes, apple butter,
Other things I cannot tell.

But I know we'll have a "dodger,"
Called a "hoecake"—that's its name,
Pumpkin pie, with ginger flavored,
Served up hot by dear wife Jane.

Now the table's cleared away,
And baby's eyes are closed in sleep,
We'll join in song of sweetest strain,
And simple prayer, "Our souls to keep."

Our weary bodies lay we down—
Our day of toil is over;
In dreams, we're plodding through the fields,
With seeder, plough or mower.

APRIL

Blow, winds, blow!
And scatter the ling'ring chill;
Blow, winds, blow!
And rouse the river and rill.

Blow, winds, blow!
And shake up the dormant trees;
Blow, winds, blow;
And waken the flowers and bees.

Blow, winds, blow!
And bring us our April rains;
Blow, winds, blow!
And stir up these sluggish brains.

Blow, winds, blow!
Till the sky is clear and bright;
Blow, winds, blow!
And the May-day cheer invite.

SEPTEMBER DAYS

September days, we sing your praise,
O, month of all the year;
From Summer's heat to cool retreat
We long to linger here.

Of all the days, with first Fall days
None others can compare;
For golden-rod and painted leaf,
And beauties still more rare.

The old straw hat we lay aside,
The duster store away;
Our Summer pants we pack in ice,
To use some future day.

The julep straws we braid in frames,
Decline the lemon ice;
No use for soda, cream or pop,
Cold weather will suffice.

The sheets once thick now prove too thin,
A blanket fills the bill;
We'll start the grate for comfort's sake,—
The water has a chill.

We listen as the kettle sings,
And do not miss a note;
We watch at morn the chimney-tops,
For signs of curling smoke.

We pluck the melon from the vine,
The pumpkin cut in rings,
The cabbage cull for sauerkraut,
Enough to last till Spring.

We husk the corn, and thresh the grain,
And store the hay in barn;
'Tis glorious, these September days,
Sojourning on a farm!

The wild ducks huddle near the shore,
And bathe in foamy crest;
The cattle group on sunny sides,
And give their tails a rest.

Mosquitoes now will pack their grips,
And bottle up their sting;
They get "cut rates" to sunny South,
By going on the wing.

"Jack Frost" gives us a gentle hint,
That he'll be here some night;
So be prepared to treat him well,
For he'll be acting "white."

September days, with Autumn's haze,
O'er mountain-top and dell,
Are sleepy days to dream away—
Please don't disturb the spell.

MINNESOTA STATE FLOWER—"THE MOCCASIN"

(Tune—"Flow Gently, Sweet Afton.")

Sweet "Moccasin Flower" of the hillside and lea;
The pride of the "Gopher State", lovely to see;
We claim thee our "Mascot," thou gem from the sky,
Let drop by the fairies to gladden the eye.

Thy colors are varied—of many a hue;
Thy shape is oft likened to "pale-face's" shoe.
This "Moccasin Flower", where'er it is known,
Has many companions, ne'er blooming alone.

The mother, "Nakomis," went wild with delight;
Would not for one moment allow them from sight;
The feet of her papoose she clad at its birth,
With these dainty blossoms, the fairest of earth.

The "Pilgrim" who visits this great "North Star State"
Is sure to find much to instruct and elate;
Its lakes and its woodlands, its prairies and hills,
And also its grainfields, its fact'ries and mills.

Its "flour" is superb, and none better is found;
The "mills" are the grandest at which it is ground;
Its "butter" and "cheese" are considered the best—
Produced in this, once-called, the "Wild Woolly West."

"Come westward!" we cry, to those looking for farms;
Where "Minnie" extends to you wide-open arms;
She'll bless with her sunshine, baptize with her showers
And greet you with millions of "Moccasin Flowers."

AN HOUR WITH NATURE

While strolling down a country lane,
One afternoon, long years ago,
Just prior to the summer rain,
With step elastic, cheeks aglow
Not from the toiling with "the hoe,"

But out with Nature—at its best.
The sun was playing hide and seek
With "fish-back" clouds far in the west,
Surmounting loftiest trees and peak,
While through the valley flowed the creek.

The voice of God was in the breeze
That whispered through the birch and pine;
'Twas heard by birds and honey-bees,
And flocks of sheep and drowsing kine,
That sheltered were 'neath tree and vine.

This voice was echoed in the trill
Of many insects hovering near;
Of bobolink and whippoorwill,
And meadow-larks, with full notes clear,
That always bring their wealth of cheer.

Much more there was, all round about,
Of which we heard and plainly saw,
To cause a wholesome, ringing shout;—
One not restrained by rural law—
It was in reverential awe.

'TIS JUNE

All Nature is smiling, on Earth and in sky;
The brook's rippling laughter is heard passing by;
While green of the hillside spreads out to our view,
Enchants with its grandeur, ennobles us too.

The reason why,
You'll not deny—

'Tis June!

The note of the whippoorwill charms with its song,
From dawn of the morning, through all the day long;
The bluejay gives voice to its queer-sounding lay.
Which wakens us oft at the first peep of day.

The reason why,
You'll not deny—

'Tis June!

The herds by the hundred are everywhere seen—
A contrast of red, with profusion of green;
These, with the summer clouds banked in the blue,
Keep changing and changing—hence every day new.

The reason why,
You'll not deny—

'Tis June!

The wild flowers are drest in their gayest attire,
While many appear as if radiant with fire,
To warm our affections and give us good cheer,
This month of the roses—sixth month of the year.

The reason why,
You'll not deny—

'Tis June!

THE DAY'S DOINGS

The high-pitched voice of Chanticleer,
Aroused by morning's light,
Is echoed over hills and vale,
O'er pathway trod by night.

The bellowing cow, the bleating lamb,
All nature roused from sleep;
The world goes 'round,—we smile, we weep,
And march on land and sail o'er deep.

We sometimes think our lot is drear,
Its colors not of brightest hue;
We long to glide o'er silvery tide,
No clouds in sky of blue.

But surely clouds will come at last,
The lurid lightnings flash;
The billows roll with angry roar,
And cyclone's fearful crash.

As Nature drops the curtain down,
We'll catch the sunset rays,
And lock them up in banks of smiles,
To cheer us on our ways.

JUNE

Nature, with her sweetest smile,
Wins our hearts and gives us cheer;
With her varied wealth of flowers,
Crowns thee, Queen-Month of the year.

Rich and rare thy perfumes are,
Wafted on the passing breeze;
Clouds are scudding through the skies,
Plumes are nodding on the trees.

From thy font, baptismal showers
Come to cool the fevered brain;
Moistening many a parched lip,
Flowering shrub and growing grain.

Let us drink, with every breath,
All the blessings June bestows;
Bury hatred's bitter strife,
And with kindness win our foes.

THE NOVEMBER STORM

I sit by my window this afternoon,
And watch the snow,
As the flakes are dancing to northwind's tune,
That gives a thrill,
A nervous chill,
And sets me to thinking that winter is near.
Nothing to fear.

The window panes show there's cold without,
I plainly see
The myriad gems as they're sifted about
From passing clouds,
Evolving shrouds,
To cover the earth that was green with cheer,
Now dead and drear.

Yet I know that in spring the snow will go,
And then comes rain—
A sweet refrain, to free all hearts of woe.
This new re-birth
Of dear old earth
Has brought with it solace for ages past,
Destined to last.

Despite all the frowns of the winter's rage,
I wont despair;
But will coast and skate, and my hours engage
In what doth please,
And seek surcease
From this great unrest, with its snow and hail,
And plaintive wail.

THE OPTIMIST

I like the months of Winter,
 With their fields of ice and snow,
The time when merry skaters,
 With this pleasure are aglow;
When sleighride parties laugh and shout,
 And sing their songs of glee,
A time when sunbeam kisses
 Glint and sparkle on each tree.

I like the months of Springtime,
 When all Nature's waking up,
The time for baby violet,
 And the dainty buttercup;
When plowman turns the furrows,
 In the stubble of the field,
A time when we look forward
 As to what his crops will yield.

I like the months of Summer,
 With their warmth of sun and shine,
When food for man is forming
 In the earth, on trees and vine;
The time when picnic parties
 Wend their ways to woods and lakes,
When roses are a-blooming,
 And we hear the rustling brakes.

I like the months of Autumn,
When the leaves are brown and sere,
When harvesting is over,
And for food we need not fear;
The sun is wondrous hazy,
Ere it slumbers in the west,
A time when it is sinking
To its "Indian Summer" nest.
I like these timely Seasons,
Which to mortals are a boon;
Yet, with their great attractions,
I would merge them all in June.

WINTER

Thou frigid king, with life congealing breath,
That comes in blasts from fields of snow and ice,
To gather in thine arms like grip of vise,
And will not yield till earth is robed in death.

Thy haughty laugh we hear at midnight's hour,
When Morpheus, in his wooing, bids us sleep;
But thou rejoiceth when thou mak'st us weep,
By stealing "sweet restorer,"—Nature's dower.

The time will come when breeze from tropic isles
Will slay thee, while in triumph on thy throne,
That soon will crumble, and thy death atone
For all the mischief of thy tragic wiles.

Then will our hearts with joy and hope rebound,
When magic Spring, with key, unlocks the ground.

APRIL RAINS

April days are oftentimes dreary,
And the sun scarce shows his face.
Don't it make you somewhat weary—
Half-inclined to raise the query—
"Is this month not out of place?"

May and June are days we sigh for
Months when we are free of chills,
When quinine and oil with camphor,
Cease their strife with grip and languor,
And all other kinds of ills.

"April Fool," we've heard this greeting
Ever since we came to earth;
Yet we drink, and keep on eating,
While these sunless days are fleeting—
Little think we of their worth.

Farmers like this month for sowing—
Scattering broadcast golden grains;
Soon their crops will be a-growing,
Then will be the time for mowing—
"Welcome," say they, "April Rains."

List we now the bluebirds calling;
Watch the robins hop about;
See the myriad birds a-winging;
Hear the brooklets sweetly singing,
And the children's joyful shout.

Let us then cease our complaining;
Make each day a jewel rare;
Be it sunshine, wind or raining,
Get ourselves in perfect training—
All life's blessings then we'll share.

SONG OF THE BREEZE

The song of the breeze is a sweet, sweet song,
When the weather is hot and the days are long;
We hear its first tune in the early morn,
Through the waving grain and rustling corn.

Its voice, rich and clear, flung fresh from the trees,
Tossing and twirling the vivid green leaves;
While tones soft and sweet from the far-off shore
Come skimming along to be dipped by the oar.

The sailor at sea knows the tune full well,
At time when the sails are about to swell;
For it carries his ship o'er billowy foam,
To a port that's safe, though it be not home.

To the one long ill in his lonely room,
This song brings cheer, and scatters the gloom;
With the breeze-harp keyed to a heavenly strain,
It touches the heart through the tired brain.

We welcome this song, "the song of the breeze,"
While struggling along, or taking our ease;
It aids contemplation, it dissipates fear;
It 'wakens new thoughts as it greets the ear.

LEAVES

Leaves once green are brown and sere;
They which were to me so dear
Have been falling, day by day,
Chased by autumn winds away.

Millions of them waltz around;
Hear their rustling, giddy sound;
“Farewells” say they on the pane,
Ere they scamper down the lane.

Leaves which gave delight to see,
Clustered on yon maple tree;
Are now withered—buds of May,
Soon to mould in death’s decay.

From this death, new life springs up,
Daisies sweet, and buttercup.
Nature’s works are all divine,
Mortals then should not repine.

OCTOBER

What means this smoky, hazy look;
This skim of ice on yonder brook;
The falling leaves from vines and trees,
That skip about by lightest breeze;
The shortened day and lengthened night;
The lighted homes—the firelight bright
That sends its warmth and cheer around
Where'er true happiness is found?

What makes us anxious, sometimes fret
'Bout many things we should forget;
Unnoticed pass the things to know
To keep our hearts as light as snow?
What makes the chill steal o'er us now?
No use for fan to soothe our brow;
The cool retreats and shady nook
No more to us an open book.

What makes us think of coal and wood;
The coat, the cloak, the cap, the hood;
The extra quilt at foot of bed,
Now that the summer months have fled?
What makes the blood so quickly flow
In youth whose cheeks are all aglow
With hope, and cheer, to meet the strife,
And battle with the storms of life?

Why is it snowflakes, and no showers;
Why fireside bright—not shady bowers;
Why is it yachting's lost its craze;
And social swirl is all ablaze?
To solve these problems of the age,
We've counseled with the learned sage;
"My friends," said he, "be wise, be sober,
Your queries' answer—'tis October."

A HYMN TO NIGHT

The day is past, the evening hour is here,
At home we mingle in a wealth of cheer;
While absent moon plays truant with her beams,
Yet twinkling star with lustrous beauty gleams.

The magic hush at closing of the day,
Reveals the fact that darkness shrouds our way;
The noisy vender of the mart is stilled,
The round of day its mission has fulfilled.

Sweet bursts of song from near-by homes is heard,
With soulful touches in each spoken word;
Birds cannot happier be on yonder tree,
In their love-thrills of heavenly minstrelsy.

Young men and maidens are now holding sway,
Swirling in dance to flit the hours away,
To stirring music, rounded out and clear,
Oft in sweet cadences the strains we hear.

As time goes by, all nature's in repose,
The "wee small hours" in slumbrous silence grow,
Prophetic visions of a new day beam,
Create the varied fancies of a dream.

Awake! The hymn pertaining to the night
Has vanished with the advent of the light;
Refreshed, we go to join the busy throng,
Rejoicing, as each work-day comes along.

MINNE-HA-HA

We all rejoice, dear Minne-ha-ha,
To see your oft-repeated smile;
We've seen you, O, so many summers;
'Tis you we think of most, the while.

When first we saw your falling water,
'Twas nearly fifty years ago;
We much admired your pristine beauty,
Your laughing leap and radiant bow.

We tramped about among the brambles,
And ventured 'neath your waterfall;
We strolled along your winding pathways,
And gazed aloft at lichened wall.

Walls trickled o'er by springs in hiding,
While berry-bushes decked your side;
Carnelian stones, rare gems of beauty,
Were here and there to give you pride.

Your fame is spread throughout the nation,
And poets oft your beauty praise;
Your cool retreats and spreading branches,
Will blessings give for countless days.

JANUARY

January, January!

First month of the new-born year;
Surely, we will not deride you,
Since you're here to give us cheer.
Though you're looking wondrous wise,
Out of blinking, wintry eyes.

Snowflakes now in silence sifting,
Sifting from your clouds near-by;
Drifts are forming since the morning,
Downy flakes are piling high.
Fairy footsteps are your flakes,
Dancing o'er the fields and lakes.

Diamonds on your bosom gleaming,
Brighter than in Autumn's dew;
Gems of beauty—yet not lasting,
Out of season, lost to view.
Angels gather up each treasure,
To adorn their crowns at leisure.

You are wary, January,
Never making a mistake;
On hand always, ne'er deceiving,
Sleeping not, but wide awake.
Soon we'll hear you say: "Good-bye!"
February's drawing nigh!"

THE NORTH WIND

Dread have we of Northwind's breath,
That's to vegetation death;
Makes the chills creep up the spine,
When its song sifts through the pine—
Cheerless Northwind!

In its wake comes feathery flakes,
Mantling fields and hills and lakes;
Yet it will not let them rest—
Scatters them to east and west—
Fickle Northwind!

Northwind cannot hold its sway
Always, but 'twill have its day;
Then must yield its doleful tune
Long before the month of June—
Good-bye, Northwind!

LAST DAYS OF MARCH (1896)

The flash of the lightning and roll of the thunder—
All Nature, in chaos, is trembling tonight;
Old Boreas, bold, comes forth from his hiding,
And lashes with fury,—while March takes its flight.

The child of the Spring will be born on the morrow;
What of the day with its first beam of light,
Flowers we'll see from earth slyly peeping,
With dew on their petals from lips of the night?

Far from it, dear friends, we'll see them in fancy,
All blooming in sweetness—and brightest array;
They're called the ideal—we'll wait for the real,
So quietly held in the arms of fair May.

HARVEST

Signs there are many that harvest is here;
Sound of the thresher is heard far and near;
 Luscious, ripe melons by hundreds we see;
 Tempting red apples fill many a tree;

Bright, golden pumpkins be-jewel the farm;
Corn is well ripened and free from all harm;
 Buckwheat and barley in bins stored away;
 Haylofts are groaning with succulent hay.

'Taters and turnips are strewn o'er the land;
Truck in profusion on every hand.
 Rich are these blessings that bring us good cheer;—
 Paving the way for a "Happy New Year."

THE SUNNY SIDE

The sunny side is the side to keep,
 If you wish to have good health;
It means a harvest you'll surely reap—
 Not only in health but wealth.

The shadows bring gloom and dire distress
 To many a wearied brain;
They hover around in sombre dress,
 With evil aboard their train.

If this be the case, why court them so,
 And brood in their folds the while;
Get out of this gloom of worldly woe!
 Get in, with God's sweetest smile!

THE SNOWFLAKES

Covers our forms with snowflakes,
So pure, so dainty and white;
Tuck them closely about us,
As we sleep in the arms of the night.

Each flake's like a jewel from heaven,
Softly wafted from clouds passing by,
To sparkle like diamonds of splendor,
When kissed by the bright western sky.

"Cover me over," says the woodland;
"Pass me not by," says the lea;
"Make me a robe," says the mountain;
"Fresh is thy kiss," says the sea.

Each pillar and post, down-like shrouded,
As a specter its station doth keep;
In night cap and gown of pure whiteness,
Like sentries on guard while we sleep.

May our lives be as pure and as spotless;—
Not a scar or a soil on our fame;
And the name we are leaving behind us,
Like the snowflakes, be free from all blame.

THE MOUNTAINS

Veiled in the mists of Nature's ethered space,
We trace the mountain peaks so near the sky,
As if to penetrate the azure dome;

That we might climb its rugged pathway high,
And find at last our longed-for, peaceful home.

Proud monarch, with thy locks now snowy white,
That glisten brightly in the morning light,
When sun, from ocean depths, climbs up to kiss
Thy furrowed brow—the wrinkles of the night,
That fade away and melt in streams of bliss,

That flow in gentle rivulets of love,
Down cheeks so pale from winter's chilly breeze,
To touch the lips of smiling verdure green,
And flowers gay that nestle 'mong the trees,
Whose beauty now presents a gorgeous scene,

Thy lap is filled with bounties, rich and rare,
The product of the valleys by thy side;
Thy bosom glistens with the richest gems
To deck the form of lovely, new-made bride,
And crown her head with Nature's diadems.

HARMONY IN NATURE

While the stars above are shining,
And their halos 'round us twining;
While the moonbeams gently quiver,
On the ocean, lake and river;
While the sun its warmth is bringing,
Leaves are forming, rootlets tingling;
While the rain and gentle showers
Make earth smile with fairest flowers;

While the waters from the mountains
Gurgle forth from Nature's fountains—
Rushing on, with rhythmic motion,
Through the valleys to the ocean;
While we wait and list to vespers,
Mystic words, angelic whispers,
Mouth to ear, with soft vibrations,
Fill the soul with love's cantations.

While the songbirds hover o'er
Swelling throats in heavenly chorus,
And their melody sublime
Blends with Nature's sweetest chime,—
While these thoughts go flitting by,
Meteor-like, through cloudless sky,
Join we links, and weld the union,
In a chain of sweet communion.

THE WATER LILY

While we scan the surface o'er
We espy thy beauty rare—
Strive to reach thee from the shore,
For our locks of golden hair.

Glistening are thy petals white,
In the morning's mellow ray;
While the mists now take their flight,
In the bosom of the day.

Moored thou art on peaceful waves,
'Mong the rushes and the brakes,
Where the echoes from the caves
Sweetest melody awakes.

While we roam the trackless deep,
O'er its billows, wild and free,
Sacred in our mind we'll keep
Memories fond we hold of thee.

AN UNEXPECTED GUEST

Oh, you've come, little bird, to pick up the crumbs,
That we scatter so freely for you;
Fear not, as we gaze through the clear window pane,
That designs we may have, not a few,

On your dear little life, with struggles and strife,
This cheerless and bleak winter day.
Come down from the tree, we humble beseech,
And make us all happy today.

Oh, where do you go, these very cold nights,
For shelter, protection from harm?
Do you leave us to mourn at your possible fate,
When you're safe in your home on the farm,

Tucked up very warm, in your soft, cozy nest,
That you made when the flowers were gay,
From the daintiest moss that grew on the lea,
Also ferns with their delicate spray?

Then at the first peek of the bright, early morn,
Far away to the city you fly;
To pick up a feast from the by-ways and street,
None to question the whence or the why.

We will worry no more, nor deeply deplore
The lot of yourself and your mate;
But we'll have you in mind, you dear little bird,
When you come—be it early or late.

MAY

We have lonely been, dear May,
Since you left a year ago;
We have longed to see your smile,
Which sets all our hearts aglow.

All the rippling streams laugh out,
As they lave the pebbly shore;
Soft winds whisper through the trees—
“You are with us, May, once more.”

You have scarcely seemed to change,
Though a year has passed us by;
You are just the same, dear love—
Perfumed breath, and clear blue sky.

Tiny leaves you've brought along,
Moist with spring's baptismal showers;
Just one month you'll hold fully sway,
Leave for June a dower in flowers.

OUR SUMMER PAST

Welcome, days of Autumn,
With your million rustling leaves!
Welcome, pattering raindrops,
That scurry down the eaves!
Summertime and blossoms sweet
Have swiftly passed us by;
Roses that have bloomed and blushed
Were doomed to fade and die.

Cooler days are with us now,
To soothe the fevered brain,
Cooler nights for rest and sleep,
To aid life's mental strain;
Summer brought its many gifts,
Of hope, and love and cheer;
It poured its wealth in Autumn's lap—
The harvest of the year.

THANKSGIVING SEASON

Thrash the wheat and shell the corn,
Summer-time is over;
Harvest fields lie bare and shorn,
Snowflakes glint the clover.

Bounteous yield has Nature given,
Grain-bins filled and groaning;
Cordwood chopped and deftly riven,
Winter not bemoaning.

Gathered now around the fire,
'Midst its warmth and glowing;
Buried is all strife and ire,
'Neath the snow-drifts blowing.

Cider quaff and apples peel,
Laughter join with singing;
Buoyant hopes for future weal.
While Time goes a-winging.

THE FOUNTAIN

We hear thy merry gurgle,
As we plod along the way,
O'er dusty road, in summer,
Under Sol's fierce, scorching ray,
And wonder why thou singest
Through day and drowsy night,
When few there be that come thy way
To witness thy delight.

The moss grows thick about thy brink,
And willows gently nod
As if they were of human kind,
Not product of the sod;
The sun sips up, unconsciously,
The evanescent mist,
And moon and stars together
In thy presence come to tryst.

The birds imbibe thy dulcet notes,
And with them speed away,
To make the woods and fields resound
With thy sweet roundelay.
And lull to rest the weary brain
From city's toiling mart,
That seeks release in woods and dells
In touch with Nature's heart.

Thy waters, pure as crystal,
Form a rivulet of song,
That ripples, through the meadows green,
Right merrily along,
Until they reach the river,
And from thence the ocean wide,
To dash and surge forever
In its ebbing, flowing tide.

MID-SUMMER SCENES

There's beauty all about us,
In the sky and everywhere;
The sun reflects its splendor
Through this glorious summer air;
These scenes are most entrancing
In these closing days of June,
While our heart-beats trip the faster,
In perfect time and tune.

The many blooming roses
Are exhaling fragrance sweet;
That is as breath from Heaven,
And to mortals such a treat;
This month of months, this June-time,
Of whose praises now we sing,
Contains for us but thirty days,
Yet these, how comforting!

Perhaps all days are June days,
On the other side of life;
And those who sadly sorrow here,
Will there be free from strife;
Perhaps these are reminders
Of the days that are to be,
In that fair realm beyond our ken,
That land of mystery.

THE RAINBOW'S PROMISE

The bow we see in yonder sky
Gives promise of what is to be;
Our vision clear that we may see
The hues which so enchant the eye.

Though very far away from earth,
In realms of vastness, out in space;
Our Maker's works we there may trace,
Discern where stars were given birth.

The rains descend and thunders crash,
Yet fear we not, for well we know
The meaning of that heavenly bow,
Its sequel follows storm and flash.

In fancy, let this symbol bend
Forever, wheresoe'er we roam;
In shop, on farm, or in the home,
Its influence sweet on us descend.

FEBRUARY DAYS

Soon the winter will be over;
 Soon we'll feel the breath of spring;
Soon the ice-locked days will lengthen;
 Soon we'll hear birds caroling.

This short month, the last of winter;
 This the time for birds to mate;
This the time for lads and lassies;
 This no time to longer wait.

Don't you know that this is leap-year?
 Don't you know it, lassies dear?
Don't you know you must be active?
 Don't you know the coast is clear?

You have waited for its coming;
 You have watched its waxing moon;
You have dreamed, while sleigh-bells jingled;
 You have said: "Dear love, come soon!"

Now your prayers are being answered;
 Now your plans should take effect;
Now or never, do not parley;
 Now's the time you should elect.

Speak the word, and speak it quickly;
 Speak so you'll be understood;
Speak, and settle qualms of conscience;
 Speak, and say what's for your good.

From this month of February,
 From this date his heart entwine;
From these closing days of winter,
 You'll secure—Your Valentine.

IV Pæans of Patriotism

TODAY WE GATHER AT THE GRAVE

(Memorial Day.)

Today, we gather at the grave,
And shed our tears for soldiers brave,
Who gave their lives in Freedom's cause,
In deeds of might—for righteous laws.

Each teardrop sparkles like a gem
In heaven's brightest diadem
Of darkest night, 'mong worlds so vast,
A symbol bright that's sure to last.

A sacred spot in hearts of ours,
And in it blooms these rarest flowers,
Whose fragrance sweet and beauty bright
Shall waft to heaven in mystic flight.

Then honor to our soldiers brave,
That with their valor freed the slave,
And saved our flag of stripes and stars,
While in the dust trailed stars and bars.

Their lives, to us in memory dear,
Will ever shine—yes, shine more clear;
The scrolls of valor and of fame
Will e'er enshrine the soldier's name.

LINKS OF MEMORY

(Memorial Day, 1897.)

Blossoms bright and blossoms gay
Are the smiles of lovely May;
Laden with their perfumed cheer,
Dissipating mourner's tear.

Pluck the choicest of these gems
From the field and from the fens;
Form them into garlands rare
For the soldiers sleeping there.

Deeds of valor of the brave,
Saved the nation, freed the slave.
From their hardships, many died,
Battling for a nation's pride.

Grandly waves our banner high,
Freedom's emblem of the sky;
While so proudly thus unfurled,
It proclaims to all the world:

"We are free!" Let all the earth
Know the value and the worth
Of the soldiers of our land,
Who have passed beyond the strand.

Links of memory ever dear,
Cling more firmly, year by year;
While their deeds, with lustrous light,
Beam o'er Freedom's pathway bright.

AMERICA

(July 4, 1897.)

America! America!

Our dear, beloved land,
That reaches from Atlantic's shore
To far Pacific's strand;
From the northern farms of plenty,
And the home of snow and ice,
To a land of Eden mildness,
Of cotton, cane and rice.

The air we breathe is freedom,
With no sign of bondage taint;
A country fit for mortal
And quite good enough for saint.
It's good enough to fight for,
When occasion deems it wise;
It's a jewel on the planet
We fondly praise and prize.

The peal of shotless cannon
Can be heard among the hills,
That voice the patriot's feeling,
Over mountains, dales and hills.
High over towns and cities,
The grand old banner waves,
Triumphant in its glory,
O'er a land that's freed of slaves.

The bugle's note, the fife and drum,
The pomp and soldiers gay,
While marching through our busy streets,
In martial bright array,
Speak volumes to the veterans,
As they scan life's pages o'er,
And read with eyes now dimmed,
From those chapters writ in gore.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

The years flit by, on Memory's golden wing;
But still, we feel the bitter pangs and sting
Of long ago, remembrance, with a smart,
Now opes afresh the wounded, bleeding heart.

Our cherished hopes lie slumbering 'neath the sod;
A patriot soul is resting with its God;
But yet, we cannot fail to think and weep,
And long to have him waken from his sleep;

That we might see once more his boyish face,
And once again his manly form embrace;
Hold converse sweet, and hear his merry laugh
That rippled like the rills from which we quaffed.

'Tis said that time will dry the mourner's tears,
That well from depths of long and lonely years,
And scatter clouds, with friendly, springtime winds,
To clear the sky of sorrow-laden minds.

We know 'tis true, forgiveness we have borne
To foes that were in arms, but have foresworn;
And when we decorate the graves today,
Our tears will fall for brothers, Blue and Gray.

HARVEST SHEAVES FROM THE WAR

Gathering in the sheaves containing jewels rare;
Hear the reaper's music ringing in the air;
All our hearts rejoicing at the tuneful lay,
While they're gathering in the harvest of the day.

"Victory" on our banners gleaming in the sun;
"Hope" for those in bondage fairly has begun;
Brighter days are dawning, clouds are nearly o'er;
Bountiful the harvest we'll gather into store.

Blue the sky above us, brightly shines the sun;
Welcome comes the evening—work is nearly done;
Softly fall the moonbeams on the land and sea;
Now the war is over, sound the jubilee!

ALIVE

They are not dead, but only veiled from sight;
We hear their voices in the hush of night,
And feel their hallowed presence ever near,
With words of comfort; laden with good cheer.

Then why thus mourn, when sorrow is not ours?
The blush is seen, not gloom, upon the flowers,
That we are placing on the graves today,
To keep fond Memory's page from Time's decay.

Their forms are sleeping, 'neath the grassy mound;
Search as ye may, the spirit is not found
In such a place—but in the realms of life,
Where all is joy and peace, and free from strife.

Join with us, then, ye of the Blue and Gray,
And help to celebrate this sacred day;
Be ye on earth, or on the "other side,"—
Clasp hand in hand, and let us ne'er divide.

THE FOURTH OF JULY

The Fourth of July has come 'round once again,
 And with it the fife and the drum;
 The Eagle screams louder than ever before—
 Well knowing the Day that has come.

The bells in the steeples are clanging their chimes,
 While whistles unceasingly blow;
 The smell of gunpowder we sniff in the air,
 Long, long, ere the chanticleers crow.

The tomcat has hied himself under the barn,
 While Fido crawls under the shed,
 The mother-hen clucks her intelligent talk—
 "Dear chicks! Don't you get out of bed!"

"Fire Laddies" are up and ready to start
 At sound of the slightest alarm;
 They'll turn on a stream, should their service we need,
 And strive to protect us from harm.

The crackers are snapping; the anvils ring out
 Their tones all over the nation;
 Wherever the folds of Our Flag are unfurled,
 They'll have a grand celebration!

The "Red, White and Blue"—may these colors survive,
 To wave ever over the free;
 Dim be not these stars, 'till the stars of the night
 Cease shining for you and for me.

INDEPENDENCE DAY

The Day of Independence dawns again,
And freedom reigns.
Our glorious country, with this priceless boon,
Peals forth refrains,
Whose echoes vibrate with the fleeting years,
In sweetest strains.

All hail this glorious Independence Day,
For nation's birth!
Whose brilliant stripes and glittering stars
Shine o'er the earth.

THE FLAG

The ensign of our country, the Red, the White, the Blue,
Should always be exalted, and ever kept in view;
It is, to this great nation, a symbol of the free—
Each fluttering fold proclaiming the song of "Liberty!"

V Rhythms of Reflection

THE SEA OF LIFE

This life is a sea, and on it has drifted
Lo! millions of years, in the turbulent past,
From date of the dawn, when mountains were lifted,
To pierce the blue sky, and for centuries to last.

The seasons roll on and drift with the ages,
The flower and fruit each, in turn, has its day;
The records, long made, are dim on the pages
Whereon are the lines which are wasting away.

Man, too, has his day, amid calm and confusion,
Then passes away, to be merged in the past;
Forgotten so soon! life seems but illusion—
A waif of the sea, yet destined to last.

SHADE AND SHINE

Friends are parted, tears are shed,
Ties are severed, hearts are bled;
Shadows come and then the shower,
Lightnings flash with vivid power.

But the healing comes again,
Sunshine takes the place of rain:
After season's sore distress,
Rest, sweet rest, each soul shall bless.

TWILIGHT

Our eyelids ope in early morn
And view the rosy tints of day,
Now loosed from fetters of the night,
With sunlight's treasure hid away,
So soon to shine and bring its cheer,
And dry the nightfall's lustrous tear.

Its radiant fingers pierce the sky
In mellow beams of softened light,
That gains in power as minutes fly
Across the dome with mystic flight;
Then sable wings of darkest night
Will glow with morning's beauty bright.

And when the chariot wheels of Time
Have run their course o'er trackless space,
And passed the portals of the day,
Its twilight's glints we now can trace
In western sky, in glow of red,
While evening shadows round us spread.

We beckon sleep—sweet, peaceful sleep,
And dream the starlight hours away,
To waken in the coming morn
That ushers in another day.

ENDLESS TIME

We stop to think of the endless chain
Composed of the links of countless years;
Welded together by unseen law
Of sunshine's secret and cloudland tears.

We stop to count the transit of Time
By the sands that we find on the shore
Of the ocean, so vast in its pride,
As it swells with its turbulent roar,

We stop to count the jewels of night,
As they're scattered in sky of the blue;
That sparkle like gems of priceless worth,
When they're washed by the rains and the dew.

We ponder and think of the mountains,
Of the hills and the valleys and plains;
Of the cataract's wonderful leap,
Of the sunshine, the clouds and the rains.

We think of the past and the present,
And the future to which we'd attain;
With our cup of joy still o'erflowing,
While each effort seems feeble and vain.

Our eyes, filled with tears, pierce the future,
And our thoughts glide far back o'er the past;
While Time, with his hands on the dial,—
Of Eternity—ever shall last.

OLD AGE

"Old Age" is the ripening of man
Just ready for sickle of Time
To glean in his harvest of years,
Regardless of season or clime.

The furrows of many a year
Have wrinkled the once placid face,
And dimmed the eyes of their charm,
And form, of poetical grace.

The fruit that is ripe on life's tree
With leaves now so silvery white,
Have felt the sun's warm caress,
And the dews of full many a night.

"Old Age," at the top of the mount,
Looks dimly o'er scenes of the past,
And views the rough, surging main,
And a sky with clouds overcast.

He now turns his eyes to the sky,
To gaze on the radiant west;
While sunlight is fading away,
Time gathers him home to his rest.

LIFE'S STAGE

Life's a stage on which we act our part,
From early life—ere sun has climbed the hills
To shed its beams on transitory things,
And feel the influence of the morning wings—
Those rustlings soft our very being thrills.

We've played our part in manhood's early days,
'Mong blushing maidens in the reel and song;
And wandered through the orchard's blooming bower,
When moonlight gleamed o'er steepled church and tower,
In stilly night, whose hours were none too long.

To act our part in robust manhood days,
When shifting scenes were moving to and fro,
We battled with the busy cares of life,
For loving children and a noble wife,
That poverty and want they should not know.

The play goes on, and we are growing old,
And yet so feebly strive to act our part;
While music is so sweet we fain would stay
And linger 'round the wings to end of play;
But "Father Time" now signals us depart.

RESIGNATION

Come what will, be it joy or pain,
I'll be resigned my fate to bear;
And boldly strive the hill to climb,
Though weak and weary from despair.

DESPAIR AND HOPE

DESPAIR

My frail bark fails to hold its burden up,
While flound'ring in a trough of storm-swept sea;
The sun and moon their vigils fail to keep,
Along the transit, whence they guided me
In years ago, when youth, with vigor free,
Defied the fury of the angry deep;
While now, I, weak and weary, wail and weep.

HOPE

I catch the gleam of twinkling stars to-night,
That hide and seek among the inky clouds,
Now rifling in their scurried haste to flee
To other climes, and leave the blue sky free,
To dissipate what fear my soul enshrouds;
Thus buoying up my soul in hope and glee,
To offer praise, which now I give to Thee.

INGRATITUDE

An ingrate he who, thoughtless, ought to know
That blessings flow in many a shaded stream,
Where sunshine's weal outvies the clouds of woe,
Who, thankless, calls this life "An empty dream."

THE UNFINISHED SONG

Just one thought is what we're lacking,
To complete our favorite song;
Just one hint, dear Muse, we're asking—
Do not keep us waiting long.

Give us something quaint, poetic,
Savored with some strange romance,
Something with that bliss ecstatic,
That will all the world entrance.

Would you like to hear the story,
When it's set to tune and time?
If you'd share with us the glory,
You must rouse the thought to rhyme.

Say not nay, but heed our calling.
Come while shadows 'round us twine,
And unloose the chains enthralling
Make our dream-song all divine.

Must we see our song and story
Stranded on Time's wanton beach?
Must we lose the praise and glory,
We have tried so hard to reach?

Our desires lie dashed and scattered,
Swallowed by the surging stream.
Since the Muse our bright hope shattered,
"Life is but an empty dream."

NIGHT

'Tis night.

The rosy sun has left the faded sky,
Long, lingering rays have vanished from the west,
And naught remains but flashing gems of light,
Thick-studded in the dome adown its breast.

'Tis night.

The lamp is emptied of its precious oil,
That set aglow the world since day was born;
Its sleeping rays are resting from their toil,
To beam again, when mists have kissed the morn.

'Tis night.

The herds are home, and in soft slumber lie,
While moonbeams shed a somber, silvery hue,
Steal 'mong the vales and hills where foxes hie,
And leave their shimmering gleams on fallen dew.

'Tis night.

The tireless tick of clock that strikes the hour,—
The solemn chime of bell in lonesome strains,
And clattering sails from wind-mill on the tower,
Awake the stillness with their weird refrains.

'Tis night.

The firefly's jet shines brightly 'mong the reeds,
And solemn owls hoot loud from wayside tree;
The croaking frogs are heard from distant meads,
While crickets chirp their love-songs on the lea.

'Tis night.

We're off in dreams, and free from day of strife,
Among the spheres that dot the realm of space,—
In clime we claim to be the better life,—
Our fancied home whereof we've found a trace.

TO SLEEP

We lay us down to rest and sweet repose,
Now duty of the day is done;
To dream sweet dreams that savor not of woes,
But of rare sport with reel and gun.

We climb the hills and wade the purling stream,
And seek for game, both great and small;
For deer and elk, with eyes of flame agleam,
That soon will fade from rifle's ball.

Some noisy shutters waken us from sleep,
And shock our nerves, and make to flow
The sluggish blood that strives to wildly leap,
And set our body all aglow.

The humble god will not our eyelids ope,
But closes them with powerful weight;
And whispers nothings, tinged with rays of hope,
That we will sleep till hour of eight.

We soon again are lost and deaf to care,
Nor hear the clanging chime of bells,
That wakes to life the dreamy midnight air,
In measured tones of mournful knells.

Our busy brain, at last, has ceased to spin,
And calmly rests, new strength to gain;
So when we wake, we're ready to begin
To climb the summit we'd attain.

ON FANCY'S WING

I'm thinking now, and ofttimes have
For many by-gone years,
I'd straighten up and be quite brave,
And bury all my fears,—
And take what little cash I have,
Safe hid away at home,
And hie me hence to some fair land,
In luxury to roam.

Yet still, I keep on thinking so,
As months and years speed by,
And wonder if the time will come;
'Tis then I breathe a sigh,
At thought of leaving friends behind,
Again I think I'll wait
Until some genius builds a ship
To sail in airy state.

I am not young, you are aware,
Although on youth I dote;
Yet many a year has passed away,
Since first I cast a vote
For "Honest Abe," that grand, good soul,
Who had a mind to plan
The scheme to liberate the slave,
And make of him a man.

"Can it be so?" "Can this be true?"
These queries came to me,
"Is it within my scope of years
'The shackled' were made free?
When brothers fought in southern clime,
For justice and the right,
And cleared our nation's clouded sky,
To glow with Freedom's light?"

Have I to manly stature grown,
To be a prisoner here,
And never but in fancy see
The world I love so dear?"
I cannot bear the thought of this,
And oft I do complain;
Yet hope keeps telling me—"You'll live
To ride the Aeroplane."

LIFE'S JOURNEY

Our journey starts with benedictions bright,
From loved ones dear, that all may happy be;
No clouds to darken or obscure our sky,
Nor selfish wish that mortal could deny
To make this travelling on life's journey free.

We danced and skipped in early childhood's glee,
On ocean's beach, and watched the restless tide;
And climbed the zigzag pathway up the mount
To quaff the sparkling waters from the fount
That hidden lies in ambush on its side.

We've sung the song and listened to the lays
That came from lips now hushed in soulful sleep,
Whose music sweet in cadences so clear
Comes wafting o'er the years that seem so near;
Their mellow notes most touching make me weep.

We've sailed the sea at close of parting day
In sturdy craft, whose pilot, true and brave,
Stood boldly at the helm through fiercest gale,
And firmly grasped the well-filled buoyant sail,
To guide us into port, our lives to save.

NOT QUITE THE SAME

Fond hopes are builded in our youth,
When life was radiant with delight,
When joys supernal filled all space,
And naught but beauty charmed the sight,—
Are not the same,—not quite the same.

The stream that flowed through meadows green,
And sang sweet melodies of bliss,
Keeps singing on, adown the years;
But there is something that we miss,—
Not quite the same—no, not the same.

The mountain peaks that soared on high,
And pierced the overhanging clouds,
That sailed majestic through the sky,
And oftentimes looked like funeral shrouds,—
Are not the same,—not quite the same.

The wish for wealth and worldly fame,
That we might rank with greatest men,
With power to act and will to do,
By strength of muscle, or with pen,—
Is not the same,—not quite the same.

As age creeps on, youth's dream departs
To vanish like the morning mist;
The fancies that were childhood's dower,
Whose charm our youth could scarce resist,—
Are not the same,—not quite the same.

PARTING WAYS

The many ways, divergent tho' they be,
'Mong mortals in this world of care and strife,
Do ebb and flow, like surges of the sea;—
This is human life.

Men speed along, elate with hope and zeal,
With skies serene, and buoyant sails unfurled
To catch the breeze with tropic-laden weal—
To sail the world,

But shifting winds, from quarters once 'so fair,
Come with their fiercest fury from far zone.
Like angered beast, now loosed from fettered lair,
With hideous groan.

They reef their sails, prepare to stem the gale
That racks their frame and blinds as if 'twere night,
Or some lone waste, or dreary, dismal vale—
There lost from sight.

Others there be, less favored, drifting down
The stream, with little fear from storm or tide;
With not a thought of care, they face the frown
Of ocean wide.

So goes the world, some eager, in the strife;
While many hear refrains of sweetest praise.
'Twas ever thus, adown the stream of life
Of parting ways.

RESTING ON THE OAR

We rest upon the oar, while drifting with the tide,
As list we to the wavelets passing by,
Whose dreamy notes in splashes lave our side,
And star-jets glitter in the azure sky.

The moon now peeps o'er yonder eastern rim
Of vast expanse of ocean gleaming wide,
And send its silvery shimmers o'er the waves,
Like heavenly greetings from the other side.

We sing our sweetest songs, so calm and clear,
That vibrate to a bright and distant clime,
Where angels dwell in harmony supreme,
And touch the tender heart-strings most divine.

We drift along the varied streams of life,
With oars now ready when the storms come near
To dash us to a wild and watery grave;
We'll seek a harbor safe and have no fear.

Our work is ended, rest we on the oar,
And listen to the tap of signal bell,
While distant beacon light shines brightly forth,
We hearken! 'Tis the night call: "All is well!"

DRIFTWOOD

Driftwood, driftwood—many forms and kinds,
Down the stream are drifting;
Tossed about on every foaming crest,
Of the waters' dark and heaving breast,
Driftwood, ever drifting.

Driftwood, driftwood! We would like to know
Why you're drifting, drifting!
From your distant home no word you bring,
Whether under potentate or king,—
Silent, while you're drifting.

We can see you in your forest home,
Vernal growth of beauty,
Waving with your shady bower of green,
Shielding dainty fairy—wood-nymph queen,—
Then, you were not drifting.

Woodman's ax or tempest's stress and crash,
Sadden'd havoc's rifting!
Torrents washed your body to the stream,
Wavelets held you while you seemed to dream;
Hence, we find you drifting.

All along the varied streams of life,
Driftwood—man is drifting;
Launched upon the restless sea of Time,
Tossed about in ever-changing clime;
Driftwood—onward drifting.

MORNING

The day awakes from dreamy, star-lit night,
And stretches forth her arms in glowing rays
That pierce the heavens with mellow shafts of light,
And make the welkin ring with songs of praise.

The feathered songsters twitter on the bough,
The zephyrs sway them in the scented air;
The clarion notes now heard from yonder mow
Send prowling foxes to their secret lair.

The buds and blossoms ope their sleepy eyes,
Now dimmed with gems from midnight's crystal dew;
The trees rejoice at flaming eastern skies,
And wave their branches in the ruby hue.

The lakes and streams catch early sunlight's gleam
That dance o'er rippling, shimmering silvery wave;
The white sands and the pebbles brightly beam
From morning's kiss where waters sweetly lave.

The shadows flit athwart the western sky,
When chased by morning's glowing, golden ray.
They tarry not to ask the reason why,
But vanish like the mists of ocean spray.

ADRIFT IN A STREAM

Out from the shore, away I'm drifting
Onward with the flowing stream;
Oarless, I must brave the danger
Of this fearful, madd'ning dream.

Friends I had, and truly loyal,
Friends that oft have given me cheer;
Fancy—they have all forsaken—
Failed to answer; "I am here!"

While I drift, a spell comes o'er me;
What it means I cannot tell;
Worlds I'd give to know the meaning;
Worse suspense than convict cell.

Ruined are my hopes for succor;
Ransom not for me to gain;
Round about, the landmarks vanish;
Rigid grow my limbs with pain.

In the distance, there's a glimmer;
Is it fancy's idle flight;
Is it earnest prayer's fruition—
Inter-stellar gleam of light?

Thus I queried as I drifted;
Thus I dreamed the night away,
Till from sleep I was awakened,—
Thrust on shore at break of day.

SELF-SACRIFICE

He is a saint who shares his joy with sorrow,
Trusting that Dame Nature will to-morrow
Send her sunshine bright in golden showers,
O'er towering peaks, to gleam through shaded bowers.

A saint indeed who seldom thinks of self,
Whom Goddess Fortune favors with her pelf;
But, with an open hand and noble heart,
Doth strive to bless and do the better part,

And share the burdens of the sore distressed
That travel o'er life's highways—sore oppressed,
With sorrow bent, from cares of many years
That seek an outlet in those bitter tears.

To give, and freely give, will not suffice,
If love's not mingled with the sacrifice,
And bound in emblematic cords of gold
That ever to each mortal doth unfold.

THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD

Our hats we doff to nib and quill,
Well knowing of their trenchant power;
The sword will wound and oftentimes kill.
And cause the weak to cringe and cower.

The pen well poised in steady hand,
And brain on fire will right a wrong;
The pen holds sway in every land,
Tho battling with a million strong.

SHADOWS

Night's curtains, drawn at setting of the sun,
With waves of darkness drown the gleaming light,
That burned with brightness to our mortal sight
While Sol, from rim to rim, his course has run.

Fond music's strains, in dreamy minor keys,
That fade in echoes 'mong the hills and dells,
To rippling rills their secret sweetly tells
And whispered notes that melt in twilight's breeze.

Both youth and age are laden with deep sighs
That shadows cast in sorrow 'long the way;
And sever, from the hopeful and the gay,
The sunshine brightness of their summer skies.

LOST

If what we've lost be simply earthly dross,
We should not grieve, nor should it cause us pain;
But grieve for moments gone to waste—
A loss which mortals never can regain.

POWER

If we had power of fancy, we would fly
To realms beyond the far-off azure sky;
Beyond the veil that curtains day from night,
Beyond the mystic's farthest sense of sight.

There we would roam, unfettered by our wills,
O'er mounts poetic, with their rhythmic trills.
There life would be one constant psalm of bliss,
Entranced by Nature's loving smile and kiss.

Had we the power, we'd strive to turn the tide
That sweeps along, with current deep and wide,
To channels broader, clearer, more humane;
The brighter, better side of God's domain.

We would not care to use our added power
To slay the weak, nor even them to cower;
But lift them up to heights sublimer far,
Where love holds sway, with naught to grieve or mar.

We'd message give, in language to be heard,
Sung to the ends of earth by fleet-winged bird;
That all might see and read, in letters bold,
The Precepts that are writ on leaves of gold.

STORM AND PEACE

Through darkest night, we're tossed about,
On waves of angry, foam-flecked sea;
Above the storm, the sailors shout,
While pulling onward toward the lea.

The lightnings glare and thunders roar,
Like demons, on the frenzied main,
That come to torture, more and more,
Through dreary nights of grief and pain.

Our prayers ascend to heaven above,
To Him who rules the winds and waves;
To quell the rage, and, with His love,
Protect us from untimely graves.

The rift that comes between the clouds
Lets lustrous star-gleams sift between,
To brighten what seemed funeral shrouds
To robes for Neptune's favored queen.

We're now at anchor in the bay,
And rocking on the drowsy tide.
We soon shall greet the new-born day,
That scatters sunbeams, far and wide.

Our lives are crafts on ocean wide,
That sail its waters o'er and o'er;
From youth to age, with fluttering mast,
Till safe at anchor on the shore.

CHRISTMAS EVE

We gather 'round the blazing coals, to-night,
Our hearts all teeming with a healthful glow,
And watch the lurid firelight's flickering flight
To region of the cloudland's banks of snow.

With one accord, we'll welcome Christmas Day,
That brings its beauteous wealth of harvest cheer,
To banish cares and scatter grief away,
Beyond the border of our earthly sphere.

It doth attune our hearts to sweetest key,
And welds them in an endless, love-linked chain,
Each pulse-beat quickening with a fancy free,
That swirls through sluggish chambers of the brain.

Our homes we'll deck with ivy's trailing vine,
And holly's brightness interlace with care;
While 'round our lives Love's incense all divine
Will rise to merge in consecrated air.

DREAMS OF FANCY

In sleep, our minds are free as summer breeze
That floats 'mong tropic isles, o'er misty seas,
While whisperings quaint, and radiant fancy gleams,
Come from the land of Nowhere—land of dreams.

Ofttimes, these flittings in the Morphean train
Inconstant seem, and muddle up the brain,
While Reason sleeps, the Jester plays his part,
And mischief makes with supple bow and dart.

He weds us to a lovely brunette dame,
But still there clings to her our good wife's name.
He gives us wealth in many mines of gold,
That all the vaults on earth would fail to hold.

By gay delusion, we are sometimes sped
Beyond this sphere, where holy angels tread,
To bask in sunshine on the heavenly shore,
And mingle with our friends of happy yore.

The fabric of a dream oft brings delight,
When woven in the loom of tranquil night,
Preceded by a day of joy and mirth,
It gives unshackled Fancy blithesome birth.

BEYOND THE HILLS

Beyond the hills—how distant it seems,
While crossing the meadows and fording the streams
That ripple with smiles, as onward we pass,
Through verdure and fragrance of tall waving grass.

Beyond the hills, the sun's early rays
Touch the tips of the morn with their hints of his blaze,
And are fanned to a flame by the wings of the night,
As it fades far away in its mystical flight.

Beyond the hills, through the mists and the rain,
We sighed for the bliss that we longed to regain,
Till hope sprang up with its sunlight and cheer,
And scattered the clouds from our dark sky of fear.

Beyond the hills, there's a region sublime,
Whose river of Love, from a sunnier clime,
Flows peacefully on to that quiet sea,
To the harbor of rest—Eternity.

TIME

The clock we see on yonder shelf
Reminds us of the lapse of time;
Its measured ticks and solemn strokes
Proclaim it is not idle rhyme.

Its fleeting wings we cannot see,
While in its transitory flight;
It seeks not friends, nor flees from foes,
Through aeons' endless day and night.

The furrows on our brows reveal
Its penciled lines that tell of care;
Our drooping forms, enfeebled steps,
Our vision dimmed, our silver hair.

While on it speeds, it ne'er forgets
To leave some subtle trace behind;
For those who are to follow on,
That will redound to all mankind.

With youth, it slowly seems to move;
In prime, there's hardly time for breath;
Old age, with scores of weary years,
Awaits sweet messenger of death.

As years roll on, the scroll unfolds
The secrets that it holds most dear.
We bide our time, with patience wait,
While hope transcends the bounds of fear.

EVENING'S HOUR

The sun has set behind the western hills,
And left a trace of crimson beauty there,
In gleaming wavelets on the dewy air,
And soft-winged silence meditation thrills.

The day's last kiss has brightened peak and tower,
Like burnished gold from far Alaskan mine,
As 'round their forms the silvery clouds entwine,
And shadows faintly fall at Evening's hour.

In dreamy haze, we watch the melting light,
As fades away the radiance of the day,
Each flickering spark and slightest hint of ray,
Merged in the bosom of the drowsy night.

We sit and muse on Time's swift passing flight,
While fold on fold of raven-darkness spreads
Its curtain o'er the land where mortal treads,
To seal from view this grand, majestic sight.

HALF A CENTURY

The century's circle's cut in twain,
One-half to us is lost to sight,
The other half, with dawning light,
In ripples, shimmers o'er the main.

We peer, with eyes now slightly dim,
O'er distance of the vanished years,
That fill our cup with smiles and tears,
That overflow its gilded brim.

Our first few years were fancy's dream,
In Eden's land of cloudless skies;
With mother's loving lullabies,
To float us on the quiet stream.

Our youth, more real, full of life—
Ready to pluck from Learning's tree
Knowledge, that grew spontaneous, free,
For use in future's needed strife.

Maturer years count gain and loss
On ledger, as we turn the page,
To add our pleasures, care and age,
Subtracting jewels from the dross.

May joy illumine 'til setting sun,
As wings of Time, in swiftest flight,
Sweep through the valleys—o'er the height,
Until, at last, our work is done.

BEATEN WAYS

Do they lead to land of sunshine,
Where the orange blossoms grow;
Or to dizzy heights of cloudland,
On their frigid mounts of snow?

Over prairie, through the woodland,
By the streamlet, on the strand,
Through the dells and fragrant meadows,
Or o'er desert's shifting sand?

Many are the beaten byways,
Glowing with the starry light;
Dazzling in its brilliant splendor,
On the outposts of the night.

Can we trust ourselves to travel
By the beacons thus displayed,
All along the ways divergent,
Can we say, "We're not afraid?"

Let us exercise our reason,
Study up the signs and plan,
Delve, and seek for truth and knowledge,
If we'd find the path for man.

"NINETY-NINE"

Swing wide the door for Ninety-nine,
And let the flood of light bring in
Its wealth of atmospheric wine,
So free from taint of strife and din.
O new-found year! Thou bring'st good cheer,
With sunshine-hope to gild each fear.

We've waited long to see thy face,—
Dear Ninety-nine, so young, yet old;
No sign of care we now can trace
On thy fair brow of perfect mold.
Thy voice is clear, thy breath is sweet,
Thy sunny smile we're glad to greet.

Our hearts are warm, though cold the blast
From Zero's home,—lo, far away;
We saw the Old Year breathe his last,
Ere we could bid thee come to stay;
But thou art here; we bless thy name,
Portending good for health and fame.

MUSIC

When parting day conceals its globe of gold,
And leaves for us the drowsy hours of night,
There come sweet strains, o'er mellow shades of light,
That drift us back to times and scenes of old.

How soft the music of the silvery bells,
While swiftly gliding o'er the frozen glare,
That tinkle sweetly in the wintry air,
While rapturous joy within our bosom wells.

The sacred harp, or ancient timbrel's ring,
Or sweep from bow on magic violin,
Entrance us—shield us from the grasp of sin,
And waft to fairer realms on seraph's wing.

The murmurs sad, that come from o'er the seas,
Are requiems from that mystic, unseen choir,
Whose voices fill the longing heart's desire
With soothing tones that may unrest appease.

The constellations, through the century's years,
Have blessed earth's mortals with their Lydian airs,
And lulled to golden slumber, free from cares,
Amid ethereal music of the spheres.

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE

Round and round, goes Fortune's wheel,
Down the vista of the years;
Making glad with sunshine's weal;
Sad with sorrow's bitter tears.

We have watched its plunges wild,
Over bridges weak from wear,
As we saw it, when a child,
Gaily decked with blossoms rare.

Watched it whirl through time and space,
With its worldly loss or gain;
We have seen the struggling race
Strive to rise, but all in vain.

There are some, among the few,
Life is but a holiday;
Every scene is fair to view,—
None to cross or say them nay.

Let us not our patience yield;
Ever seek for strength to rise;
Thus, in competition's field,
Gain the "Wheel of Fortune's" prize.

EMBERS

Hope is an ember that we keep in view,
That brightly shines through clouds of darkest hue,
To light the gloom, and leave the mind as free
As white-capped wave on agitated sea.

At times, we fear the latent spark has fled,
And left us naught but trace from whence it sped;
Till, searching 'midst the gloom of doubts and fears,
We find its halo circled 'round our tears.

We'll fan to flame the flickering ember's light,
Now cradled in a bed of ashy white,
And warm to life its fading crimson glow,
To melt the arctic heart of ice and snow.

When life, with all its cares and strife, is o'er,
This vital spark will leap to yonder shore,
And bid "good morn" to day now just begun,
While o'er the sea creeps up the golden sun.

A RIFT IN THE CLOUDS

Tell me truly, can it be
That the clouds are breaking?
That the rift I'll surely see,
At the morn's awaking?

Sunlight I have sought for years,
And my vision wandered
'Round the wide horizon's rim,—
Wearily I pondered,

Why the glow had left my sky,—
Left me sad and yearning
For one ray of hope again,
Found in embers burning,—

Something bright to give me cheer
In my time of sorrow,
That will banish clouds of fear
On the coming morrow.

Tell me truly, can it be
That the clouds are breaking?
That a rift will there be seen
In the morn's awaking?

THE OLD BURYING GROUND

With saddened heart, I stroll around,
Through Memory's quaint old "Burying Ground,"
Where sleep the generations past,
That pinned their faith on Gabriel's blast

To waken them from death's long sleep,
That they might mount, where angels keep
Sweet vigils through an "endless time,"—
In Eden's land, that "Heaven sublime."

The tombstones in this sacred place
Show Time's decay; and I can trace
Forgotten names, 'neath mosses grown,
By which their past can now be known.

Time's fingers weave a garland bright
About their memory's fading light,
Whose dust lies silent 'neath the sod;—
Whose souls are resting with their God.

While I to manhood's state have grown,
The years have left me sad and lone;
Oft dreaming, as Time's wheel rolls 'round,
Of that quaint, old-time "Burial Ground."

FATE'S DECREE

The cares of life now crowd our added years,
To weight us down, and, with the bitter tears
That well from founts o'erflowing from the brim,
To drown us in its flood,—no strength to swim,
No power to grasp, or ray to cheer our sight,
Along the troublous sea of darkest night.

Our mourning casts the shadows of the tomb
O'er those not equal to this added gloom;
Thus misery is scattered all around,
Wherever human beings may be found,
That drink from cup the bitter draught of woe,
And turn their backs on friends, to welcome foe.

"This is our fate," so saith the flickering star,
That o'er our heads at birth gleamed from afar;
And set the vibrant waves of life awry,
That all the world might hear our bitter cry.
We wonder that the fates should so decree.
That we from shackles never should be free.

Perhaps, in years to come, if we could see,
Good will supplant the place of Fate's decree;
Instead—"Oblivion to the fated soul"—
The final resting place will be the goal;
Serene in Paradise, the heart's desire,—
That longed-for bourne to which we all aspire.

TIMES OF WAITING

Only waiting for a moment,
Till the passing clouds roll by,
After scattering misty vapors
From the fleecy homes on high,
To make the grass blades glisten
And rivulets sweetly sing,
Since Winter's loosed its fetters
And ushered in the Spring.

Just waiting for the Summer,
When the months of Spring have fled,
When buds and blossoms gaily peep
From out their lowly bed,
And shake their bright, gay plumage
In the Summer's balmy breeze;
'Tis wafting through the meadows
And rustling through the trees.

Oh! Sahara's sweltering sun
Of Summer's fervent heat,
That lies in ambush, stealing
Nature's cool retreat;
And we are sad and weary,
As we plod along the road,
Like Bunyan's lonely pilgrim,
Borne down by sorrow's load,

Awaiting Autumn's sunset,
Whose sky is all aglow
With beauty's gleaming cloudland,
Beyond the land of snow;
Whose tempered winds are welcome
By day as well as night,
That make all Nature's pictures
So gorgeous to our sight.

We wait for snows of Winter,
So cold and sparkling white,
That flit about our doorways
In mystic forms at night.
The frozen ponds and rivers
Are mirrors made of ice,
Reflecting spheres of beauty
From realms of Paradise.

We find in all the seasons
Extremes of heat and cold,
And make the best of Nature
When we are growing old;
When nearly through life's journey,
So patiently we wait
For voices sweet of loved ones
Now waiting at the gate.

FOLLOW THE GLEANER

Follow the gleaner, to and fro,
Backward and forward, round and round;
Constantly keeping on the go,
Gathering sheaves from off the ground.
Gathering sheaves,
Rich, golden sheaves.

Many a sheaf of well-gleaned grain
We'll store in bin for bye and bye;
Gather them in before the rain—
Sheaves well-laden with wheat and rye.
Gather them in,
Grain for the bin.

Songs of the harvest sing we now;
Summer is past; the fall is here;
Lonely and bare becomes the bough;
Frosts are telling that winter is near.
Gathered are sheaves.
Bright, golden sheaves.

Follow the gleaners, age by age—
Prophets and seers of the past;
Wisdom they've left on Time's great page,
Destined to live while mortals last.
Golden these sheaves.
Well-gleaned sheaves.

WRECKS.

We view the wrecks along our shores,
Now relics of far better days;
They're good for naught, and tossed about
Among the rocks, in lonely bays.

These wrecks their secrets ne'er reveal,
For they are hidden in the deep;
We'll have to guess what tale of woe
The friends may tell, for whom they weep.

The shores of life are strewn with wrecks,
That once the world looked on with pride;
Behold them now; they're almost lost,
'Midst shifting winds and restless tide.

Among the wrecks in human gaze,
A spark, mayhap, is found to glow;
And then, again, a germ is found,—
If given a chance, will surely grow.

There may much treasure there be found,
In hulks left floundering 'long the coast;
Wherewith to build far grander ships,
Of which the world at large may boast.

'Mong wrecks we find of ships and men,
There's salvage plenty that will pay.
To those disposed to seek and save,
Rich harvests wait for them alway.

NOT YET

Are we ready to sail o'er the billowy tide
To climes that are fairer than this;
Where winters and summers have soft, balmy air,
And life is continual bliss?

Not
Yet!

Are we ready to lay down our burdens and care,
And rest on our smooth, gliding oars,
That skim o'er the surface of Time's boundless waves,
'Till the keel grates the pebbly shore?

Not
Yet!

Are we ready to pluck from the garden of life
The flowers that grow by the way;
Avoid all the thorns that now harrass the soul,
And bask in the sunshine of May?

Not
Yet!

Are we ready to part with our sobs and our sighs,
And the cause of our burdens and care,
That shuts out the light from the heaven's blue heights
With beauties so wondrously rare?

Not
Yet!

Sometime we'll be ready to reap all the bliss
That's found under favorable sky;
We'll cull all the blossoms bespangled with gems,
To wear in our crowns, bye and bye.

BOOKS

When mortal friends have vanished from my sight,
Or when the light of day is merged in night,
'Tis then I hie to den or quiet nook,
And find companionship in some good book.

Books are true friends; more precious far than gold;
No matter whether new, or numbered 'mong the old;
And in my childhood, I, with fancy free,
Their wisdom grasped, 'mid innocence and glee.

They had their place in life's bright early morn—
At time when intellect was newly born;
And, as the sun began to mount the sky,
New leaves were turned for Reason's watchful eye.

Delight I take, while reading page on page,—
The product of philosopher and sage,—
Which shines as brightly as the noon-day sun,
When at the zenith, in its daily run.

Life is too short, much like a fancied dream,
To hurry through the pages that now beam
With knowledge deep, and which I fain would know,
To make this sphere terrestrial, heaven below.

There's Nature's book, within the reach of all;
'Tis ever ready when we choose to call;
It shows, unerringly, her wondrous plan
But leaves some mysteries to be solved by man

DARKNESS AND DAYLIGHT

Once all the Universe was veiled from sight,
And wonders of the world, with fancies bright,
To greet its human beings with delight,
Were growths of Day evolved from darkest Night.

There was a time when not a gleaming star
Shone in the ethered firmament afar;
No Luna rays gleamed 'cross the harbor bar,
Where waves tempestuous oft were wont to mar.

We now have night, with moon and stars displayed;
While in the north, at times, there is arrayed
Aurora's tints that glint o'er hills and glade,
And wheresoe'er a continent is made.

The years for which the world has long to wait,
Came on apace, and not a moment late;
They opened wide Morn's rosy-tinted gate,
Revealing destined grandeur as its fate.

THE RIVER

O, come with me, love, to the beautiful river,
And list to its ripples, that sing day and night;
Where moonbeams and sunlight, in fairy-like splendor,
Go dancing so blithely in rhythmic delight.

'Tis quaint and romantic; its banks wave with grasses,
And willows by thousands sip life from the stream;
The frogs, in grand chorus, the sleepers awaken
From slumbers profound, while enmeshed in a dream.

The splash in the distance creates a commotion,—
Among the gay fishes, delighting in play,
The hawk swiftly darts, and we see in the distance,
It flying aloft with a "shiner" as prey.

The dip of the oar, as it splashes the water,
Is music poetic to lover's quick ear;
The oarlocks click time in the faintest of measure,
While over the wavelets come laughter and cheer.

Great cities and towns make their home by the river;
The commerce of nations oft plies to and fro;
We fish on the banks, and bathe in its waters,
And skate in mid-winter, o'er ice-fields aglow.

The River of Life is a turbulent river;
At times, it is peaceful, and void of all strife;
Again, it is rough as the rage of the ocean,
At war with itself, to exterminate life.

A SCENE ON LIFE'S STREAM

Life's stream, at first, seemed slight for mortal craft,
Yet still the boat had but a feather's weight,
That scarcely registered the faintest draught,
And failed its tonnage on the list to rate.

As months and years went by, the stream grew large;
The craft, from feathery weight, had stately grown;
And, as it tossed quite near the river's marge,
On wavelets which before it ne'er had known,

It passed huge banks, dim woods and mountains high,
That veiled themselves in clouds of snow-white mist;
And pierced the dome of "Terra's" blue-tint sky,
That oft the Morn, when waking, fondly kissed.

On, on, it sailed, through many days and nights;
Ofttimes near shoals and sturdy, rock-bound coast,
Where fog-horns, and the brilliant signal-lights,
Helped much to make the port it loved the most.

The journey ended. There spread out to view
A "World of Bliss," but on another sphere,
Where joy supernal, 'neath its heavenly blue,
Much promise gave that mortals need not fear.

New life, new lives and oldtime lives renewed
Were joys too great to contemplate aright;
Yet such the scene, whichever way 'twas viewed,
From fountain-head to Harbor of Delight.

THE WINTER OF LIFE

Full consummation of the years
Is ours. Why tap the fount of tears
If locks are spare and white,
From cares perplexing throughout life,
'Midst turmoil and its daily strife—
It's now supremely bright.

The spring, the summer and the fall,
Then winter's mantle over all,
And this the time for rest.
The weight of years our heads has bowed
Yet we can see the rifted cloud—
An omen for the best.

The fruit that tempts our longing sight
Was grown in darkness and in light,
That it might ripen well.
Man, too, needs both his night and day
To round out life, then pass away,
While softly tolls the bell.

TYPEWRITER

Clickety-clack, the letters we strike
Impressions created for wrong or for right;
The clack that we click on the keyboard of Time,
Should be the true click of Nature's sweet chime.

The ribbon grows dim, from use and from age;
The ink leaves its footprints on many a page;
The ribbon of thought that forms in the brain
Should be bright as the sky, no cloud-marks or stain.

Clickety-clack, with unvarying chime,
Bobbing backward and forward, in rhythmical time,
May our lives glide as smoothly. and, at click of the bell,
Be ready to answer: "It is well! It is well!"

MANHOOD'S PRIME

We much admire a manly man,
He who is in the prime of years;
The time when he is best equipped
To cope with hundreds of his peers.

It is the time to be alert,
And put one's shoulder to the wheel;
For if it move, it should move then,
Hence needs a will and hearty zeal.

In prime of life, man's at his best,
The apex of his every power;
Then is the time to court success,
For soon the clouds of age will lower.

Then push and pull, with no let-up,
From break of day until the night;
A hold-on grip, with brawn and brain,
Will conquer with a manhood's might.

The time will come, and very soon,
When prime of life will pass away;
A few brief years, with much to gain,
Before old age has final sway.

SLEEP

Night is the time to sleep and dream away
The hours whose shadows are illumed by stars;
The hours when moonbeams' soft and mellow ray
Shines forth from heights above the nautic spars.

'Tis "Nature's sweet restorer—balmy sleep;"
And well it is that we can find repose,
And rest our wearied eyes that fain would weep—
So we can bury all our worldly woes.

Ofttimes, the gates of night are open wide,
And all our efforts for relief are vain;
We long to have those moments swiftly glide,
And thus release us from Insomnia's reign.

Unconscious hours that are akin to death,
So free from worldly strife—in arms of rest;
Life is discerned by slow and bated breath,
Or heavings of the animated breast.

Thrice welcome sleep!—thou blessed boon to keep;
That gives us strength to battle with the day;
We also welcome that eternal sleep
When from this life we step across the way.

WATCHING

We so patiently are watching,
In the sky serene above,
For the glimmer of the "hope star,"
With its beams of joy and love;
Has it sailed on foreign mission,
To the outer realms of space,
Leaving not a star to guide us,
While this boundless vast we trace?

Has the sparkle gone forever
From our vision here below?
Has its influence good been severed
Leaving us in silent woe?
Is this fancy—are we dreaming
That our guiding star has fled
From the realms beyond life's portal,
Leaving darkness in its stead?

Sometimes moonlight strikes our vision,
When we scan the heavens o'er;
Sometimes startling, brilliant meteor
Flashes swiftly, as of yore;
But those flashes often blind us,
With their lurid gleams of light,
That steal o'er us in our sadness,
In the lonely hours of night.

Wipe the moisture from our eyelids,
Dry them by the noonday sun;
Can it be this star is hiding,
And to bless us will it shun?
Ah! we see! the star is shining
Yonder in the azure dome;
While we're watching, it is waiting
As a guide to lead us home.

NOVEMBER

He.

"November is here, my dear, my dear!
And with it I see no sign of cheer;
The creeks and the rivers are freezing tight,
I fail not to feel its stinging bite.
It's here, my dear, November is here!"

"I shrink from the sight of its icy breath,
Congealing so fast, sure sign of death;
While Boreas comes with drifts of snow,
And with his ne'er ceasing north-winds blow.
It's here, my dear, November is here!"

She.

"November is here, my dear, my dear!
And with it I find there's much to cheer;
The fire is bright, with its glowing light,
What a charming sight for us tonight;
It's here, my dear, November is here;

"The cellar is stocked with all that's good;
We are not lacking for food or wood;
Both of us, dear one, are blessed with health,—
Far better, I ween, than hoarded wealth.
It's here, my dear, November is here!"

Together—He and She.

We'll make of each month the very best;
November, as well as all the rest;
Assured that we have each other, dear,
There's nothing to fear, from year to year.

OUR FATE

Life's book we ope, and glance its pages o'er;
We cut the pack, the card we turn is eight;
We read the sign in astrologic lore,
And wonder still what is to be our fate.

We climb the mount, and peer o'er valleys vast;
We scan the deep of ocean's billowy blue;
We watch the clouds that sail o'er lowering mast,
For that one secret that's withheld from view.

The night is dark; a flash lights up the sky;
The wind's sad moaning fills all ethered space—
Such harbingers as these, we know not why,
Forebode much evil to the human race.

Yet we will not our pleasures long forego
Nor effort make to change what, soon or late,
Must come to all; quite sure 'tis weal or woe;
Whate'er it be, accept it as our Fate.

THE PEN

Stub is the pen with which we now indite,
Yet pointed are the thoughts we wish to write;
So take ye heed, when trifling with the pen
That wields such power among the sons of men.

With aid of pen are written all our laws—
Not perfect, but containing many flaws;
Yet with the pen are written words of love,
And wisdom deep, whose source is from above.

With pen, we sign away our world's estate;
Give note of hand to which we fix a date;
By some mishap, we fail to get the gold—
The sheriff pens his lines—estate is sold.

The pen is used when man and woman wed;
'Tis used, alas, when we are known as dead.
It was the pen that freed a million slaves,
And many times the doomed man's life it saves.

The pen we use, when writing prose or verse—
Perhaps sometimes at length, and then quite terse.
The pen we'll dip, until the well goes dry,
For good of all, both now and bye and bye.

FACES WE MEET

Curious faces oft we meet,
While we're passing down the street;
Some like springtime, all aglow,
Just emerged from winter's snow.

Others like the summertime,
Sunny smiles and laughter's chime;
Rippling mirth in time and tune
With the lovely month of June.

Then we see the autumn look,
Read it as from out a book.
Care and sorrow show their trace,
Saddened look and furrowed face.

Now we see a face we know,
Auburn locks are turned to snow;
Springtime, summer, autumn past,
Winter's cold has made its cast.

While we scan these faces o'er,
We can see the seasons four—
Dimpled child and youth's bright page,
Manhood's prime and ripened age.

MEMORIES

There are memories of joys in the years gone by,
That shine, brightly shine from the past,
Like gems in the crown of canopied night,
That twinkle o'er towering mast.

A fairy-like dream is the dream of our youth,
'Mong the scenes when fancy was free,
When meadows were waving their oceans of green,
Fanned gently by breeze from the sea.

The brooklet that wended its way through the glen,
And sang through the day and the night,
Continues to sing in its sweetest of strains,
As Time wings with swiftness its flight.

Our heart with fond memories o'erflows from its brim,
To drown all of sorrow and strife,
And leave not a shadow of woe with its sting,
As a sign of our struggle with life.

The bright, golden kiss at the dawn of our day,
Has made all the scenes fair to view—
Dispelled every cloud of the vanishing years,
And linked olden times with the new.

CONSCIENCE

A whispering voice we hear within,
Not heard by mortal ears,
That wafts its vibrant notes to us
Through days, and months and years.
This voice so gentle breeds no fear
In mortal with its mission;
Its voice ne'er raised, except for right,
With timely admonition.

When thoughts go wandering from the path,
In ways of the transgressor,
The "still small voice" keeps whispering on,
And acts as intercessor.
We know what's right, we know what's wrong:
Then why thus do we worry?
The road is forked to left and right,
The guide-board tells the story.

Our eyes are blinded often-times;
The right way dims our vision;
The reason is our eyes are closed,
And we're in mental prison.
Pull down the bars of prison walls,
Let sunlight filter in,
To shed its healing balm around,
And keep us pure within!

REST.

It is for rest, that we need and seek,
When work is done at the end of the week;
We let all the thought of toil pass by,
The rents, the stocks, to sell and to buy.

We sail the sky in a great, high swing,
And romp with the "kids," and drink from the spring;
We play on the green, as when quite young,
And oft in the bush by bees are stung.

We sleep and we chat, we sing and we eat;
Give rest, sweet rest, to our hands and feet.
Our brain cares not for change or chance,
When lost are we in a song or dance.

Too much we toil for our clothes and bread;
And we fret and fume till all but dead;
This fact we must heed—"slow up our pace,"
If win we would in the world's great race.

THE OTHER DAY

The other day, not long ago,
Dear mother rocked her babe to sleep;
And sung her sweetest lullabys,
While angels loving watch did keep.

"The other day," to boyhood grown,
This plant once nursed with tend'rest care,
Beheld the future's gleaming light,
In castle windows of the air.

"The other day," with footsteps light,
We joined in dance of soulful glee;
Our cheeks aglow with rosy hue
Of morning sunbeams, light and free.

"The other day" brought with it care,
And sometimes worry, fear and strife;
It also brought the joy of home,
With children dear, and loving wife.

"The other day" locks turned to gray,
And eyes bedimmed—but not with tears,
Saw in the future nearest goal,
The end of man's allotted years.

ART

How strange this world, of which we're part,
Would look without some touch of art;
The rough, wild look on Nature's face
Needs touch of art to give it grace.

'Tis art gives polish to the mind
Of sluggish soul a spark to find;
And kindle into blaze a flame
Of wondrous power—of lasting fame.

The works of Greece and Rome portray
Of many forms a bright array;
From rough hewn rocks the life we find
Infused with soul by genius mind.

Cathedrals grand, with steeples fine,
With magic touch of art divine,
Have linked the worship of the ages
From savage man to learned sages.

Art's canvas oft depicts to life
The battle scenes and bloody strife;
Madonna's face and angel child;
The rock-bound coast with surgings wild.

We see art in the poet's lines,
Whose noblest thoughts are clothed in rhymes,
So deftly plucked from boundless space,
And touched with art to give them grace.

Though devious are the ways to fame,
Art's golden letters gild our name;
To live true lives and do our part
May justly find a place in art.

POVERTY

Oh Poverty; thou bitter pill!

Composed of dregs from Nature's cup;
We seek not thy companionship,
Nor care thy frugal broth to sup.

We see thy wild and staring eyes,
While lying on thy humble cot
With brain on fire—no friends to help
To cool thy tears now scalding hot,

That flow in seams of care and strife,
Down cheeks now sunken in the fray;
With hope all gone—no ray of light
To guide thee through from night to day.

The world is cold—its warmth has fled
From out thy life of sobs and sighs;
Naught left but Vision's fancy wild
While peering through cloud-rifted skies.

Oh! Mother Nature, why neglect
Your offspring, careworn and distressed,
When plenty in this world abounds,
But not for God's own poor oppressed.

HUMANITY

Humanity means all mankind
Possessed of reasoning power—the mind;
To grapple problems of the age
And leave its impress on each page;
Sympathy's balm for those distressed,
Whose aching brows we've oft caressed,
Each added heart-beat bringing pain,
While burning fevers rack the brain.

To mothers who have laid to rest
Their darlings, taken from their breast;
Whose sunny smiles and joyous mirth
No more will shine again on earth.
To those who carry weight of years,
Whose eyes are dim with scalding tears
That flow from founts of toil, and strife,
While battling with the cares of life.

To those in darkest mental night,
Who grope about, and seek for light
To guide them o'er life's thorny way,
Beyond the vales of night to day.
To those who give their life, their all
For human needs—this sacred call;
No wish for gain, no selfish thought
Finds lodgment in a breast thus fraught.

Humanity for weak, for blind,
The bird, the beast, whatever kind.
A gentle tone, a word of praise
Will smother hatred—love will blaze.
Humanity, with links of gold,
A circlet forms that all enfolds;
Then to all people, far and near,
The guiding star will shine more clear.

THE BACHELOR'S VERSION

You may think that it were better
To live single all the while;
With no one around tormenting
With their keen, sarcastic smile.

You may think 'tis sunshine weather,
Not a cloud in summer sky;
Not a ripple on the surface,
When you see me passing by.

You can still persist in thinking
What a snap I have in life,
Not to have a home-life duty,
Care of children and a wife.

Not to go in dead of winter,
In the middle of the night,
For a doctor, two miles distant,
With my hair on end with fright.

All these things you keep on thinking,
Which you have a right to do;
But you're wrong, my friend and neighbor,
I will tell you something true.

If you'll listen to my story,
Brief 'twill be, and to the point;
It were better to be married
Than be ment'ly out of joint.

Happiness—I know not of it;
Stranger, since my childhood days;
All the pleasure life has for me
Is my pipe and fire ablaze.

Where's the girl I left behind me,
At the time I should have wed?
Gone? I know not! Yet 'tis sadder;
Some one else she's had, instead.

I'm a lonely, selfish mortal,
Floating on Time's restless wave;
It were better had I married,
Than alone this life to brave.

All alone—no one to cheer me;
Children dear, or loving wife.
It were better friend—yes, better,
Than this lonely, selfish life.

BROTHERHOOD

To live is not to live for self alone
It is to share with others of our kind;
In doing this, we'll surely best be known—
Our deeds reflect the status of the mind.

A brotherhood we'd have of marked degree,
That he who walks or runs at rapid pace
May read, if intellect he has to see
Our aim in life, pertaining to the race.

It is not wholly found in secret grips,
Nor in the confines of a well-tiled hall;
Nor obligations sealed 'tween human lips,
As if these were the crowning rights of all.

The brotherhood of man is large and free;
It knows no bounds, it reaches near and far,
It arches over land, and o'er the sea—
Perhaps, it reaches to yon farthest star.

This tie, formed here, is severed not by death,
But stronger grows when we have left this sphere;
'Tis quickened at the parting of the breath,
And carried on through an eternal year.

VI Jocular Jingles

THE MOSQUITO

Make way for the 'skito that's coming,
His bill to present to the throng;
He's out on a lark this fine evening,
And singing his lullaby song.

Music they say is enchanting,
Except to the poor dullard's ear,
But music backed up by a lancet,
Is more to be feared than to cheer.

The merry-go-round of its buzzing
Our nerves and our spirits array,
And the innermost wrath of our nature
Rebels at its insolent lay.

No style exists in its makeup,
Though formed with angelic wings—
It sails in so gently about you,
In order to get in its stings.

The impression that now is created,
Swells up with innocent pride;
But the itching and smarting that follows
No cuss-words from us can subside.

We love the music of nature,
Of bird and murmuring rill;
But deliver us, Lord, from the musical pest
That's forever presenting his bill.

"DEAR ANTHRA-CITE"

I'll talk of a sight
That gives me delight;
Not stars of the night,
But "Dear Anthra-Cite."

I managed to raise—
Which is rare nowadays—
Deserving of praise—
Enough for a blaze.

By hunting around,
A ton I thus found,
Just dug from the ground,
Jet-black, and all sound.

It's home, in the bin,
I see it, and grin.
I think it no sin
I gathered it in.

I'm nervous with fright,
All ready to fight,
Protecting my right,
From thieves, in the night,
To "Dear Anthra-Cite."

SPRING

The spring is come, I'd let you know,
That you might shovel off the snow,
Now two feet deep along the path,
And double this of pent-up wrath.

Some claim they've seen the robins here—
It must have been some time last year;
We give them credit for some sense—
Not figured out by pounds and pence.

We've heard the poets praise the sky,
And long for spring-days—with a sigh—
They've got it now—enough, we reck—
Just simply got it—in the neck.

One poet sings of "Winter's Wing,
Good-bye, good-bye, with frigid sting,"
The sting still lingers, while we gasp:
"If we need more, we'll surely ask."

The "Snow-drop's" frozen in the ice,
With firmness like unto a vice;
"Anemone," with gladsome glee,
Don't peep from snowdrifts—"bright and free."

"The Crocus" smiles beneath the snow,
At human beings, full of woe—
A-plodding through the drifts of ice—
While coal remains at same old price.

Good-bye, "Sweet Spring," you need not fear
We're anxious for your "breath of cheer;"
We'll trudge along, for summer wait,
For she will give us something great.

HUNTING FOR BOSSIE: A FARM EXPERIENCE

"Co' Boss! Co' Boss!" Where has the bossie gone?

I've searched the woods, the fields and valleys o'er,
And not a sign or trace of her I find,

And I am weary and my feet are sore
From grasses that have blades like keenest knife;

While thus I tramp through marshy meadows deep,
They torture bring and cause me much distress
In body and in mind that makes me weep.

I hear the tinkle, tinkle of her bell,

That makes my fainting heart with joy o'erflow;
From whence it comes, in north or in the south,
Or in the east or west,—I do not know;

I seem to locate sound 'most anywhere;—

But what can tired mortal think to do?

I'll try all points of compass, just for luck,

And thus a problem solve that's something new.

The problematic scheme fails to unbar;

In consequence, I circle 'round and 'round,
Until, in frenzy, I begin to reel,

And prostrate lie upon a mossy mound,
Perplexed in mind, and weary from the strain
Of seeking for the lost, both far and near;

While tinkling bell allures me with the ring
That vibrates in the stillness, tones of cheer.

"Co' Boss! Co' Boss!" I faintly cry in vain;

Where has she gone, thus to elude my sight?
I feel quite sure she is not very far,—

Yet twilight hours are fading into night;
Distressed, forlorn, I homeward plod my way,

While grieving that the hour has grown so late.
What's that? I listen; much to my surprise,

I find dear bossie waiting at the gate.

ONCE ONLY

Angelic form! To me, divine;
Though wingless, fairest of the fair;
With rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes,
And mouth—what luscious sweetness there!
Once only, from those lips, dear miss,
Impart the magic of thy kiss.

Those pouting lips, so tempting, red,
Like double blush on June-time flower,
That holds the honey in its cup,
At early dawn of summer's hour—
Once only, from such lips, dear miss,
Impart the magic of thy kiss.

I see thee in my dreaming hours,
With smiles that speak of heavenly bliss;
When starlight vigils, winging flight
Through Fancy's realm, so far from this,
Once only, do I plead, dear miss,
For one soul-thrilling, magic kiss.

Thy name and age is secret kept,
Close in the casket of thy heart,
Where love's fond treasure ever dwells,
Well guarded by a bow and dart.

Thou may'st be four,—perhaps but three,—
Let this remain a mystery.

'T WAS MOTHER'S WHEEL

Oh, dear! Oh, my! What will she say?
Her wheel is broke, in every spoke!
I hardly know what I'm to do—
It's time, I think, for me to croak.

She let me have her wheel to spin,
If I would promise to take care
And not go scorching all the while,
And make the coppers swear and tear.

A promise, then, to her I made
To slowly go, or not at all,
And try my best to fill the bill,
And not attempt to scorch with "Sol."

I soon was out of mother's sight;
The promise made I then forgot;
The fever grew, as on I flew,
And soon—ah, soon—I got "upsot."

My knees are skinned, my pants are torn,
My humpty hat is "bump for keep;"
The sand is raspin' out one eye—
The other's almost put to sleep.

The tarnal thing went just like this:
~~~~~ as if 'twas drunk;  
All loaded up with lager beer—  
The first I knew, it went "kerchunk!"

"Kerchunk! Kerchunk!" Why was I born?  
Perhaps for everyone to hate.  
There's goody-goods for most the boys;  
For me: "You're just a leetle late."

This world is nothin' now to me,  
'Cause I have busted mother's wheel;  
She'll send me straight to bed, I know,  
And I shall lose my "bestest meal."

### CHANGE

I like to hear the jingle in the pocket of my pants,  
There's something kind of cheery in its tone;  
For it makes a feller sprucer and stuck upon himself  
And not so very lonesome-like, alone.

I like a change of diet, never satisfied with mush,  
But oysters seem to suit me, on the shell;  
Be they "points," or simply "counts," it doth matter not  
at all;  
Most any change will suit me very well.

This climate is disgusting, and I want to go away;  
'Tis change I want, and want it very bad;  
I want to smell the blossoms in the California groves,  
But when I count my change, it makes me mad.

The seasons that are simple, and that suit my system best,  
Are not the "chestnut" seasons of the year;  
I like my salt and vinegar, and pepper sauce for two,  
With pretzels, kraut and foamy lager beer.

## THE MAID THAT I MISSED

She was beautiful and blithesome,  
None could with her compare;  
With rosy cheeks, and gracious mien,  
And wealth of flowing hair.

Her voice was like the nightingale's,  
That trills its song by night;  
It winged my soul away from earth,  
To realms of pure delight.

I'd sit with her beside the stile,  
Until the "bossie" came;  
And oftentimes wished my name was Smith,—  
That was the lucky name.

'Twas he she loved, not me at all;  
My suit I tried to press;  
Alas! It was but idle talk,  
That caused me sore distress.

My love was blind, I could not see  
Those freckles, I see now;  
Those cheeks, and hair—Venetian red—  
And poor excuse for brow.

That voice that called the "bossie" home,  
And was to me once dear,  
Has not the charm of other days,—  
Enrapturing notes so clear.

My name ain't Smith, but simply Jones,  
I'm happy to relate;  
What might have been I hardly know—  
I'm sure 'twas not my fate

To have her for my wedded wife,  
 Although I did insist;  
 Now Smith is "blest" in wedded life,  
 With milkmaid that I missed.

**"APPELS! APPELS!! APPELS!!!"**

Buy me of appels, mine friends, ef you please!  
 I give you tree piece for nikel, dis time;  
 De "monk," he now home, and he takin' some ease—  
 Buy me of appels, six piece for one dime!

"Matches" you want? Not appels today?  
 Better mine appels of me you should buy;  
 "Chest-te-nuts" you want, eh? Dis what you say?  
 Blame me! Ise bleef it's myself you would "guy."

"Ban-nan!" Ha! Ha! Ha! Youse makes me a sport!  
 Neffer me sells em! Me neffer for try!  
 Some mans sell "Ban-nan," and make much tis wort;  
 But-ter me ken-no-do't—ken know neffer why!

Buy me of appels, mine lady friend, buy!  
 Tree piece one nikel, one dime for six piece;  
 Mak-er me happy, friends; mak-er you try!  
 I bees not one foolish, ef tink you I'm "geese!"

## THE CITY STREET

Police—"Get out of the way!  
Turn to the right!  
Go it slow, my friend!  
Till out o' sight!"

I dodge here and there—  
Not quick enough;  
I stumble and fall—  
It's rough, quite tough.

Up jump I again,  
No time to weep,  
For 'long comes a man—  
The "clean-up" sweep.

The automobile,  
And grocery cart;  
The messenger boy  
And bold "up-start"

Come a-wheeling by,  
With lightning speed;  
They're "going it blind,"  
When there's no need.

The cars whizzing past,  
By day, by night;  
Their gongs rattle on  
In wild affright.

'Tis hustle, my friend,  
"Catch as catch can;"  
The city, you know,  
Is on this plan.

No village for me,  
No, no; ah, no!  
Those days are long past;  
Too slow, too slow!

### THE AUTOMOBILE

Old "Bess" is now left in the shade;—  
In fact, she is all out of style;  
She's fit, only fit, for a trade;  
No show, with the auto-mo-bile.

The oats will now mould in the bin;  
The hay in the loft smell of must;  
The harness get rotten as sin,  
The buggy-tires loaded with rust.

The second-hand man has a snap,  
With hitch-weights and sundries galore;  
He fondles his kid in his lap,  
And smiles at the "shoe" o'er the door.

That "horse-shoe" has luck to him brought,  
Though patient he's been for a year;  
This change in affairs he ne'er sought,  
But "Ikey" will shed not a tear.

Old "Bess" is now left in the shade;—  
In fact, she is all out of style;  
She't fit, only fit, for a trade;  
No show, with the auto-mo-bile.

## I' SE GOT DE OL' HOSS BACK

I'se been mos' awful sorry, boss,  
And felt like mortal sin,  
Kase I had traded off my hoss,  
In hopes that I mout win.

But eber since dat fatal day,  
I'se been mos' fearful wild;  
I cared not for ter work or play—  
Mos' miserblast ob child.

De hoeecake was not jess de same;  
De pone, hit gone ter wase;  
De bacon kinder look so tame,  
I didn't want er tase.

De worl' was frownin' all de while,  
My pulse was weak and fas';  
I felt es if I could not smile,  
An' soon 'twould be de las'.

De moon looked kind o' sick'nin' like,  
De stars, dey blinked "fer shame!"  
De mellions—not er one was ripe—  
Kase I was all ter blame.

But now I'se got de ol' hoss back—  
She's good fer years, I know;  
I guess I'll put her on de track—  
Yer bet yer, she kin go!

I'se got her back, de dear ol' hoss;  
I know she's lame an' ol';  
I prizes her—I tells yer, boss;  
She's worth her weight in gol'.



## MY POPCORN GIRL

My love is a dear little girl,  
And she keeps the world in a swirl;  
    She can dance on the lawn,  
    She is death on "pop cawn"—  
This love of mine, dear little girl!

My love is a charm of a girl;  
Her beautiful teeth are of pearl;  
    She will sit up till dawn,  
    Eating buttered "pop cawn"—  
This love of mine, dear little girl!

My love is a dove of a girl;  
Her hair has a kinky-like curl;  
    Her rich jewels she'd pawn  
    For a bag of "pop cawn"—  
This love of mine, dear little girl!

My dear, bright, angelic, sweet girl;  
Side-glances at me she doth hurl;  
    Many suitors do fawn  
    While she munches "pop cawn"—  
This love of mine, dear little girl!

## THAT APPETITE

Oh, give me back that appetite  
I had long years ago,  
When I, a lad, and poorly clad,  
Had cheeks with ruddy g'ow;  
When distance 'tween the three day meals  
Was cause for much annoy—  
A distance great, in fact, too great,  
To suit a growing boy.

No matter what there was to eat,  
It surely would be good,  
When working up an appetite,  
A-sawing of the wood;  
If shingle-nails were boiled an hour  
And stirred up in a cake,  
I'm very sure I'd relish them,  
Nor think of stomach-ache.

A half a loaf of ginger bread  
Was nothing but a bite,  
Add to this half the other half,  
And that would be 'bout right;  
Yet then, a little lunch I'd crave  
Before the hour of noon—  
The joyful sound of dinner bell  
Ne'er rang for me too soon.

Of pork and beans, and Johnny-cake,  
I never could get enough;  
My hunger craved 'most anything,  
And nothing then was tough;  
The burnt-up beans, and squizzled ham,  
And failure of a cake,  
Would always lull me off to sleep,  
A potion good to take.

I'd give—O yes, I know I would—  
The last year of my life,  
Without consent of anyone,  
Not even of my wife,  
For one short month in dear old Maine,  
With youth's bright hope and joy,  
And appetite and feelings  
I experienced when a boy.

### CHILLY SAUCE

The chills they come and chills they go,  
With signs of looked-for "beautiful snow."  
The dust in clouds fills both my eyes—  
To me not much of a surprise.

I put on cuffs and collars clean—  
One hour's enough—oh, what a scene!  
Dust, smut and grime, enough to smirch  
The soul of saint just out from church.

The laundryman in ghoulisn glee,  
Rings out his stunt—"Bring them to me!"  
Which means much more of sordid pelf  
To gather in for his dear self.

His laugh will soon be at an end,  
When I've no dollars to expend  
In keeping clean from hour to hour—  
I having sunk my good wife's dower.

And then again I soon may see  
Snow covering all the hills and lea;  
At which I smile, yes, fairly shout—  
Enough to turn my inside out.

**"BIZNESS IS IMPROVED"**

How do you do, Mr. Bodkin? Very pleasant day.  
Thought I'd call and see yer, while passin' down this way.  
No doubt ye've longed to see me, as I've often heerd ye say;  
Yes, bizness is improved, since we moved across the way.

Mothern I's been humpin' since very early morn,  
Sorten' out the apples and shellin' off the corn;  
Makin' taffy into sticks—which is the best, they say,  
Yes—bizness is improved, since we moved across the way.

Somethin' like to livin' and doin bizness neat—  
Nothin' like the store we left—this is so clean and sweet,  
Everything so handy—work is naught but play;  
Yes—bizness is improved, since we moved across the way.

Children with their pennies come in for sticks of gum,  
Nurses leave the babes—with bargains home they run;  
My pop has also snap, for good things allers pay,  
Yes—bizness has improved, since we moved across the way.

'Tis satisfaction truly, after workin' day and night,  
To count the lots of pennies that shine before us bright;  
We truly are not misers—do not think so now, we pray,  
Yes—bizness has improved since we moved across the way.

## THE OROIDE WATCH

Look here, friend Sam, for a minute,  
Just chalk me up a high notch;  
I'm "big injun" 'mong all the fellers,  
Cause I've bought me an oroide watch.

I'm tickled to death with its ticking,—  
The one I just sold was a botch,—  
This has jewels so rare and so many,  
Seldom found in an oroide watch.

The hands always right on the dial,  
On the race-track of Time, you can bet,  
To the second, the hour and the minute,  
No reason to worry and fret.

'Tis seldom I get such a bargain,  
Can't expect it in a regular way;  
I'm a fortunate chap as a bidder,  
And a "five" is all that I'd pay.

I'm the "cock-of-the-walk," my sonny,  
Excited in body and mind,—  
Possessed of a watch of such merit,  
With a place in the handle to wind.

It glistens like gold in the sunlight,  
And at night you can still see its glare.  
I'm the happiest chap on the planet,  
With me there is none to compare.

It's just as I tell you, friend Sammy,  
You must chalk me up a high notch;—  
The boys all know I'm a dandy,  
For I own an oroide watch.

## WHEN SHE'S AWAY

While she's away, why, bless my soul,  
I revel in delights;  
Perhaps you think none do condole,  
Nor share with me the sights—  
When she's away.

While she's away, I make things "whoop"  
For everything that's new;  
I've watched "Diavol" "loop the loop"—  
More wonders, not a few—  
When she's away.

While she's away, I flirt and dance,  
And look quite sleek and suave;  
All this is not a circumstance  
Of fun o'er which I rave—  
When she's away.

While she's away, my brain I rack  
For fun about the town;  
Convenient thing, A. D. T. hack,  
To tote me all aroun'—  
When she's away.

While she's away, I sleep till eight,  
And let the coffee boil;  
This coming home, and that quite late,  
Is not considered "Hoyle"—  
When she's away.

. . . . .

When she returns, my long-wed wife,  
Friends, pity me, I pray!  
I'll sell myself—I'd give my life  
Had I not been so gay—  
When she's away.

## PROGRESS OF WOMAN

They call me now a saucy flirt,  
Because I've donned necktie and shirt;  
"An eye-glass" they say, "will make me a dude;"  
The city maids think me no prude.

The heels of my shoes are in latest of style,  
The way they come down causes many a smile;  
Their size is just suited for one of sixteen,  
My age is not quoted, but I'm "betwixt and between."

Out on the farm, when the folks are away,  
There's no one to scold, and I have my own say;  
I saddle the pony with the saddle I please,  
Gallop over the prairie, astride and at ease.

"She apes the men's fashions, scorning womanly traits."  
The gossips exclaim, as I pass by their gates;  
But I canter along, awaiting the day  
When the world will not think "Old Nick is to pay."

If we choose to wear bloomers, and cut our hair short,  
Wear shirt fronts, high collars and our "figures distort,"  
It's comfort we want, and have it we must,  
Too long have we trailed through filth and through dust.

The "bike" is a fixture, it has now come to stay,  
And all can possess one who furnish the pay;  
To be in the fashion and know how to ride  
We'll don the blue skirt which they call the "divide."

The fashions are changing to woman adorn,  
The styles of the past we look at with scorn;  
We'll follow the wagon that carries the band,  
Whose sweet tunes of progress we'd all understand.

## THE LONELY RETURN

The moon was shining full and clear,  
Its beams were wondrous fair;  
The stars I never saw so near—  
The "Dipper" and the "Bear."

'Twas one o'clock, or thereabout,  
And I was caught out late;  
Conditions might have been, no doubt,  
Far worse, some other date.

One mile from town, strange scenes at that;  
Through woods with foliage dense;  
I cared not for the owl or bat,  
Yet put up a defense.

Alone I was, in country lane,  
Except—oh, by the by—  
For company, a good, stout cane—  
A trusted old "standby."

I raised it oft, while on this trip,  
At every sound I heard;  
Had you but seen my quivering lip,  
You could not doubt my word.

The frogs ne'er croaked so loud before;  
They nearly drove me wild;  
Quite sure I heard a panther roar,  
Then imitate a child.

The cricket's chirp gave me a thrill,  
With its metallic sound;  
The moon-kist fans of distant mill  
Creaked lazily around.



A lonely spell since she I left,  
Returning all alone;  
Yet if I was thus sore bereft,  
This should at least atone—

I saw her home—my wife? ah, no!  
Some other man's sweet prize;  
With her along, I feared no foe—  
Her weapons were her eyes.

### THE BELGIAN HARE CRAZE

There's come to be an awful craze—  
Not wheat or oats, or slippery flax,—  
Nor is it cotton, pork or maize,  
Nor yet bee-product strained from wax.

The "Belgian Hare" is talk of town,  
In shop and office, on the farm;  
The stock of some climbs up, then down,  
In fluctuations to alarm.

We're willing all should speculate,  
To win or lose, with one wild whoop!  
This plea we make; it's up to date:  
"No rare-bit (of) hair in our pea soup."

**HIDE-AND-SEEK: A DREAM OF YOUTH**

"Hide-and-seek!"—What say you, boys?  
Lots o' time, afore it's dark;  
Let's have some fun and make a noise—  
Get on what is called er lark.

I'll blind first, and will not peek—  
Would not be so awful mean;  
He who peeks is just a sneak—  
Worstest sneak as ever seen.

Scamper, boys! I'm blindin' now;  
Whoop-er-up, when you are hid;  
Must not climb up on ther mow—  
You, I mean, you little kid!

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven—  
When I'm through, you'll hear me shout!  
Now it's hundred-forty-'leven—  
Ready! Ready! All watch out!

Well, I swum! Where kin they be?  
'Hind ther shed or 'round ther house?  
Maybe, someone's up a tree,  
Keepin' quiet as a mouse.

"Coop!" "Coop!" "Coop!" I hear you, Dell;  
Know'd your voice—'tis you, I find;  
Seen you scootin' by ther well—  
Tched ther "gool"—it's your next blind.

Jim and Rob and Tom, come on!  
All that's out is now in free!  
Dell is ketched as sure's your bo'n—  
Found him hidin' 'hind ther tree.

"Coop!" "Coop!" "Coop!" There' tis again;  
Someone's hidin' in the shed;  
I'll run home, or Pa'll raise Cain,  
Then Ma'll tote me off to bed.  
. . . . .

Bless my soul! Is this a dream?  
Dream of youth, with joys and fears?  
Pinch me! Pinch me! Make me scream!  
Where have flown these fifty years

## THE YOUNG FISHERMAN

Poor time fishin' here, to-day;  
Lots of bites, but nary fish;  
Guess ther bass has swum away,  
'Cause I didn't think to "wish."

Suthin' told me luck was "nix"—  
This time in the month of June;  
So I's in a awful fix—  
Just a leetle out o' tune.

Grubs and wums I had enough  
To coax all the fish ter me;  
They be surely up to snuff—  
Left ther creek and gone ter sea.

Bin here fishin' since 'twas light;  
Think it's time ter go away;  
Gittin' pretty close ter night,  
Ma will think I's gone astray.

Luncheon's gone long, long ago;  
Did not have a overstock;  
Dozen ginger-cakes, or so,  
All eat up, 'fore ten o'clock.

Fishin' fish is awful nice,  
In ther spring and in ther fall;  
Some likes fishin' through ther ice—  
I's no fisherman at all.

Ruther whittle sticks and things;  
Play ther Jewsharp, tend ther sheep;  
Fly ther kite with balls o' strings—  
Most ther time I loves ter sleep.

Them that wants ter fish, they ken—  
They is welcome to their fun;  
Some boys likes it, so does men;  
'Stead of "hook," give me a "gun."

### WOMAN'S MISTAKES

A mistake is oft made by women today,  
In deserting the old oaken tree,  
That has been their support for many long years,  
For a fancy that's labeled "Be Free!"  
They scoff at the aid which we willingly give  
In times of their grief and distress;  
And now they pass by with the faintest of sighs,  
Which we know they now strive to repress.

This freedom we fear, and with it the cheer  
Is too much for their weak constitutions;  
This battling with life—the struggles and strife  
And its wonders in world evolutions.  
We will hold on their skirts and wont let them go  
Pell mell, in extremes of the fashion;  
For soon they'll awake from their slumbering state,  
And pray to the men for protection.

We know they are making an awful mistake—  
These women and wives of creation;  
With their flutter and fuss—a nation to quake,  
Like a caldron in wild agitation.  
We will ever march on and sing the old songs,  
Though our hearts are most ready to break.  
When we hear them go on 'bout times and reform,  
We feel sure they have made a mistake.

## THE FATE OF A FOOT

(Mr. O'Brien's feet being incapacitated by an attack of erysipelas, H. H. S. Rowell addressed to him these lines entitled "Feet, Feats, Facts and A Foot.")

Poetic feet you oft have used,  
And never have such feet abused;  
In feats of rhythmic exercise,  
You often have deserved a prize;  
Your feet were very seldom lame,  
Your verses not unknown to fame;  
But now you've found your match, alas!  
A foot of erysipelas!

This foot is rather large, no doubt,  
For moving either in or out;  
And may not seem to fitly grace  
The vacant corners of the place;  
But don't despair, you'll find it yet  
A subject full of humor set;  
When you, in coming days, we meet,  
And find your foot upon your feet.

(To this tribute Mr. O'Brien made response as follows:)

Your timely lines are apt and neat,  
Pertaining to my foot and feet;  
I have perhaps deserved a prize—  
Not thought so by the overwise.

'Tis said by some my head is swelled,  
To which assertion I've rebelled;  
If could they see on what I stand,  
They'd find this swelling beats the band.

My foot, not feet, has gone to seed (flax seed)  
That has for years supplied my need;  
Quite red-dy now to do my will,  
Yet lacks the rhythm to fill the bill.

I won't despair, but strive for fame,  
If in my foot and feet am lame;  
Ofttimes, I'm lame in prose and verse,  
Yet pleased I am, my foot's no worse.

### LAY OF THE HEN

Pray listen to my tuneful lay,  
Don't "shoo" me from the nest!  
My cackle is the lay I sing,  
The chorus joins with zest.

Tho chicken-hearted I may be,  
With soft and downy feathers,  
I pitch my tune to suit my lay,  
No matter what the weather.

At Easter time my voice is best,  
When Spring brings balmy breeze;  
I roost quite high on moonlight nights,  
When out among the trees.

The owls their nightly vigils keep,  
By light of Luna's ray;  
The rustling leaves, in rhythmic time,  
Play preludes to my lay.

The time has come to hide my lay,  
And music bottle up;  
I'll bide my time 'till chickens peep,  
Then greet you with a cluck.

## DRESS REFORM

All women of sense in our glorious nation,  
Lowly in life or exalted in station,  
Can see an improvement in the style of the dress;  
It's catching most surely—look over the Press.

Reform is the watchword we hear far and near,  
'Tis a sweet, mellow sound, so rich, calm and clear;  
Reform in the customs of friends in distress?—  
The reform we refer to is that in our dress.

All too long we have battled with filth, in the past;  
Freedom looms up in sight, chains are loosened at last!  
Loud we shouted, "'Tis well!" when the down-trodden race  
Its fetters cast off to give liberty place.

Oh, we long to be free, as free as the air,  
To travel about, be it stormy or fair;  
Bright sunshine, dark shadows may come as they will,  
The style will take care of the lace and the frill.

We may differ in style and the cut of the shirt,  
Agreed we will be on the length of the skirt;  
The skirt that we long for and dote on with pride  
Is the one we have chosen and called the "Divide."

With pockets so many—using hands as we please,  
We may get into cars with comfort and ease;  
And when leaving the same we may not mop the floor,  
And carry the germs of disease to our door.

We're at home on the cycle, on horseback as well;  
Lawn tennis, or rowing when wild billows swell;  
At home, perfect ease, and so free for all motion.  
Not only on land but also on ocean.



Yes, the vanguard of progress is marching today,  
And carries the flag in its glorious array;  
With folds all unfurled, as it floats o'er the brave  
We join with the throng, shouting: "Long may it wave!"

## GO TO BED, SONNY

I don't want to go to bed,  
'Cause I'm wide awake;  
'Tis not sleepy-time jes yet—  
Can't I have some cake?

Jes free cookies, mama dear,  
Them with crinkles 'roun;  
When I eats 'em then I guess  
They'll be swallered down.

Thank you, mama, you're so nice,  
Jes as good as me;  
Rock me with my eyes shut tight,  
So as I can't see.

Blow the light out, blow it hard!  
'Fore I say my prayers;  
Then I'll sleep and dream of thin's—  
Everythin' but bears.

They won't eat up little boys  
That's been awful good;  
Guess it's right to have the light—  
Yes, I know we should.

What's that, mama?—Such a noise!  
Guess it is a mouse,  
Creepin', creepin' all aroun',  
All erbout the house.

Smelled the cookies, that was it,  
Don't you let him bite;  
I likes lamps a-burnin' best—  
Ain't you glad it's light?

I feel better now, please sing,  
While I snuggles down;  
Guess I'll go to beddy now,—  
Where's my nighty-gown?

#### LEAP YEAR

Catch while you may, sweet, pretty maid;  
Don't have it said you're afraid;  
Your time has come, you need not fear;  
Brace up, while now the coast is clear!

## ALLOPATHY

I am down on allopathy;  
Bitter pills, smeared o'er with taffy,—  
Gentian root and sanguinary,  
Served up by a 'pothecary;  
Hydrarg made in little pills,  
Bottles holding liquid squills;  
'Monia strong enough to strangle,  
Vini sure your legs to tangle;  
Balsam fir your insides stick up,—  
Awful stuff to cure the hiccough.

When your life begins to wane,  
Double dose you, just the same.  
Sedlitz powders with a sizz,—  
Gets right down to regular bizz,—  
Blue and white are all the go,  
Neatly packed—twelve in a row.  
Doctor says 'tis naught but "chalk,"  
"Hydrarg-cum-crete," I know 'tis talk.  
It shakes you up and stirs the liver,  
And makes digestion fairly quiver.

Mix you up a bitter lotion,—  
Anything they take a notion,—  
Make you wait an awful while,  
Till they fix you something vile;  
Tincture ferri—gum Arabic,  
Assafoet, which is terrific.  
Quassia, elm and prickly ash  
Will knock your system all to smash.  
Quarter to eight—quarter to nine—  
Year in, year out, I take quinine.

"Quinia-de-sulph," the doctor said,  
"Will surely not affect the head."  
It bust my head, it bust my purse;  
If I'm no better, I must be worse;  
If I do not get on faster,  
Guess I'll try a mustard plaster.  
I'm down, I say, on allopathy,  
Guess I'll cinch on hydropathy.  
Anything to soothe the pain  
Will prove my efforts not in vain.



## VII Songs of Sentiment

### FADED FLOWERS

We gaze upon you, faded flowers,  
That bloomed so gaily, hours ago,  
And smiled and set our hearts aglow;  
While summer winds, through verdant bowers,  
Were laden with thy perfumed showers.

Your withered leaves now wilted lie,  
Beside the roadside, dark and drear,  
When not a mortal now stands near  
To laud thy beauty to the sky,  
While on his journey passing by.

Your life was short, but, oh, how sweet  
To gladden with thy smile the woe  
Of saddened hearts—the high and low,  
With fragrance from thy zephyred breath  
That lasts—while beauty lies in death.

Your leaves we will in memory press,  
And ever keep their incense rare,  
To mingle with our daily prayer;  
For all the good your life has brought  
To glorify and sweeten thought.

## THE CLICKING OF THE GATE

(Dedicated to Mrs. Henry D. O'Brien, St. Louis.)

Lonely here I wait and listen  
For my dear one, day by day;  
And, while myriad star-gems glisten,  
'Till they're swept by dawn away,  
Still I listen and I wait  
For the "clicking of the gate."

Fondly I have watched his coming,  
Bringing home kind words of cheer;  
Now I sit me in the gloaming—  
Oft I think He's drawing near,  
While I listen and I wait  
For the "clicking of the gate."

In my dreams, all is so cheery,  
I can see his sunny smile;  
But my waking hours, how dreary—  
I keep list'ning all the while—  
Yes, I listen, and I wait  
For the "clicking of the gate."

Do my friends call this "illusion,"  
And naught else but idle dream?  
Is my mind in great confusion,  
And things other than they seem?  
Yet, I listen, and I wait  
For the "clicking of the gate."

Time, I trust, will mellow sorrow,  
But it seems too long to wait.  
Tune my ear for Heaven's tomorrow,  
So I'll hear him at the gate.  
Patiently I list and wait  
For the "clicking of the gate."



## A JUNE-RAIN LULLABY

Dripping, dripping, dripping, list the gentle rain!  
Hear its dreamy patter on our window pane!  
Lulling, sweetly lulling, with its tuneful notes;  
Seeping from the cloudland's many liquid throats.

Go to sleep, my darling, go to sleep, I pray!  
Wake not, till the morning drives the clouds away;  
Then the sun will cheer us, from the blue above—  
Go to sleep, my darling, go to sleep, my love!

Dripping, dripping, dripping—soothing in its tone;  
Silently, we hearken, while we're here alone;  
Thinking oft of many, many soulful tears,  
Shed for friends departed, in the by-gone years.

Go to sleep, my darling, go to sleep, I pray!  
Wake not, till the morning drives the clouds away;  
Then the sun will cheer us from the blue above—  
Go to sleep, my darling, go to sleep my love!

Dripping, dripping, dripping, frequent come the showers;  
Gladd'ning hills and valleys, with their lovely flowers;  
Bright will be the sunshine, when it comes along,  
Interspersed with June-time's sweetest summer song.

Go to sleep, my darling, go to sleep, I pray.  
Wake not, till the morning drives the clouds away;  
Then the sun will cheer us, from the blue above—  
Go to sleep, my darling, go to sleep, my love!

## A NEW YEAR'S APPEAL

(Dec. 31, 1896.)

Gentle fairy, smiling sprite,  
Flitting 'round our home tonight,  
Have you words of cheer, we pray,  
That will help the coming day  
To be brighter than the past,  
And can surely say 'twill last?

If some comfort you can bring—  
Such as healing—on your wing,  
Bring it, please, ere comes the light,  
While the shadows take their flight,  
With the waning of the year,  
That no cause we'll have to fear.

We have missed your cheerful smile,  
And have searched for many a mile  
Through the mystic realms of space,  
For your fancied form a trace;  
Knowing well your smile and kiss  
Melts all sighs in arms of bliss.

## SYMPATHY

The sympathetic bond, the friendly tie,  
That links together many in its chain,  
Pours from a healing fount the balm of Love,  
That saddened hearts may drink—and not in vain.

## LOVE

There's nothing half so sweet as love,  
Distilled from secret source above,  
That comes in Fancy's mystic train,  
To fill with joy the heart and brain.

Love is the perfume of the flower,  
Exhaling sweets in every hour,—  
The blush that blooms on maiden's cheek,  
The flash from eyes that fain would speak.

'Tis love that bends fair Cupid's bow,  
And makes the feathered arrow go  
Straight to the heart in Fancy's flight,  
By its unerring gleam of light.

Love frees the heart of hate and strife,  
That wrecks full many a human life;  
Love glorifies, with lustrous ray,  
As rainbow hues, through heavenly spray.

'Tis love that whispers in the breeze,  
'Mong springtime's blossom-laden trees,  
And rouses up the sluggish earth  
To life's new resurrection birth.

'Tis love, in Hope's bright armor drest,  
And coo from babe at mother's breast,  
That form the endless chain of bliss,  
And tempt from heaven the angel's kiss.

Let us unbar the golden gate,  
That love may never enter late;  
And when it's safe within the fold,  
Our youth's restored—we'll ne'er grow old.

## THE YEARS ROLL ON

The years roll on at rapid pace,  
And we are growing old;  
While furrows on our brow you trace,  
The soul shines bright as gold.

So many steps in life's career,  
We fain would count them o'er;  
But sands of time and shadows drear  
Scarce trace them on the shore.

Our life has had its sunshine bright,  
And also cloudy days;  
It has not all been darkest night—  
We've had the moonlight rays.

Friends we have had along the road,  
To share our joy and grief;  
And help to bear the heavy load—  
Sweet angels of relief.

Glide on, sweet days and months and years,  
We would not stay thy flight;  
We'll mingle sunshine with our tears,  
When harbor is in sight.

## MY LOVE

(To My Wife.)

Draw near to me, my own—my love,  
That I may surely know 'tis you  
Who's traversed all this journey o'er,  
With star of Venus still in view.

Those lustrous gleams now make me blind,  
While gazing long with lover's eye,  
Into thy soul with heart's desire,  
As years through space with swiftness fly.

Your love has made the roses bloom,  
Where Nature sowed her tares and thorns;  
It smoothed the pathway of my days,  
And scattered clouds of threatening storms.

With sweet caress and words of cheer,  
You've made my life to glow with light,  
When days were dark with clouds of gloom,  
And night-time vigils lost from sight.

The years roll on and we keep pace,  
With Cupid ever at our side,  
To whisper love-thoughts in our ears,  
While drifting onward with the tide.

## THE CLOCK IN THE HALL

Tick tack, tick tack, to and fro, tick tack,  
Through the weary, lonely night,  
While we watch the firelight bright,  
Dancing with its shadowy, fitful glow,—  
Tick tack, tick tack, tick tack.

Almost sixty minutes flown, tick tack,  
Since it voiced its words of cheer;  
Striking, ringing sharp and clear,  
While we're nodding, scarcely hear—tick tack,  
Tick tack, tick tack, tick tack.

List the ticking! Count the hours! Tick tack!  
With its ticking, fades our flower  
That has bloomed for many an hour;  
Surely going, going, ne'er come back—  
Tick tack, tick tack, tick tack.

Morning breaks along the sky, tick tack;  
Busy throngs to labor go,  
While the clock ticks faint and low;  
Caring not for stifled sob and sigh,  
But keeps on ticking, tick tack.

## A VANISHED DREAM

In early life, we dreamed of years to come,  
And with them joy, and boundless wealth untold;  
Of pathways strewn with June-time's sweetest flowers,  
And sunsets glowing in their richest gold.

We dreamed of nights with full-orbed lunar rays,  
That filled our souls with raptures of delight;  
While softly whispering zephyrs' lulling strains  
Were wafting onward our illusioned flight.

We dreamed of naught but heavenly, sweetest song,  
In never-varying tunes of soulful lay,  
That sent their rippling waves through endless space,  
On wings celestial in their fancy free.

We dreamed we had the power to cope with kings,  
Could we but grasp the guiding helm of state;  
Or lead vast armies on the field of strife,  
And trust our fortune to our star of fate.

But time has flown across the space of years,  
And roused us from our dreamy sleep of peace;  
To find it but a myth, or vanished dream,  
With naught but stubborn facts till life shall cease.

## WHO CAN TELL?

'Tis a question pure and simple,  
You can answer if you will;  
Does she love me, truly love me?  
Does her heart responsive thrill?

She has caused my heart to flutter,  
And to sting with secret pain;  
Yet I fear she does not love me,  
And my longings are in vain.

She's like blush on yonder flowers,  
With their fragrance, pure and sweet;  
Kissed by dew from realm poetic,  
Nodding in their cool retreat.

She's to me like waves of music,  
From angelic homes supreme;  
Thrilling with their strains seraphic—  
Such as heard in fancy's dream.

Life is drear, when she is absent;  
Clouds obscure my sky of blue;  
Sun's eclipsed by dark forebodings,  
When her smile is lost from view.

If you are a saint or seer,  
Can't you delve where secrets dwell,  
And allay my anxious yearnings?  
If you cannot—who can tell?



## BESIDE THE SPRING

Time cannot dim the days of yore,  
Those happy hours of which we sing,—  
That now seem near, in onward flight,—  
When we sat musing at the spring,  
Whose waters gushed so clear and bright,  
From hidden sources, seeking light.

We drank and quenched our raging thirst  
At noontime, 'neath the swaying tree;  
While resting, cooled our fevered brow,  
As zephyrs sang in soulful glee  
Sweet gems of song with Nature's voice,  
To cheer, and make our hearts rejoice.

At eventime, we wandered by,  
And watched the moonbeams softly sweep  
O'er gurgling spring, whose merry laugh  
Knew not the blissful charms of sleep;  
While all its notes, at hush of day,  
Were resonant with tuneful lay.

Beside the spring, we plighted love,  
That ever shall through life endure;  
While memories, sacred, 'round us twine,  
Sealed by those ties which make secure.

## KEEPSAKES

Keepsakes, gems of love's devotion,  
Laid away in years gone by;  
How they waken fond emotion  
Of the heart and cause a sigh.

With each simple toy and rattle,  
Chimes the mirthful, gleeful joy  
Of our darling's baby prattle—  
Prattle of our absent boy.

Little shoes—how short and stubby,  
That encased his tiny feet;  
Dainty mitts for red hands chubby,  
Little suit for form so sweet.

“Many more?”—why do you ask it?  
Yes, and which we hold more dear,  
Placed away in sacred casket,  
Sealed with love-linked silent tear.

They are ties our fond hopes cherish,  
As a gift from One above;  
Gifts that will not fade or perish—  
Angels call this “mother love.”

## WHEN LOVE WAS NOT

Before the dawn of day was born,  
When all was darkest night,  
And Nature with her subtle power  
Was forming cosmic light.

When love was not—'twas in the past,  
Beyond our scope of time,  
With worlds in chaos, dark and drear,  
A shapeless mass—sublime.

Love had its birth among the stars,  
That brightly shine in realms of space;  
Where Goddess Venus, with her power,  
Made Cupid ruler of the race.

## MY BRIDE

Thou art to me intrinsic worth,  
    Since I now claim thee as mine own;  
To me thou art my life's new birth,  
    That gilds the sky, ere day has flown.

"Thou wert so near, and yet so far,"  
    When last the new moon sailed the sky;  
The gathering clouds obscured the star,  
    That once illumed this mortal eye.

Life was uncertain, filled with doubt—  
    Not sure what future held in store  
For anxious mortal, tossed about  
    On Neptune's deep, with rugged shore.

But favoring winds, from tropic isle,  
    Came freighted down with balm for pain;  
They brought me joy, with heaven's own smile,  
    That soothed like summer's lulling rain.

We now are wed—this love is mine,  
    While lifeboat bears us o'er the sea,  
Our glasses clink with nuptial wine—  
    "Bon voyage, through eternity."

## MY ABSENT LOVE

The time seems long since last we met,  
Yet 'tis but one short year—not more,  
Since that sad morn. I don't forget  
The "good-bye" parting at the door,  
For that fair clime, lo, far away,  
Where tropic breezes fan the cheek,  
Where varied songsters' tuneful lay  
Lulls to sweet rest—the rest you seek.

I've missed your smiles and ready wit,  
That sparkled like the pearly dew;  
Those eyes by heavenly tapers lit,  
To brightly shine in orbs of blue,  
Your voice, in song, clings to me still—  
Fond memory will not let it flee;  
I hear it oft in sweetest trill,  
That sets my shackled spirit free,

To wing its way in swiftest flight,  
Where grand old mountains pierce the sky;  
And there to revel in delight  
With you, "the apple of mine eye!"  
I'll clasp you then, my love, my own!  
And nevermore again, we'll part  
To pine away, sad and alone,—  
Perhaps to die of broken heart.

## OUR BABY GIRL

Our baby sweet, what wondering eyes!  
They blink not, neither show surprise;  
But look intent on what surrounds  
Her little home with varied sounds.

We love to press her velvet cheeks,  
And watch her effort, when she speaks  
In cooing words of prattling bliss—  
Oft smothered by a mother's kiss.

She knows not sorrow, grief or care,  
Nor strives her vocal powers to spare;  
But strikes "high C" with wondrous ease—  
If all the world should fail to please.

Her first wee steps, and outstretched hands,  
Are charming, though she feebly stands,  
And shouts exultant in her glee,  
O'er triumph gained—sweet victory!

Her breath is sweeter than a flower  
Fresh culled from out fair Eden's bower;  
Or incense from that source above—  
"Where love is heaven, and heaven is love."

Her tender knowledge soon will spread,  
As Reason's faltering footsteps tread  
The pathway reached by months and years—  
Fresh bordered by her smiles and tears.

## UNFADING FLOWERS

The autumn wind sounds cold and drear;  
The fluttering leaves are brown and sear;  
The rose that bloomed so rich and rare,  
Whose mystic perfume filled the air,  
Is gone—yes, gone! Ah, where? Ah, where?

Where are the tulip's varied hues?  
Carnations, with their balmy dews?  
The lilies, whiter than the snow,  
That smiled on mortals here below?  
Departed hence,—and ceased to grow!

The yellow cowslip, "Gold of May,"  
With blossoms lovely, many a day,  
Ne'er more to bloom, moved on apace,  
And from our sight,—no sign or trace  
Of its rich, beauteous, sunny face.

The flowers of spring, o'er valleys strewn,  
And those that bloomed at summer's noon,  
Were of our lives a joyous part;  
Rare gems of splendor, height of art,  
That gladdened many a saddened heart.

In fairer climes than here below  
They live,—all live, and brighter grow!  
In Summerland, beyond our sky,  
Nature's rare beauties never die,—  
There flowers unfading greet the eye.

## LOST TO THE WORLD

The world had lost its sky of blue,  
Its glorious sunshine was obscured;  
The ocean had forgot its calm,  
And all its gloom must be endured.

Fair Nature's face had darker grown;  
The woods were stripped of rustling leaves;  
While limpid streams had curbed their song,  
And hushed were raindrops from the eaves.

The songbirds sought congenial climes;  
All music fled from out my life,  
And vanished were my earthly hopes,—  
No thought of children, home or wife.

The thunder's roar and lightning's glare  
Were added terrors to my woes,  
That set my frenzied brain on fire,  
And made of friends the worst of foes.

The laugh of children in their glee,  
Was maddening torture to my brain;  
I could not bear the chime of bells,—  
They racked my feeble brain with pain.

The rose had ceased to charm my sight,  
Its fragrance was as rankest weeds;  
The morning breeze or passing shower  
Ne'er satisfied my fancied needs.

An angel,—not from far-off sphere,—  
Took pity on my helpless state;  
She nursed and brought me back to self,  
Though lonely hours had she to wait.



So kind was she,—my dearest friend,—  
In many ways, I fain would speak  
Of her devotion, loving deeds,  
To one thus helpless and so weak.

How can I then repay her best?  
By jewels and of wealth a part?  
Or shall I offer simply this:—  
Unselfish love from thankful heart?

### CHRISTMAS BELLS

Ring out, sweet bells,—sweet Christmas bells;  
Your vibrant peals with music swells;  
And with your chimes "Good Will" proclaim  
O'er all the earth and boundless main;  
Sweet bells-s-s-s-s, sweet bells-s-s-s-s.

Ring out, sweet bells, refrains from spheres,  
Melodious to our mortal ears;  
Far out in realms of space to-night,  
We gaze on Bethlehem's Star of Light;  
While ring the bells-s-s-s-s.

Ring out, sweet bells, this Christmas night,  
That brings to all fond hope's delight;  
No matter whether bond or free,  
While drinking in your symphony;  
Sweet bells-s-s-s-s, sweet bells-s-s-s-s.

## I WONDER. A SONNET

I sometimes wonder if the time will be,  
When I can bask in sunlight's balmy air  
Of western lands—where all is wondrous fair,  
And Nature with her floral gifts so free,  
She'll scatter broadcast from each flowering tree,  
As kisses sweet, with fragrance rich and rare,  
To form a wreath—and with our love and care,  
Crown mother dear, who ever thinks of me.

Perchance the tide of fortune soon will rise,  
And o'er its banks, like waters, freely flow  
In generous flood, which I'll be sure to prize.  
To me, like others here below,  
Whose lot is cast as many you may know,  
'Twould prove a benediction and surprise.

## LOVE'S ABSENCE

My love, how can you from me stay,  
When life's swift moments tick away  
So fast, through many a weary day?  
Pray, tell me, pray!

Your smile I see in mystic flight,  
When off in Dreamland. Oh, how bright  
The scene;—but waking, find it quite  
A fancied sight.

Come back, come back, I plead, my dear;  
Your presence is the sunshine's cheer,  
That scatters gloom's foreboding fear—  
When you are near.

'Tis Winter, as my heart can prove,  
That yearns for Spring. Come back, sweet dove,  
And be my angel from above,  
Dear absent love.

## A PRECIOUS RELIC

There is something to me of priceless worth,  
Of value to none but my lonely self;  
Dearer by far than the wealth of the earth,  
With its golden glitter of worldly pelf.

Secure, in this locket I always wear,  
Is a treasured relic of bygone years;  
A soft golden lock of my baby's hair,—  
A treasure of love, made bright by my tears.

**BABY DARLING**

Darling old "Cuddly," our dear little boy,  
Grandpa's and grandma's sweet blossom of joy;  
Dainty pink fingers, and rosebud of toes,  
One dimpled cheek and a little pug nose.

Little bright "Sunshine" has now closed his eyes,  
Off with the fairies, in fancy, he flies;  
Sweet are the smiles that play over his face,  
Wee little darling, abounding in grace.

This is the time for our baby to sleep,  
Soon, very soon, he'll be able to creep;  
Soon he'll be striving to stand and to walk,  
Soon we will list to his sweet, prattling talk.

Hush, there, now! Hush, there, now! Don't make a noise!  
'Else he'll awake and be wanting his toys.  
Time, with his pinions, is flitting so fast,  
Baby ways soon will be things of the past.

**THE WORLD'S SINGERS**

The heavenly lays by poets sung,  
Through ages past, in every tongue,  
Come sweetly to my listening ear,  
In flowing rhythms, soft and clear,  
To bathe the soul in floods of light—  
Once tombed in sable-mantled night;  
And touch the notes on trembling strings  
That give to thought angelic wings.

## BABY

Dear little baby,  
Love-link of bliss;  
Fair as a daisy,  
Sweetness to kiss.

Breath like the roses,  
Fresh from the stems;  
Lips—ruby petals;  
Eyes—purest gems.

Smiles—sunshine ripples,  
Winged on the wave;  
Cheeks—lovely as seashells,  
The pure waters lave.

Toes—dainty crinkles  
Left on the strand;  
Wee, dainty fingers,  
Fat, chubby hand.

All your charmed graces  
Blossom and grow;  
Baby, our darling,  
Pure as the snow.

## NECTAR

Inspiring beverage, nectar of the gods;  
Secretions from the plants and balmy dews,  
With added sweetness from the joys of life,  
Fill full the goblet of my faithful muse!

## EVER TRUE

My friend, dear friend among the few  
On whom I lean when life is drear,  
And clouds give way to sky of blue;  
They will not bide when thou art near.

Thy tender touch hath soothed my brow,  
When raging fever racked my brain.  
Thy kindly words—I hear them now,  
Like sweetest lull of summer rain.

While struggling through life's surging throng,  
Thou art to me of priceless worth,  
Thy praise I often voice in song,  
The angels sang at Friendship's birth.

This knot is an unyielding tie,  
That will not loose with lapse of years;  
But stronger grow as time goes by,  
Not fettered to the distant spheres.

## THE SMILES OF GOD

The smiles of God are the beautiful flowers,  
That blossom so sweetly, these June-time hours.  
We carpet the earth, when the bride is near,  
Or garland the casket of those held dear.

Their fragrance is drawn from that source above,  
Where sorrow ne'er enters—where all is love;  
Where kindred are joined in a holy band,—  
In that garden of flowers, in "Summerland."

## HAPPY DREAMLAND

My waking hours are fraught with visions wild;  
My dreaming moments teem with fancies free;  
Then rouse me not, but let me peaceful be,  
While Morpheus fascinates his sleeping child.

This gauzy respite, gilded with delight,  
Now takes me to the realms by angels kissed,  
Beyond the vale of clouds and worldly mist,  
To that of glory to my inner sight.

I plainly hear the seraphs' rustling wings,  
While in their transit to the distant stars;  
I see fair Venus, Neptune, warlike Mars,  
Behold proud Saturn, with his blazing rings.

The airy spirits waken sweetest song  
From temples in the secret realm of space,  
On planet distant that I fain would trace,  
And which in dreams I have been seeking long.

O sever not this blissful thread of Sleep,  
And sink me to the depths of earthly strife,  
But let me cling to this—the other life—  
To sow in fancy, and in fancy reap!

## THE WEDDING

Make ready for the wedding,  
With its cup of nuptial bliss;  
Filled full of joy and gladness  
At such a time as this.  
The day has been selected,  
In this lovely month of May;  
When Nature is awaking,  
With her bud-and-bloom display.

Sweet perfume-laden zephyrs  
Wafting noiselessly the while,  
Through clouds of fleecy whiteness,  
With Springtime's cheerful smile,  
Pronounce their benediction  
On a twain made one for life,  
Just starting on their journey—  
Doting husband, loving wife.

## A TRIBUTE TO WOMAN

Lovely thou art, in many a manly eye;  
Nothing in nature to compare or vie;  
Thy life gleams brightly, every year a page,  
On which are written gems from youth to age.

A book gilt-edged, and animate with life,  
That doth reveal the maiden to the wife;  
From wife to mother, with a babe to kiss;  
The summit of life's dream,—angelic bliss.



## NEVER ALONE

Alone! Alone! I know not what it means,  
In that broad sense by which the world doth view;  
To be alone, with not a fellow-man  
To clasp my hand, would something be quite new.

Ofttimes, I hie to some sequestered spot,  
And drop the curtain on the scenes of earth;  
Yet not alone, for thoughts are flitting 'round,  
Portraying scenes of youth with joy and mirth.

In times like these, my friends are ever near,  
And I can see them, with my inner sight;  
Their voices do not have a vacant sound,  
Nor do their eyes reveal less lustrous light.

I live again my life with youthful friends,  
And mingle in their sports with merry glee;  
I call each one the name by which he went  
When we were in our happy childhood "free."

Alone! Alone! I cannot bear the thought  
That such my fate may be. I will not yield  
To this sad word you choose to call "Alone,"  
But pluck the weed from out fair Nature's field.

## GLIMPSES OF EDEN

Fair Eden teems with fruit and flowers,  
With wealth of leaves and vine-clad bowers,  
    With sky of dainty shade of blue,  
    And golden sunshine streaming through.

The bright-plumed songsters in the trees,  
Wafting their notes on passing breeze,  
    Breathe perfumes rich from blossoms rare,  
    Exhaling sweetness through the air.

The white swan sails in stately pride,  
On rippling, shimmering, crystal tide,  
    That ebbs and flows, on fancy free,  
    On lilliputian inland sea.

The willows bend to kiss the wave,  
That seek the pebbly shore to lave,  
    And sunbeams dance on feathery spray,  
    In gleaming glints of ruby ray.

We peer from heights in dreamy spell,  
On scenes of which we fain would tell;  
    Of rapturous charm—this heavenly sight—  
    Glimpses of Eden's beauty bright.

## GOOD-NIGHT

The parting time has come, my dear,  
"Good-night,"—the clock strikes ten.  
How swiftly flit the moments by,  
That cause us both a bitter sigh;  
We wonder when, oh, when

The time will come that we can say:  
"Strike ten, strike 'leven, strike twelve."  
When we can turn a deafened ear,  
And not be nervous from the fear  
Of that "mysterious elf"

That lurks about at eventime,  
In search of lovers twain,  
Who would in secret plight their troth,  
Eluding others who are wroth,  
And heavenly bliss attain.

That time will come,—despair not, love,  
But bide the coming hour,  
When each to each, "sweet nuptial boon,"—  
All future years a "honey-moon,"  
With happiness for dower.

## DEAR FRIEND

Thou'rt absent from us, we'll admit,  
Yet with us thou art, just the same;  
A web deftly 'round thee we've knit,  
To draw thee, and call thee by name.

## YESTERDAY

(Alone she sits, soliloquizing.)

It is not long since yesterday,  
But what a wondrous change!  
Then all was bright and scenes were fair—  
To-day, all seems so strange.

When yestermorn dawned on my life,  
No cloud was in my sky;  
No troublous storms swept o'er my mind,  
Nor cause was there to sigh.

Then birds of Spring sang sweetest songs,  
The sun sipped up the dew;  
Sweet incense rose to bless the day  
Domed o'er with dainty blue.

A story sad I've now to tell,  
Since then my heart is torn;  
He's jilted me—the cruel man!  
How could he have foresworn!

She, surely, is not bright or gay,  
Nor has she sparkling wit;  
She lacks in culture, I can see—  
Yes, quite a little bit.

My sky, just now, is clouded o'er;  
My day is turned to night;  
The birds have hushed their springtime songs,  
And winged themselves from sight.

Oh, dear! Oh, dear! This cruel world!  
Why can't I faint and die?  
Why can't I burn this page of life,  
And elsewhere swiftly fly?

(A knock at the door.)

Hello! Who's that? Is that you, Gene?  
How came you here this eve?  
Came you to listen to my tale,  
And chuckle while I grieve?

(Enter Gene.)

"What's up, my love? Why all this fuss?  
Your eyes are swollen red;  
Your tear-stained cheeks, and fevered brow,  
Should find you snug in bed,

"Instead of pining here, alone,  
Absorbed in waking dreams,  
And molehills raising mountain high—  
How strange your action seems!"

"Please don't, dear Gene; I know I'm wrong;  
Pray do not thus berate:  
You nothing did but doff your hat,  
When she passed by the gate."

## MY YOUTHFUL CASTLE

The castle that I built in youthful days,  
When hopes were bright, and sunlight's purest rays  
Shone o'er the pathway that I needs must roam,  
To find good health, great wealth and happy home,

Was not of jasper, adamant or stone,  
Nor timbers grown in that far-distant zone,  
Where tropics weave rare fibers in their grain,  
That charm the eye and please the cultured brain;

Nor were its windows such as mortals make,  
Reflecting beauty on the shim'ring lake,  
When setting sun is sinking to his rest,  
Behind the closing portals of the west.

In fancy was this antique castle born,  
That loomed in splendor in life's early morn,  
With glory soon to dissipate and die,  
And in the chaos of the past to lie.

I view, through lens, the distant, misty past,  
And gaze at Sorrow's molds, in which were cast  
Fond hopes, the castle of my boyhood days,  
Now all, like scattered embers, ne'er to blaze.

## LOVE'S LANGUAGE

Love's language is not in the eyes;  
If true that "love is wholly blind;"  
Yet, if we do but analyze,  
We'll read its sign from out the mind.

## COMING

What is coming? Tell me, pray!  
You can see, while I am blind—  
No control of sight or mind.  
Has my reason gone astray?  
Tell me, pray!

What is coming? Tell me, pray!  
Is it something I'm to fear,  
Or a something that will cheer  
When it comes, yes, comes my way?  
Tell me, pray!

What is coming? Tell me, pray!  
Brighter skies than in the past?  
Not a cloud to overcast?  
Surely, you'll not say me nay!  
Tell me, pray!

What is coming? Tell me, pray!  
Is it fortune—wealth in gold  
Coming, now that I am old?  
If you know, why don't you say?  
Tell me, pray!

Still I'm at a loss to know  
What is coming; none can tell  
Whether ill, or if 'tis well.  
I shall have to let it go—  
Be it so!

## THE PLAY

The play of plays that filled me with delight  
 Was long ago;  
 Not in a frescoed hall, with settings rare,  
 And music such as now you would compare—  
 No, no, ah, no!

It was a cold and stormy winter's night;  
 I don't forget;  
 The girl I loved was billed a singing part,  
 And well I knew she'd cheer me from the start—  
 No sad regret.

The sweet Scotch song she sang that winter's eve  
 Has not yet fled;  
 "Robin Adair" it was; it touched my heart,  
 Yes, pierced it through with Cupid's dart—  
 Quite true it sped.

This piercing, though 'twas sudden, I believe,  
 Its aim was right;  
 The words were very sad and moistened many eyes;  
 Her singing was a wonder and surprise  
 To all, that night.

The play went on, and with it came a song,  
 "Beautiful Star;"  
 She made that winter's night a night in June,  
 By songs and smiles and voice in perfect tune—  
 My star, my star!

. . . . .

The play that night has lingered with me long—  
 And why not so?  
 Good reason; too, why years have swiftly flown,  
 That girl I wed—I have not lived alone,  
 You know, in woe.



## KISSES

There is nothing quite so sweet  
As a soulful, loving kiss.  
Stolen kisses are a treat,  
Something that you should not miss.

'Tis not wise to be too rash,  
Stealing sweetness on the sly;  
It doth often take much cash  
To make good your reason why.

Honest kisses, pure and true,  
Always leave a sense of bliss;  
When it's right to dare and do,  
Lose no time, but take the kiss.

## A TRIBUTE TO A FRIEND

Another year, dear friend, we find,  
Has come our way; and so have we,  
To give you hope and words of cheer  
For years, we trust, you'll live to see  
Life that, with love, will be replete—  
Well rounded out in worldly bliss;  
To find, at last, a sphere above—  
A counterpart of life to this.

## GOOD-BYE

Good-bye! Good-bye!  
While shadows fly.  
When morrow's sun is set,  
We'll claim again the "good-bye" kiss  
To cancel all your debt.

When lovers part,  
A Cupid's dart  
Flies swiftly to the mark,  
With aim unerring, ploughs its way—  
Behold—a human "spark!"

"Good-bye! Good-bye!  
Dear love, good-bye!  
Yet not for long, we trust;  
May all your years be fraught with cheer—  
We feel they surely must."

To these a kiss,  
That smacks of bliss,  
Is felt each passing day.  
Their nuptial bark glides smoothly on,  
Since helped along the way.

"Good-bye! Good-bye!"  
We list—a sigh!  
What means this sobbing, pray?  
Has Heaven's great door been left ajar?  
You do not say us nay?

Dear friends must go—  
'Twas ever so  
Since time began on earth  
'Twill not be long; be bold and strong—  
Mould sorrow into mirth.

## YOU DID NOT TELL ME WHY

You say, my dear, I did not tell you why!  
Good reason had I, lest your heart would break.  
I've heard your oft-repeated, smothered sigh,  
And thus compassion had for your dear sake.  
The "why" I did not tell—  
'Tis just as well.

I knew you'd guess, if given half a chance,  
And my surmise, I'm sure, was in the right;  
My looks betray, and at a single glance—  
Or would, if viewed by you in a true light.  
The "why" I did not tell,—  
'Tis just as well.

I'm still convinced that it is just as well  
I did not tell you why, for, if I had,  
'Twould have occasioned something of a spell—  
Perhaps you might have gone insanely mad;—  
Hence, could not, would not tell;—  
'Tis just as well.

I've teased you long, my dear, and it's unkind,  
'Tis you I love, yes, love with all my heart!  
You must have read me, if you had a mind,  
The "why"—my courage failed me from the start;  
Yet now I freely tell,  
And know 'tis well.

## HAVE WORDS OF CHEER

Have words of cheer for those who mourn today,  
Heartbroken for some kindred passed away;  
The world looks dark, the sun is in eclipse,  
Since hushed forever are those pallid lips.

Their wounds are deep, and tears have ceased to flow,  
For they have quaffed the dregs of grief and woe;  
Life's bitter cup is filled well to the brim—  
The all of joy to them now faint and dim.

In varied paths through life, where'er we roam,  
Quite sure we are to find a sorrowing home;  
Our duty then should be to share the pain—  
Allay the anguish, soothe the frenzied brain.

A healing balm there is for those in grief,  
A speedy helper and a sure relief;  
It is the overflow of soul to soul  
That heals the bleeding heart and makes it whole.

## THE MAGIC OF THE EYE

There's something in her lustrous eyes  
That pierces me quite through;  
She often looks supremely wise,  
Through orbs of heavenly blue.

Why is it she gives such delight,  
While others are so tame?  
Why others fail to charm the sight—  
Yet always she's the same?

I've thought it o'er for these long years,  
And reasoned out the why;  
It is not sentiment and tears,  
But magic of the eye.

## MAKING HAY

(Set to music by Mrs. Percy T. Gregory.)

This is the time for making hay,  
    Making hay! Making hay!  
Now to work, make no delay,  
    Making hay! Making hay!  
Soon will the season pass us by,  
Catching the moments as they fly,  
Swinging our scythes while stacks loom high,  
    Making hay! Making hay!

We must evade all clouds of fear,  
    Making hay! Making hay!  
For we all know that work brings cheer,  
    Making hay! Making hay!  
Gather it up, with brain and rake,  
Gather it up for each dear sake;  
Often we'll feel a pain or ache,  
    Making hay! Making hay!

All have their way of making hay,  
    Making hay! Making hay!  
Then should they strive to make it pay,  
    Making hay! Making hay!  
Some make hay from their grist and vine,  
Some in meadow, office or mine,  
Each is working along his line,  
    Making hay! Making hay!

## THE OPTIMIST LOVER

Here's my heart and here's my hand—  
Nothing more to give to thee;  
Wealth, of course, but not in coin;  
Love alone enriches me.

I on thee this wealth bestow,  
Freely, from the heart and hand;  
Take, it dear one, while you may  
Wait for houses, lots and land.

From this wealth of love we'll buy  
Treasures many, some glad day;  
Clouds of doubt will pass us by,  
They will sail some other way.

Can you ask of me much more  
Than this wealth which I possess?  
Answer "No," which means to us—  
Peace on earth and happiness.

## THE LITTLE ROUND CLOCK

The little round clock is ticking to-night,  
Ticking to-night, ticking to-night.  
Its language we all know full well,  
While it is  
Ticking to-night, ticking to-night.  
Tells of life's travels o'er time's weary road;  
Tells of the millions who grieved at their load;  
Tells the old story of joy and of mirth;  
Tells of the blessings received since their birth,  
While it is  
Ticking to-night, to-night.

The little round clock is ticking to-night,  
Ticking to-night, ticking to-night.  
What does it mean to mortals, we pray,  
While it is  
Ticking to-night, to-night?  
Means that the stars forever will gleam;  
Means that the moon will continue to beam;  
Means that each tick is the second's "good-bye";  
Means precious moments ne'er falter but fly—  
While it is  
Ticking to-night, to-night.

The little round clock is ticking to-night,  
Ticking to-night, ticking to-night.  
What does it say? We'll tell you, friend,  
While it is  
Ticking to-night, to-night.  
It says: "Work! Be merry, aim at the mark!"  
It says: "Flames burst forth from simply a spark!"  
It says: "Off to bed, be up with the lark!"  
It says: "Thousands of ticks have ticked since dark!"  
While it keeps  
Ticking to-night, to-night.

## SERENITY

Serenity, with lulling sound,  
Existing ere the world was born,  
Far out in space, beyond the stars,  
Where other spheres first saw their morn;

We've seen it on its tranquil rounds  
Along our pathway gently glide;  
In silvery sheen of moonlight night,  
On morn of June, at ebb of tide;

At evening's hush of autumn day,  
When hazy vapors crowned the hills,  
In limpid streams from mountain side,  
That turned the lazy wheels of mills.

We've seen its impress on the face  
Of babe in sleep—tranquil and blest;  
In mother's loving, restful smile,  
When cuddling darlings to her breast.

We've seen it in the sunlight bright;  
In landscape, after summer showers;  
In rainbow hues o'er arching sky,  
And woodland filled with fragrant flowers;

In gentle touch on minor keys,  
Whose vibrant notes are free from jars;  
In voices sweet, from tuneful hearts;  
In moonless nights, 'mong twinkling stars.

Serenely waves the golden grain,  
The fields of clover, pink and white,  
That feel the breath of summer's morn,  
And kiss from dewy lips of night.



Serene, we wait the coming day,  
When silent wings shall waft us hence  
To other climes in ethered space,  
To other spheres—we know not whence.

#### MYSTERY. A SONNET

Behind the curtain of the darkest night,  
There is a something we would gladly know,  
To buoy us up and set our souls aglow  
With brightest thoughts—to glisten with the light  
That comes from realms beyond, whose mystic flight  
We cannot see o'er mountain tops of snow.  
Our vision dims, and eyes with tears o'erflow,  
While scanning space, to set our minds aright.  
We seem to sense the secret hidden source  
Of life—which well we know is all in all  
That in this unseen channel gently flows.  
We bow our heads where'er in life our course  
May run—though blind, we trust we may not fall  
Beyond the reach of One who surely knows.

## WHERE THE PATH LED US

By the banks of limpid streams,  
Through the woods, as if in dreams;  
Over mountains, through the dell,  
Near the home where hermits dwell;  
Where the rivulet sweetly sings,  
By the knoll—near hillside springs,  
There to linger, rest and sup,  
From our oft replenished cup.

O'er the prairie, oh, so wide,—  
Blue-arched sky on every side,  
Like an ocean on the land,  
Far at sea—beyond the strand.  
In the trail the Red Man trod,  
On the bosom of the sod;  
Down the valley to the brink,  
Where the deer were wont to drink.

It led us to the ocean wide,  
Where we watched the restless tide  
Ebb and flow in rhythmic time,  
With its grand and surging chime.  
Backward through the years now past,  
There the clouds their shadows cast;  
There we saw the sunshine ray,  
Streaming all along the way.

Up the mount, to heights of fame,  
Where we hoped to carve our name;  
But these hopes took wings and fled,  
Where they viewed the path that led  
Out beyond this mortal sphere,  
To that home that's far more dear;  
But we wait and bide our time,  
Till we're led in paths sublime.

**"SWEET SIXTEEN"**

We look into thy smiling face,  
Now set with jewels bright,  
That sparkle with the noonday sun,  
Like star-jets of the night.  
A face that beams with sweetest smiles,  
Like ripples of the sea.  
Or zephyr-breath of June-day morn,  
While dancing o'er the lea.

We love to see the blush of youth,  
Like rose tints on the leaves;  
A mouth with pearly teeth so white,  
And locks like golden sheaves,  
That flutter, when the breezes blow,  
O'er shoulders touched with grace,  
Revealing Nature's finest tints,  
Now seen on maiden's face.

## CHANGE

With every breath comes change in varied form,  
Though oft too swift for mortal eye to see;  
But, as Time speeds with ever-tireless wing,  
It crumbles mountains, and they cease to be.

The ocean passes into vaporous mist;  
The planets take their shape at each new birth;  
New worlds supplant those vanished from our sight;  
New race of peoples rise to till the earth.

To-day the cradle holds our baby dear,  
So very soon to manhood's stature grown;  
Life's flickering candle quickly melts away,  
The space it lighted ne'er again is known.

We scan the rays of rainbow's spectrum tints,  
Until their flash of beauty wanes and dies;  
'Tis fate's decree, this wondrous world of change,—  
These restless tides that daily fall and rise.

## UNFETTERED

Down life's river gently floating,  
Floating to the sea;  
On its silvery bosom dreaming  
Dreams of ecstasy.

Balmy breezes fill the canvas,  
From the lea;  
Joyous melodies we're singing,  
Songs of glee.

Hearts and voices all exultant,  
Now we're freed;  
Shackles have no power to hold us  
To a creed.

Links of bondage have been severed  
Long ago;  
Minds and limbs no more are fettered  
With its woe.

Free for thought and free for action—  
Heavenly bliss!  
Nature smiles, her gold orb greets us  
With a kiss.

## JEWELS

Jewels had we, rich and rare,  
And to us of real worth—  
Yet not from the mines of earth,  
Nor from sky, nor sea, nor air.

One was "Ruby," charming boy,  
Far too precious e'er to keep;  
We've had cause ofttimes to weep  
At the parting with our Joy.

Then a "Crystal" gem we had,  
Little fairy of a sprite,  
That o'erwhelmed us with delight—  
Passed she from us, left us sad.

In the night-time, we can see  
Twin star-jewels in the sky,  
And we strive to draw them nigh—  
Thinking they our gems might be.

Yet we know they're put away,  
In the casket of the heart;  
Still we feel the painful smart  
That has lasted many a day.

## SHE'S NOT DEAD

She is not dead, this absent one beloved,  
Altho she's passed from sight;  
I think I hear her footsteps in the hall—  
It's possible I'm right.

Why don't she answer, when I frequent call?  
She certainly must hear.  
Perhaps I'm dreaming, yet I seem awake—  
This is the cause I fear.

So strange, so strange! This hush at hour of ten,  
My pulse beats hard and fast;  
Her "Good-night, dear," I do not catch it quite.—  
It was too sweet to last.

Will she inquire at breaking of the dawn—  
"How went the night, my love?"  
I hope to hear her voice in accents clear,  
From that fair realm above.

## LULLABY

Night-time is here, little darling;  
Day has flown over the hills;  
Songbirds asleep till the morrow;  
Sweet sound the murmuring rills.  
To sleep, little darling,  
To sleep, little darling—  
To slee—p!

Moonlight is over the landscape;  
Owls hoot in a distant tree;  
Frogs and the crickets are singing  
Their lullaby songs for thee.  
To sleep, little darling,  
To sleep, little darling—  
To slee—p!

Fairies are flitting 'mong shadows,  
Searching for wee-ones asleep;  
They are the dear ones' protectors,  
Till day is ready to peep.  
Asleep is our darling;  
Asleep is our darling—  
Aslee—p!

Daytime is here, little darling!  
Wake, for the sunshine has come!  
Birds in the forest are singing;  
Bees are commencing to hum.  
Awake! Little darling!  
Awake! Little darling—  
Awake!



## VIII Miscellaneous Measures

### AN EVENING GREETING

(For The Writers' League.)

We, the workers here to-night,  
Circled in the evening's light,  
Striving, with poetic brain,  
For the knowledge we would gain;

Notes aglow with flame of fire,  
Vibrant from the heart's desire,  
Kindled into tune and time,  
On a clef of sweetest rhyme;

While the Muse, with tireless wings,  
Hovers near us, as she sings,  
Gladly offer soulful praise,  
In our varied rhythmic ways.

## PLAYING CARDS

These little pasteboards, nearly square,  
Look innocent to many eyes;  
There's naught with them you can compare,  
And much concealed that will surprise.

There's magic in their very touch,  
That thrills full many a burning brain;  
They make the throbbing fingers clutch  
With superhuman nervous strain.

The Heart, 'tis said, doth ofttimes bleed;  
The Diamond dazzles with its glare;  
When Spades are trumps, you sometimes need  
The Jack of Clubs with which to dare.

No matter if your hand be poor,  
If sand you have to make a bluff;  
But if you're tame—a simple boor,  
The game will surely play you rough.

Your fortune can with cards be told,  
For good or ill, whate'er your fate.  
Your purse may sag from weight of gold—  
With some, perhaps, 'twill come too late.

'Tis said the "pack" is but a book,  
With words of wisdom 'tween the lines;  
If we, with mystic eyes, could look,  
We'd see much meaning in the Nines;

The Sevens and Eights, and Aces, too,  
All teem with lore, if seen aright;  
The Kings and Queens have versions new,  
That bring dark ages back to light.

The Heart is love, a trusted friend;  
The Club, or clover, knowledge, health;  
The Spade means labor to the end;  
While Diamonds lead the way to wealth.

### THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW

"Eighteen hundred and ninety-nine," my friend,  
Has reached the goal. Its days are at an end.  
Its early life gave promises most fair,  
To build on "hope," and never court "despair."

This vow was kept, and seldom has there been  
Such onward strides by dint of brainy men—  
By valiant heroes on the sea and land,  
Of which we, as a nation, understand.

The book it oped has many unread lines  
Containing words of wisdom; and the signs  
Give warnings bold; and if, on banners furled,  
Would shock, not only nations, but the world.

We wish its pages had been free from scars;  
But Fate's decree claimed 'twas the planet Mars  
Whose influence urged us forward in the fight,  
That spoils should be the trophy of the right.

Let "Nineteen hundred" give us a surprise,  
By solving complex problems, ere it dies;  
If done, 'twill be by word of mouth or pen,—  
By those true souls who love their fellowmen.

## FAITH

Full firm and earnest is our faith  
In what our friend has said to-day  
About the sights in ocean vast,  
While o'er its billowy waves a spray  
In mist-like showers the sky o'ercast.

Its waves, like mountains, rolling high,  
With rugged sides and snow-capped peak,  
That pierce the clouds swift fleeting by,  
Like phantom chariot's mystic flight  
On race-track circuit of the sky.

And iceberg's solemn, shrouded form  
That floats so grandly from the north  
With breath so cool on wings of spray,  
It soothes the pain of fevered brow,  
In tropic arms it melts away.

He said that Neptune rules the deep,  
And rocks the cradle too and fro,  
"At times like mad. His trident bright"  
He bears aloft to gleam in air  
Of ocean sun and moonlight night.

Faith in our friend we have today,  
Who tells us of this raging main,  
Whose boisterous waves from fearful roar  
Are tranquil, peaceful all serene,  
From Freedom's land to British shore.

He tells of monsters of the deep  
That sportive play in sea of brine,  
And frisk about in homelike glee,  
Like unto child 'mid grass and flowers,  
Whose heart is joyous, light and free.

Doubt has no place to rest its wings,  
While thus this story he relates  
About the ocean we've not seen.  
We oftentimes dream and contemplate  
Its heavings wild or placid mien.

### ANOTHER YEAR

Another year has winged its flight,  
And gone, yes, gone, we know not where.  
We did not ask of it to wait,  
Because there'd be a change in date,  
Thus making for us worlds of care.

Let joy be unconfined, to-night,  
While greet us friends, both new and old;  
It cheers our hearts and makes us feel  
That Woe is not, and all is Weal—  
That dross of life is turned to gold.

Our sense of duty says we're right,  
In moulding thoughts to prose and verse.  
These fancy-flights culled on our way,  
We fain would at this feast display  
In rhythmic lines we deem as terse.

What we all crave is "Light, more Light"  
Adown the path where muses tread,  
That we fall not to keep the way,  
And never, never go astray  
From what appeals to heart and head.

## IF

If the world, at the creation,  
That was formed for you and me,  
Had been made at our dictation,  
Would we any happier be?

Make a planet, what's the process,  
Can we use the rule of three?  
If we could, who'd solve the problem  
As to kind of world 'twould be?

If we had the mind to grasp it,  
Shape it flat or make it round,  
Use the sky-dome for a cover,  
While we formed the rocks and ground;

Growing trees from out our fancy,  
Stately oaks and tallest pines,  
Oceans deep from scooped-up valleys,  
River-banks well stored with mines;

Everything we'd have so lovely,  
Cloudless sky, with sunlight bright;  
All the night we'd have the moonbeams,  
With their soft and mellow light;

Use the stars for decorations  
For the brows of maidens fair,  
Sprinkle star-dust on their tresses—  
Burnished locks of golden hair.

Have the sunset for the morning,  
And the sunrise for the west;  
Have the poles placed somewhat nearer,  
Give explorers needed rest

Have the summer in the winter,  
'Stead of summer, have the spring,  
And the hazy months of autumn  
Where the icy fetters cling

We would have such wondrous changes  
'Mong the women and the men—  
Have the men to 'tend the babies,  
Women take the place of men.

Gentlemen would do the calling,  
Ladies act as councilmen;  
Men would lord it o'er the mansion,  
She o'er nations wield the pen.

If we held the reins of nations  
In our mighty, powerful hand,  
We would guide the steeds of progress  
O'er this transformed land.

## WELCOME TO OUR CITY!

(G. A. R. and K. of P., Sept., '96.)

Welcome glitters o'er our gates  
For the strangers from afar,  
Who are journeying from their homes,  
Seeking this, the brightest star,  
Jewel-like, on Nature's breast,  
Where they're sure to find sweet rest.

We will greet them, one and all,  
And will hold their presence dear;  
Make them feel 'tis "home, sweet home,"  
While we give them hearty cheer;  
Make them feel at peace with all,  
While our blessings on them fall.

Of our city we are proud,  
Kissed by nature at its birth;  
She was crowned with brightest gems,  
Christened fairest of the earth.  
As we look with pride and dote,  
Strangers all will make a note.

They will view our city fair,  
With its parks in bright array;  
Crystal lakes in autumn's haze,  
Leaping falls through rainbow spray,  
And our driveways, nooks and dells,  
Also lake where hermit dwells.

Take the stranger by the hand,  
With a firm, fraternal grip;  
Make each feel our glad good cheer,  
After long and weary trip;  
And, as days and months go by,  
Many tarry—why thus—why?



## THE CASTAWAY

Alone, alone, on a storm-swept shore,  
Watching the foaming, restless tide  
Dash on the cliffs with angry roar,  
Scattering its wrath on every side.

Alone with the surf and tireless gulls  
That taunt with their gibes and jeers;  
Alone in sight of sunken hulls,  
Buried in sands of by-gone years.

My brain doth reel in dire distress,  
For dread of what my fate may be;  
No loving glance, no fond caress,  
No word to cheer or comfort me.

Lo! many days have passed away,  
While sad and weary I have grown;  
But Hope upspringeth, day by day,  
Although in solitude—alone.

A ship perhaps will pass this way,  
From some far-off enchanted isle;  
Perhaps will anchor in the bay,  
And beckon me with friendly smile.

Sweet messenger—thou dove of Peace—  
Bring quickly tidings that I crave!  
Unloose the fetters, give release  
From this untimely, living grave!

## THE HAUNTED RUIN

How desolate and lone is yonder lane,  
Where stands the once fair home of pride,  
But now a tottering mass of stones and clay,  
With moss of years on every side.  
Some claim that phantoms many here are seen,  
All robed in white,—grim-visaged face,—  
Who come from homes in some weird, far-off sphere,—  
No kin of ours, nor of our race.

We fear to travel where was once the road,  
Through woods that were a fond retreat;  
Whose silvery stream that flows from mountain spring,  
Oft quenched the thirst of summer's heat,  
Instead, through swamp, and over sandy hill,  
We tramp our dreary, weary way,  
Until our limbs are wearied by the strain  
Of efforts great all through the day.

It may be fancy—naught but idle talk,  
And yet we feel it to be true,  
For every night, just as the clock strikes twelve,  
Their wails and cries burst forth anew,  
As if some great and horrifying deed  
Had just transpired; and that quite near.  
The voices come at times in guttural tones,  
That make of night-time something drear.

When gathered 'round the hearth, on wintry eve,  
The "haunted ruin" racks our brain;  
We make grand effort by our mental power  
To thrust aside this mortal train,  
That casts a pall o'er life that should be bright  
With sunshine, free from shades of gloom;  
For ghosts or fancies,—whichsoe'er they be,  
Should sleep and dream in silent tomb.

## IN THE BEYOND

Where can we look for glory, fame,  
Or haloed circlet for our name?

"In the Beyond."

Where do our worries ever cease,  
And we from care find sweet release?

"In the Beyond."

"Where," saith the mourner, bathed in tears,  
"Can we find solace for our fears?"

"In the Beyond."

Where do the life-storms never brew,  
And youth its joys and hopes renew?

"In the Beyond."

Where shall we meet those gone before,  
Those who have left our earthly shore?

"In the Beyond."

We list with patience your replies,  
We strive to peer with longing eyes,  
That we may fully realize  
The great "Beyond."

## INVOCATION

Ruler of life and love,  
Dwelling in realms above,  
Thine aid we crave;  
Keep us from error free,  
Open our eyes to see  
Gifts as they come from thee  
Worthy to save.

## WHY?

You oft ask the reason why  
I am gazing in the sky;  
What I see up in the blue  
That is worthy of my view.  
Briefly, then, I will relate  
Much of which is grand and great.

In the daytime, I can see  
That which doth appeal to me,  
As the source of life and heat,  
Which all nature loves to greet.  
If it were not for his rays,  
There would be no use for days.

As the sun sinks to his rest,  
In the glowing, distant west,  
I, in adoration, raise  
My triumphant voice in praise.  
Such a grand celestial sight  
Fills my being with delight.

Then at night I'll tell you "why"  
I am gazing in the sky;  
What I see that doth inspire  
All my longing heart's desire;—  
Million stars in bright array,  
Silvery moon and milky-way.

Then again there comes a cloud,  
Voice of thunder roaring loud;  
Vivid lightning, flash on flash—  
Nature's castigating lash  
That puts all in perfect key—  
This vast world of mystery.

"Why," you ask, and wonder why  
Aspiration will not die;

"Why look up and why reach out  
When the world seems tinged with doubt."

Yet with all your fancied fear,  
Life's sky charms me with its cheer.

## CHALK TALK

Don't think because it is a bit  
Of nonsense that we talk,  
That it is not of much account—  
We mean this piece of chalk.

Yet we will open wide your eyes—  
You'll wonder, and admit  
That chalk is chalk, and no mistake,  
When once you've read this skit.

Chalk marks the stocks 'way up on "Change";  
"Dead easy" marks them down;  
It touches up the brow and cheek  
Of maiden and of clown.

The "busted" toper gets a drink—  
A "double-header flip;"  
"Jes-chalk-er-up" is faintly heard  
Escaping from his lip.

The billiard cues get "tips" on chalk,  
That win in pool the game;  
If, by some fault, the game is lost,  
The chalk is not to blame.

The schoolboy adds this little sum  
Chalked plainly, 3 plus 7;  
What some folks think cannot be done,  
He makes them equal 11.

The urchin on the street, you'll find,  
Oft shows a want of sense,  
By chalking symbols, some unique,  
All o'er our garden fence.

The country justice uses chalk,  
While waiting for a case;  
He joins a friend in "High-Low-Jack,"  
And thinks it no disgrace.

'Tis chalk that talks, say what you will,  
In figures, or when writ;  
It talks out loud in most cartoons—  
The skill of Art and Wit.

Make well your mark, if but with chalk,  
While moments swiftly fly;  
Let all the world know that you live—  
Make known your reason why!

## JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

(Born Dec. 17, 1807.)

We dream of thee, to-night, dear friend,  
Of what thou'st done for Freedom's cause,  
By word of mouth and power of pen,  
For justice in our man-made laws.

We dream of thee, to-night, dear friend,  
Of what thou'st given to us in verse,  
In varied forms, from grave to gay,  
In language which is wise and terse.

We dream of thee, to-night, dear friend,  
Which brings to mind the spell-bound sight,  
In "Snow-Bound," dealing with the storm,  
Which robed the earth in spotless white.

We dream of thee, to-night, dear friend,  
And of "Maud Muller," raking hay;  
Of memories of this happy girl,  
Whose smiles could not be chased away.

We dream of thee, to-night, dear friend,  
And with it comes the "Barefoot Boy,"  
Who longed for boyhood's time of June,  
Which bubbled forth from springs of joy.

We dream of thee, to-night, dear friend,  
And what thou'st said of "Winter Flowers,"  
The counterpart of which we find,  
Produced by summer's sun and showers.

We dream of thee, our Quaker friend,  
As Freedom's poet, whom we praise;  
Whose memory-links will never rend,  
Nay, will not yield through countless days.



**"THEY SAY"—OF MY WIFE AND I**

They say our voices sound quite cracked,  
Our eyes are growing dimmer;  
That we are getting quite hunch-backed,  
Our forms becoming slimmer.

We know we cannot jump and run,  
Nor do we care for swimming;  
Yet we can chuckle, when there's fun,  
If years are in their glimmering.

Then why insist we're growing old,  
When reason scoffs and doubts it?  
In whispered words 'twas erstwhile told,  
But now they fairly shout it.

What reason for this wild acclaim,  
And why such agitation?  
Who is it that we ought to blame,  
And give a castigation?

We've weighed this mooted question well,—  
Have tried it as by fire;  
And thus we solve the mystic spell,—  
"We're Grandam and Grandsire."

## TELEGRAPH (LINES)

They string me high, near the soft blue sky,  
On poles pointing up to the clouds;  
Or bury me deep in the cold, cold ground,  
Rubber-coating my form for a shroud.

I carry my snap wherever I go,  
In darkness as well as in light;  
My work goes on from earliest morn,  
Through the long dreary hours of night.

My movements may seem somewhat active, at times,  
'Cause I pause not for drink on the way;  
Although I pass glasses by thousands in line,  
While on duty, I'm working for pay.

I take in my grip a fond message,  
And fly to some far distant land—  
For space to me is not distance—  
A footstep out on the strand.

There's not a hitch in my makeup—  
My muscles and sinews are sound,  
I'm supple and lithe as a twinkle,  
While spanning the wide world around.

I carry the news from the loved one  
That's burdened with sorrow and pain;  
The sorrowful words: "She is dying,  
And hopes we have had are in vain."

My heartbeats are watched by the broker,  
To learn if his stocks have gone down;  
His pulse is now quickened—excited,  
As he lists to the ticks with a frown.

"The bears" are full of excitement,  
"The bulls" dance in jubilant glee;  
Uncle Sam reports a great shortage,  
And flashes it over the sea.

I'm burdened with broils and quarrels,  
With earthquakes and war in Japan;  
The smallpox now raging in Poland,  
New mines in the Island of Man.

I bring the news of the weddings,  
Also news from society belles;  
The riot on southern plantations,  
And wickedness brewed in the hells.

I'm not a respecter of persons—  
When at work I go with a click;  
The batteries I use as defences,  
When collecting for business on tick.

## A GREETING

(To Oak Park Literary Club, when guests of The Writers' League, Feb. 17, 1903.)

We greet you, friends, this eve, while at our work,  
And open wide our doors and hearts to you;  
No idle time for active minds to shirk,  
For they have always timely things to do.

This place of literary work we've sought,  
And feel quite sure the seed we sow will grow,  
While you, dear friends, are cultivating thought—  
The influence sweet on others to bestow.

The time has come when thinking people say:  
"We'll settle down to more substantial things;  
Those which we craved when we were young and gay  
Have taken flight and flown on fancy's wings."

The gates of knowledge stand for all ajar,  
And wise are they who enter while they may;  
Don't think the entrance is so very far—  
'Tis here and now—wide open every day.

These Club-links, joined by meeting here to-night,  
We trust will strengthen with the lapse of time;  
The friendships gained be never lost from sight—  
This interchange of thought, in prose and rhyme.

**"NEW-THOUGHTERS" ON AN OUTING**

(June 12, 1904, St. Paul to Hastings, Minn., on the Mississippi.)

Floated we down the beautiful river,  
In a charming yacht, with a crew of two;  
"Dunnotter" was the name which was given her,  
Darling was she, and "Scotch" through and through.

Fear was not there to shadow our pleasure;  
Songs were the many we flung to the breeze;  
Joy held full sway, while our cup of good measure  
Was quaffed to the Sky, the Water and Trees.

Not those alone gained all our attention;  
There were boatmen, and bridges, and cars overhead;  
Many the sights were there worthy of mention,  
Among the varied and beautiful "spread."

Our appetites, whetted by air, sight and motion,  
Full justice was done, which is needless to say;  
All had their fill and drank well their "potion,"  
Then voiced were our songs while the day ebbed away.

Blessed were we all with magnificent weather;  
Blessed was this outing, so perfectly planned;  
Blest were the minds which were then brought together;  
Blest was this hopeful, harmonious band.

## HOME OF THE WRITERS' LEAGUE

(Public Library Building.)

Here we are, dear friends, to-night,  
In a home we long have sought;  
Everything looks cheery—bright!  
Time has wonders to us brought.

We have longed, but not in vain,  
For this glad-time to appear;  
When we should this home attain,  
And could read our title clear.

Not to mansions in the sky,  
But a cozy place on earth;  
Where the muses hover nigh—  
And give thoughts a chance for birth.

Books galore are on the shelves,  
And replete with wholesome lore;  
We may freely help ourselves—  
Pay our rent and nothing more.

Let us strive to do our best  
In a literary way;  
Make the Muse our special guest—  
List to what she has to say.

What she says, let's quote her right,  
And be ever to her true;  
Let us seek the "inner light,"  
If we'd garner treasures new.

## BIRTHDAY GREETING

(To Mr. and Mrs. Chas. A. J. Marsh.)

We all rejoice with you to-night,  
Dear friends of many a happy year;  
Your presence always gives delight—  
Renews our zeal, imparts good cheer.

Your lives have been a fund of bliss,  
With each to each, through storm and shine;  
A bliss which has not come amiss—  
More valued than a well-stocked mine.

Good health be yours, is our desire;  
May future years great blessings give,  
Your every word helps to inspire—  
They teach us all how we should live.

## WALT WHITMAN

Walt Whitman was a dear old soul,  
None better lived than he;  
He reached at last his long sought goal,  
Where souls, like his, roam free.

No more on earth we'll see his face,  
Yet we will know his fame;  
In words uplifting to the race  
Is found Walt Whitman's name.

His "Drum Taps" will fore'er be heard,  
As long as time shall last;  
His every act, his every word,  
Are soul-gems of the past.

The world's great progress ne'er will halt.  
When we have been released;  
So with the teachings of "Old Walt"  
They'll prove a lasting feast.



## THE ABSENT MUSE

My mind was puzzled much, last night,  
While thinking o'er what I should write;  
My muse had surely flown away,  
And left me naught to write or say.

The March wind howled a dismal tune;  
The sky o'ercast, no sign of moon;  
The shutters rattled fierce and loud;  
The earth was clothed with winter's shroud.

The red-hot coals gave me a hint  
Of fire, of smoke, of steel and flint;  
The punk, which gave forth light and heat,  
Our grandsires thought was hard to beat.

Old grandma crooned a "Scotch" song,  
While hours dragged wearily along;  
My hand held firm the willing pen,  
Until the bed-time hour of ten.

With all these hints I was a blank;  
I could not then be termed a "crank,"  
My head was naught but senseless clay,  
Since she, my muse, had flown away.

. . . . .

She'll come again, I have no fear;  
It may be months, perhaps a year;  
If should she come on the to-morrow,  
Friends will not have their griefs to 'borrow.

## RETURN OF THE MUSE

The muse which left us many moons ago,  
To speed where fancy wings its flight,  
Hath come again, for she hath willed it so  
To reinvest us with her new-found light.

While far from earth, she wandered 'mong the stars;  
Her barque sailed smoothly o'er the milky-way;  
She loitered 'midst the dazzling scenes of Mars,  
And feasted on the grandeur, many a day.

She knew not of the storm clouds, and the rain,  
Nor of the chill from winter's icy breath;  
Far was she from the tempest raging main—  
Beyond the pale of earth's dread silence—death.

She scaled the heights of many a cloudland side,  
Whose topmost peaks were blazing in the sun;  
She roamed at will the vast horizon wide;  
She's boasting of the triumphs she has won.

We welcome her to this our earth again,  
To struggle, toil and help poor mortals on;  
We feel quite sure she'll agitate the brain,  
And give new strength to build our hopes upon.

Arouse, ye would-be writers, one and all!  
While now the muse awaits each willing pen;  
Don't overreach, to meet with sudden fall,  
But march forth slowly with your fellowmen.

Much wealth awaits the honest son of toil,  
If he ne'er falters on the beaten track;  
It's work that's wanted for the mental soil,  
Not this alone, but gift of power and knack.

A power in thought, expressed in language terse;  
The knack to clothe it for the critic's eye;  
Be it in prose, or couched in rhythmic verse,  
It's worth an effort, none will deign deny.

## MINNESOTA'S GOLDEN JUBILEE

(Read on Minnesota Territorial Pioneers' Day, at the State  
Fair grounds, Sept. 3, 1908.)

Fifty years! how long it seems  
Since we helped to found this state;  
We have often heard of dreams  
Over which we could elate.

This is not the dreamy kind,  
It is real! we're awake!  
We are normal as to mind—  
Ready to participate

In what's doing all the time,  
Join in reminiscent talk,  
Of the changing of the clime,  
And the fancy breeding stock.

Talk of chickens and the birds,  
Mills and lumber, growing pine;  
And the wealth in farms and herds,  
Also railroads and the mine.

Incidentally talk of schools,  
Of the pioneer days;  
Of the farmer's working tools,  
And the crops he used to raise.

Of the "hoppers"—dreadful pests!  
Which laid low our growing grain;  
They were not our welcome guests—  
Nearly drove us all insane.

"Indian War," we don't forget,  
Now the years have swiftly flown;  
"Ridgely" hints we have here yet,  
Tragic scenes are now unknown.

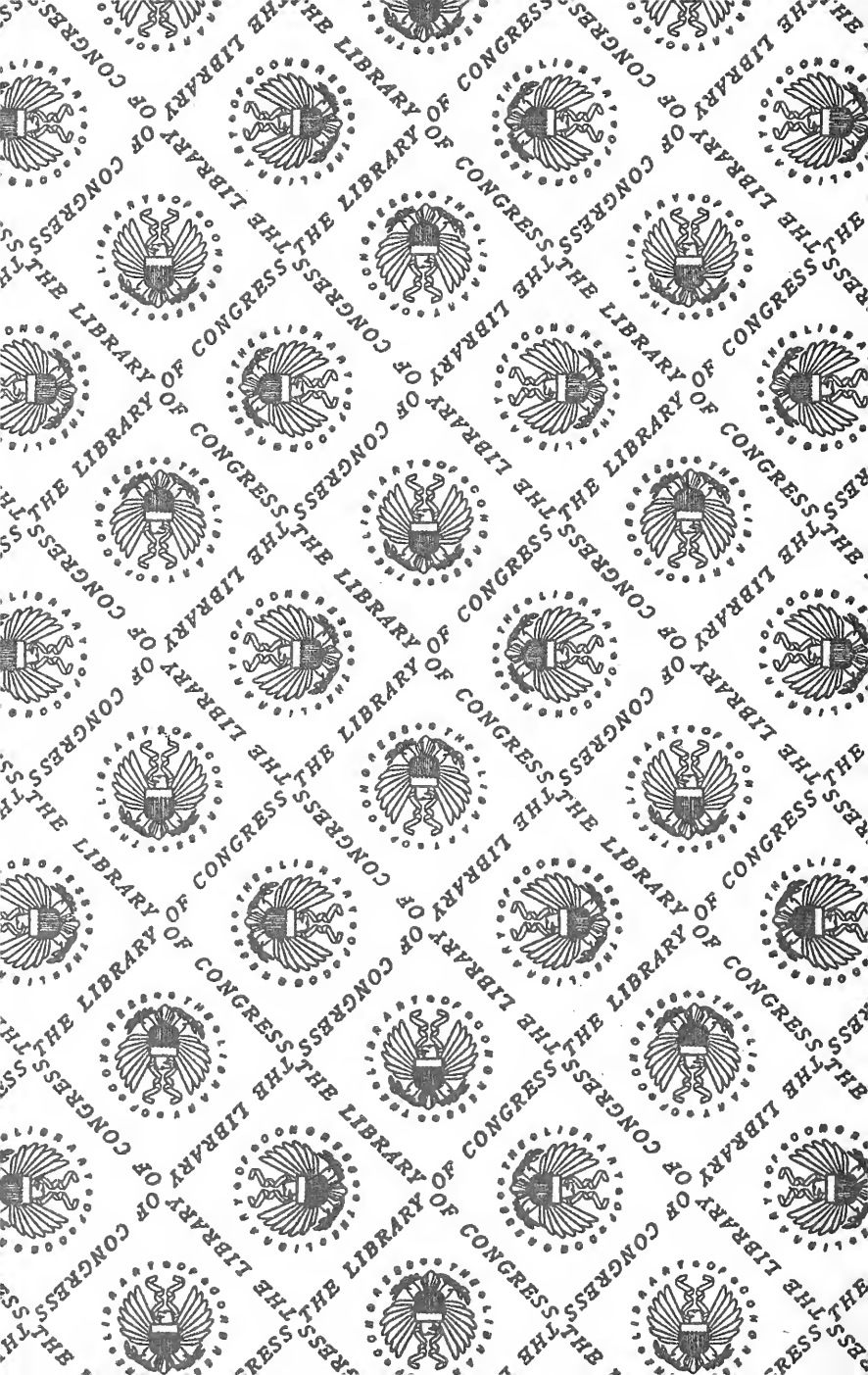
"Boys in blue"—bless their dear hearts!  
Age is telling on what's left;  
They are feeling pangs and smarts—  
Much of joy they've been bereft.

Lots of things to talk about,  
This, our "Golden Jubilee;"  
We can boast and raise a shout  
For the State's Prosperity!

FINALE.











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